

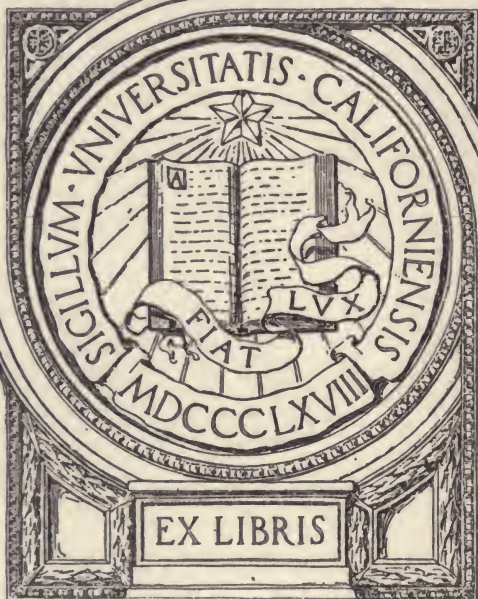
GREAT SPEECHES
AND
HOW TO MAKE THEM



GRENVILLE KLEISER

IN MEMORIAM

Philip Graif



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GREAT SPEECHES AND HOW
TO MAKE THEM

By GRENVILLE KLEISER

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NEW YORK AND LONDON

GREAT SPEECHES

AND

HOW TO MAKE THEM

By

GRENVILLE KLEISER

Formerly Instructor in Public Speaking¹¹ at Yale Divinity School, Yale University; author of "How to Speak in Public," "Humorous Hits and How to Hold an Audience," "How to Develop Power and Personality in Speaking," "How to Argue and Win," etc.



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NEW YORK AND LONDON

1911

TO THE
ANNUAL

*In Memoriam
Philip Graif*

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PREFACE

The power of eloquence has been recognized from the earliest times. It has occupied a foremost place in influencing human conduct and persuading men to action. In ancient Greece oratory was as seriously regarded and studied as any of the arts and sciences. It was this art, indeed, which gave to Athenians much of their polished grace and superior culture.

It is true that not every one can be a great orator, yet to have a place even in the second or third rank is a worthy ambition. A man may become excellent, tho he may not become great. As an old writer has said, even if we have little hope of surpassing great men, we may deem it an honor to follow them.

The student of public speaking should remember that all great speakers began as students, and in many instances owed their ultimate distinction, not so much to natural endowments as to earnestness and diligence. Demosthenes and Cicero studied ceaselessly; Chatham, Fox, Burke, Brougham, Gladstone, and other British orators were close students of classical eloquence; while Webster, Lincoln, Clay, and many others renowned in American oratory were indefatigable.

True eloquence is not, as some think, an artificial thing. It has to do with all the natural resources of mind and

body, and seeks as its ultimate end the highest development of man's God-given powers. "Let us with all the affections of our heart," says Quintilian, "endeavor to attain the very majesty of eloquence, than which the immortal gods have not imparted anything better to mankind, and without which all would be mute in nature, and destitute of the splendor of a perfect glory and future remembrance. Let us likewise always make a continued progress toward perfection. By so doing we shall either reach the height, or at least shall see many beneath us."

It will be profitable to every man, whether or not he aspires to become a great speaker, to develop his gifts to the highest proficiency of which they are capable. No other talent will win for him such honor, friendship and lasting fame.

GRENVILLE KLEISER.

New York City,
September, 1911.

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PART I

70. 1941
August 14

I

INTRODUCTION

This is the day of concise speech. The tedious, long-drawn-out oratory of former times is no longer tolerated by intelligent audiences. There is a silent but no less insistent demand that a speaker waste no time in words, but give expression to his ideas with reasonable brevity.

It is surprising how much can be said in the space of one minute by a speaker who has his subject well in hand. The most notable example in all history of short speech-making is Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, which occupied in delivery less than three minutes. At the inauguration of the new president of Harvard University, the Hon. John D. Long, president of the Board of Overseers, carried out the impressive ceremony of the day, investing President Lowell with the ceremonial emblems of the office, in a speech of three sentences, as follows:

Abbott Lawrence Lowell, you having been duly chosen to be President of Harvard College, I now, in the name of its governing bodies and in accordance with ancient custom, declare that you are vested with all the powers and privileges of that office. It is a great trust, but it is laid on you in full confidence that you will discharge it in the interest alike of the college we love and of the democracy it serves. I deliver into your hands, as badges of your authority, the college charter, seals and keys. God bless you.

This was an occasion of unusual interest, thousands of persons having gathered from all parts of the country. The temptation to make a "great speech" would have been

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irresistible to most men, but President Lowell's acknowledgment occupied only a minute, in these words:

It is with a deep sense of responsibility that I receive at your hands these insignia of the office to which the governing boards have chosen me. You have charged me with a great trust, second in importance to no other, for the education of American youth, and therefore for the intellectual and moral welfare of our country.

I pray that I may be granted the wisdom, the strength, and the patience which are needed in no common measure; that Harvard may stand in the future, as she has stood under the long line of my predecessors, for the development of true manhood and for the advancement of sound learning, and that her sons may go forth with a chivalrous resolve that the world shall be better for the years they have spent within these walls.

There are primarily two things concerned in the making of a public speaker: (1) the Man, and (2) the Message. The qualifications laid down by Cicero, Quintilian, and other great authorities are too severe and comprehensive for present-day needs. We think the following are essential attributes of a good public speaker:

1. Sterling character.
2. High ideals.
3. Sincerity.
4. Devotion to truth.
5. A good appearance.
6. A well-furnished mind.
7. Graceful action.
8. Fluency of language.
9. A cultivated voice.
10. A refined pronunciation.
11. Unfailing tact.
12. Singleness of purpose.
13. Sympathy.
14. Common sense.

The message should have the three qualities of clearness, vitality, and timeliness. The attributes just indicated are a matter of acquisition rather than natural gifts. No man should be dissuaded from developing his speaking powers because he is not "a born orator." If he be afflicted with timidity, or some other shortcoming, let him take encouragement from the experience of many of the world's greatest orators. There is inspiration in the case of Demosthenes, of whom it is recorded :

In his first address to the people he was laughed at and interrupted by their clamors, for the violence of his manner threw him into a confusion of periods, and a distortion of his argument. Besides he had a weakness and a stammering in his voice, and a want of breath, which caused such a distraction in his discourse that it was difficult for the audience to understand him. At last, upon his quitting the assembly, Ennomus, the Thracian, a man now extremely old, found him wandering in a dejected condition in the Pireus, and took upon him to set him right. "You," said he, "have a manner of speaking like that of Pericles, and yet you lose yourself out of mere timidity and cowardice. You neither bear up against the tumults of a popular assembly, nor prepare your body by exercise for the labor of the rostrum, but suffer your parts to wither away by negligence and indolence." Another time, we are told, that when his speeches had been ill received, and he was going home with his head covered, and in the greatest distress, Satyrus, the player, who was an acquaintance of his, followed and went in with him. Demosthenes lamented to him that, tho he was the most laborious of all the orators, and had almost sacrificed his health to that application, yet he could gain no favor with the people; but drunken seamen and other unlettered persons were heard, and kept the rostrum, while he was entirely disregarded. "You say true," answered Satyrus; "but I will soon provide a remedy, if you will repeat to me some speech in Euripides or Sophocles." When Demosthenes had done, Satyrus pronounced the same speech, and he did it with such propriety of action, and so much in character, that it appeared to the orator quite a differ-

ent passage. He now understood so well how much grace and dignity of action lend to the best oration, that he thought it a small matter to premeditate and compose, if the pronunciation and propriety of gesture were not also attended to.

The rest is familiar to the reader, how Demosthenes built a subterranean room, went there daily to train his voice and gesture, committing to memory the substance of all the conversations and speeches he heard, disciplining and developing himself for the high place he was destined ultimately to fill. He completely overcame his natural defect of stammering and of indistinctness by practising his speeches with pebbles in his mouth, and strengthened his weak voice by reciting aloud poems and orations while running or walking up hill. Numerous illustrations of a similar character might be given to the student who aspires to proficiency in this great art. The secret does not lie so much in natural gifts as in the iron qualities of pluck and perseverance.

A man's speech reports not only the inner workings of his mind, but also his character and temperament. A public speaker should have it said of him, as Johnson said of Bacon: "His hearers could not cough or look aside without loss." Such a man makes every word count. Fully realizing that "No train of thought is strengthened by the addition of those arguments that, like camp-followers, swell the number and the noise without bearing a part in the organization," he avoids giving expression to a single superfluous thought.

Naturalness in public speaking is power expressing itself simply and without conscious effort. It arises from frankness and sincerity. It never "beats about the bush," never equivocates, but goes straight to the point without fear or question. A natural speaker does not wish to appear other

than he really is, and his modesty is a safeguard against speaking often of himself. The calm and dignified power of Abraham Lincoln was due to this underlying quality. His simplicity of speech was the natural expression of his great and tender-hearted nature. No man despised more than he even a suggestion of sham and artificiality. His clear, direct, frank, and open manner of expression was merely the outward mark of supreme genuineness. When urged to give an account of himself, he wrote these simple lines:

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps, I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family by the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed to Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and eipherin'" to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still,

somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm-work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went into the campaign, was elected; ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practise it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower house of Congress. Was not a candidate for reelection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practised law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

Naturalness literally means to be in harmony with nature. It is that innate quality that makes a man obedient to his best self, and is opposed to every form of unreality and exaggeration. It is developed not by aiming directly at it, but rather by aiming at those things that are known to produce it. As Lowell says: "To seek to be natural implies a consciousness that forbids all *naturalness* forever." Therefore the speaker's most vital concern should

be always to speak plain truth, to be scrupulously accurate and precise, and to make every word ring with the unmistakable qualities of frankness and sincerity.

The test of a successful speaker is the effect he produces upon his audience. He may exhaust all the arts of elocution, rhetoric, and logic; he may be a master of English style, but unless he persuade his hearers to act he is not in the highest sense an orator. The speaker can best be in earnest by aiming at the motives which produce earnestness. He must himself be moved before he attempts to move others. The purpose of his speaking should be clearly defined in his own mind, and unlike those who "aim at nothing and hit it," he, on the contrary, will advance toward distinct and definite ends. There must be no acting, no pretense, no bombast, no empty and boisterous declamation, but a persistent and sincere application of his best powers, both of thought and feeling, to the effective delivery of his message.

The value of personal character in the speaker is emphasized in the phrase, "What you are prevents me from hearing what you say." What an audience may know about a man goes to determine the mental image they have of him when he stands before them to speak, and in a very large degree does this affect the importance they attach to his utterance. A sneak need not try to be an orator, for he can not be. His real character will shortly betray him, if his reputation does not, and he will be appraised at his true value. His soul's emphasis will unconsciously disclose the soul itself.

There is a wide difference between having something to say and having to say something. Thought is a necessary part of successful speech, and if a man really has nothing

to say it is dangerous for him to pretend otherwise. The mind must be cultivated as a field, and from judiciously planted seeds of knowledge to yield a harvest of fresh, original ideas. Man is a thinking animal, and his mind thinks whether he wills or not. He can learn to control his thoughts, to determine the kind of ideas he will harbor in his mind, and, moreover, he can concentrate upon definite subjects and direct his mental powers in the pursuit of clear and definite objects.

✓ To become a great speaker a man must assiduously cultivate the positive side of his character. He should avoid, especially before an audience, such negative expressions as "I may be wrong," "I am half-inclined to think," "I do not wish to be too positive," "I am ready to be corrected if I am wrong," and similar phrases. He must equip himself so thoroughly for his work that he will be able truthfully to say, "I speak authoritatively," "I know this to be true," "There is not the shadow of a doubt," or "I stake my reputation on it." A positive nature is essential ✓ to leadership. Men are unwilling to entrust themselves to uncertainty and inexperience. The man whom they follow must be one who knows, and knows that he knows.

Sensitiveness is fatal in a public man, because it indicates a lack of one of the most fundamental qualities of success—self-confidence. Unless a man have the courage of his convictions he can not hope to win recognition as a teacher and leader of men. An inestimable benefit may be derived from studying some of the great and self-reliant speakers of England and America. Gladstone's speeches breathe throughout this quality of firmness and belief. James Bryce says of him:

It was by his oratory that he first won fame, and largely by it

that he maintained his ascendancy. If his eloquence be compared either with that of the great ancient masters of the art, or with such modern masters as Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster, it does not show an equal depth and volume of thought nor an equal beauty and polish of diction. Many thought the speeches of John Bright superior, if considered as fine pieces of English. Mr. Gladstone, however, possessed three great gifts of the parliamentary orator. He had a superb voice and delivery. His resources were inexhaustible. His quiver was always full of arguments, and he was equally skilful in the setting forth his own case in the most persuasive form and in answering his opponent's case on the spur of the moment with skill and spirit.

And, above all, he had great fighting force. He enjoyed the clash of wits, and the more formidable an attack was, the more did it rouse him to the highest point of effectiveness. Indeed, it was often said in Parliament that his extempore speeches made in some conflict of debate that arose suddenly were more telling and gave a higher impression of his powers than the discourses thought over beforehand. This power remained with him to the end.

It was this same quality of self-reliance in Webster that caused him to say to Hayne, "Let the discussion proceed; I am ready now to receive the gentleman's fire." He was a modest man, but "He carried men's minds, and overwhelmingly prest his thought upon them, with the immense current of his physical energy." His style was calm and deliberate, but always suggested great power in reserve. Hence it is that Webster's name has been linked with Demosthenes as the two greatest of the world's orators.

To be a great public speaker one must be a great man. A glance over the enduring speeches of the world shows that not one was delivered for a consideration. Demosthenes spoke in his own defense. Cicero excelled all his other efforts in his oration against Catiline. The speeches that have been preserved in English oratory were made in be-

half of the country or for some other great cause. Burke, Pitt, Erskine, Fox, O'Connell, Macaulay, Gladstone, and Disraeli spoke at their best when they spoke for the common welfare. The history of oratory in America testifies to this same quality of disinterestedness. The greatest speeches were not inspired by any thought of personal reward. Webster, Lincoln, Clay, Sumner, Phillips, and other great names are remembered for their devotion to cause and country. Henry Ward Beecher, with all his pulpit eloquence, never spoke so well as in his speeches against slavery. When Seward made his eloquent defense of the negro Freeman, he did it without compensation. He toiled for months, spent his own money, lost lifelong friends, and was abused and almost mobbed by an infuriated people because he dared to defend a helpless negro, charged with murder, whom he believed to be insane. The greatest speeches of all time invariably have been inspired by an overwhelming desire for public service.

It will be seen, then, that the greatness of a speaker's style is merely the expression of his great character, and that he is one who is ready to offer himself, if need be, a living sacrifice. A great speaker labors to make men nobler, to inspire them to higher ideals, and to advance the welfare of mankind.

We are sometimes told that only a national crisis, or some other unusual event, can produce great orators. But never before, not even in ancient Greece or Rome, has there been a time when men were so ready as now to be moved by genuine eloquence. Never before has there been a time when so many vital national, social, and other problems confronted a people for solution. In all the history of the world there has never before been so much serious and sub-

stantial work for the well-trained orator. His responsibility is, indeed, a high one, demanding thoroughness, earnestness, and self-sacrifice. His soul must be set on fire with ardor for his cause, and that cause must rule his heart and life. In this way, and only in this way, may he hope to become a master of men, and a truly great public speaker.

II

WHAT TO SAY

The student of public speaking will do well to confine his first efforts to simple forms of speech-making. Plain narrative and clear statement of fact should be his primary objects. The ornamental graces of rhetoric and oratory may advantageously be left for subsequent consideration.

His subject may be anything from a personal experience, such as a visit to New York or London, to a discussion of some social or political question of the day. But whatever theme he choose to speak upon, it is important that it be timely and of probable interest to his hearers. The highest oratorical talents will not atone for an inappropriate choice of subject. There are hundreds of vital topics, in which most men are more or less interested. A selection may be made from these:

The Unemployed.	Vivisection.	The Press.
Woman Suffrage.	Trial by Jury.	Suicide.
Convict Labor.	Free Trade.	Cremation.
Sunday Closing.	Gambling.	Divorce.
Capital Punishment.	Universal Peace.	Imperialism.
Coeducation.	The Negro.	Trusts.
Restricted Immigration.	Strikes.	Socialism.
The Theater.	Anarchy.	Pensions.
Aerial Navigation.	Bimetalism.	Evolution.
Crime and Poverty.	Free Will.	Opportunity.
Life Insurance.	Degeneration.	Prohibition.
Child Labor.	Vegetarianism.	Success.

Before attempting to write speeches of his own, the student will find it profitable to examine those of others, a

good selection of which is provided in this volume. Cicero says:

Since all the business and art of an orator is divided into five parts, he ought first to find out what he should say; next, to arrange and dispose his matter, not only in a certain order, but with a sort of power and judgment; then to clothe and deck his thoughts with language; then to secure them in his memory; and lastly, to deliver them with dignity and grace. I had learned and understood also that before we enter upon the main subject, the minds of the audience should be conciliated by an exordium; next, that the case should be clearly stated; then, that the point in controversy should be established; then, that what we may maintain should be supported by proof, and that whatever was said on the other side should be refuted; and that, in the conclusion of our speech, whatever was in our favor should be amplified and enforced, and whatever made for our adversaries should be weakened and invalidated.

The mind once fixt upon a subject, that subject becomes a point of attraction, and material gathers around it with surprizing rapidity. These spontaneous thoughts should be committed immediately to paper, and only after the student has exhausted the natural resources of his mind should he have recourse to books. It is difficult to lay down hard and fast rules as to the choice of books, but in a general way the young speaker will be well advised if he confines himself to those which have stood the test of time.

It may be said in passing that the frequent and regular reading of standard books is not only useful for storing the mind with information, but is an essential part of practical training in extempore speaking. If much of this reading is done aloud, the results will be all the better, since many words and phrases will in this manner be actually fitted to the speaker's mouth and made ready for instant use. Probably no exercise develops as this does the

faculty of ready utterance. History, biography, philosophy, science, poetry and fiction should be laid under tribute, and each made to render its share toward forming the student's speaking style.

Assuming, then, that the speaker has now gathered his material—from his mind, from books, men, conversation, observation, and nature—he has before him a mass of general notes on his subject. His next step is to make a plan and arrange this material in organized form. It should be clearly understood that this plan, or brief, is merely an outline, and not the speech itself. It is comprized of single statements arranged as headings and sub-headings, each indicated by a separate letter or numeral, the whole divided into three parts, known as: The Introduction, The Discussion, and The Conclusion. This will be made clear by the following illustration:

SUBJECT: TRADE-UNIONS ARE A BENEFIT TO THE LABORING CLASS

INTRODUCTION

- A. Trade-unionism is one of the complex questions of the day, since
- (1) The relation of the laborer to the employer is of vital importance, and
 - (2) Differences between them are inevitable.

DISCUSSION

- A. Trade-unions benefit the laboring class, because
- (1) They afford protection from low wages,
 - (2) They prevent working overtime, and
 - (3) They remove many inhuman conditions of life.

- B. Trade-unions give to the laboring class :
 - (1) The advantages of concentration,
 - (2) Protection for competent men, and
 - (3) An incentive for a high level of industrial efficiency.
- C. Trade-unions confer other benefits upon the working class by
 - (1) Making provision against illness and accident, and
 - (2) Furthering the workers' interests politically.

CONCLUSION

- A. Trade-unions confer a benefit upon the working class because they
 - (1) Insure a uniform scale of wages,
 - (2) Prevent unduly long hours,
 - (3) Remove many injustices,
 - (4) Afford the advantages of concentration,
 - (5) Protect competent men,
 - (6) Stimulate men to efficiency,
 - (7) Provide against illness and accident, and
 - (8) Fit their men as political representatives.
- B. Trade-unions are a power for benefit, inasmuch as
 - (1) They now exist in every civilized country in the world, and
 - (2) Are able to work together for the international solidarity of labor.

The time devoted to the careful preparation of this outline or brief will be well spent. It will save much re-writing and confusion in the speech itself. This plan should be subjected to the severest analysis before the first draft of the speech proper is made. The various statements in the brief should be arranged in the strongest and most logical order, and the whole held together as an unbroken chain. When this is finally done the speaker is ready to write out his speech with this brief before him as his guide.

In the introduction of his speech he will set down what

he thinks is most likely to secure favorable consideration on the part of his audience. Anything that will at once gain their attention, respect and sympathy may be employed in these opening sentences. A primary requisite in an introduction is that it quickly and briefly convey to the hearer whatever information may be necessary to a clear understanding of the subject.

In his discussion, or the main body of the speech, the student is expected to present his facts, and here particularly he must be absolutely truthful and scrupulously clear. His ideas and arguments should be arranged with due regard to their natural order and importance. Familiar thoughts will be presented first, and if the facts are properly stated with direct reference to the conclusion, the statement of a formal conclusion may not be necessary. The object of a speaker need not be so much to secure new facts as to present old and verified facts in new combinations. Particular attention should be given to transitions, so that each idea will appear to grow naturally out of the preceding one.

The usual treatment of the conclusion is to sum up what has been said, giving a clear and condensed view of the whole subject. A few pointed sentences will sometimes produce the desired effect. If an application is to be made of what has been said, the speaker should be careful to see that his deductions are clear and accurate. Let it be remembered that it is disastrous to make a long ending.

It will be seen how important it is that a public speaker be a man of intellectual culture, not for the purpose merely of accumulating facts and ideas, but in order that he may be able to turn the force of his mind upon almost any subject at will. To impress intelligent men, and to move them

to action, a speaker must enforce what he says with good and sufficient reasons. If there be the slightest doubt in his own mind it will swiftly communicate itself to his hearers. It is better, therefore, to develop a few thoughts thoroughly than to attempt to cover at one time too large a field. Many failures of public speakers have been due to saying too much rather than too little, and an unwillingness to present their subject with becoming simplicity and conciseness.

A carefully prepared speech, written according to a definite outline, is one of the best safeguards against diffuseness. It enables a speaker to determine in advance precisely what and what not to say. To know what to say he must possess a discerning and sensitive knowledge of human nature. He must know how to meet men on their own ground, to see things from their viewpoint, and to adapt his methods to the common mind and heart. He must, in short, know how to reach the sympathies of his hearers, how to speak directly to them. Hence from the moment he puts the first words of his speech on paper he should have his audience in his mind's eye. It is of distinct advantage to a speaker to know in advance something of the character of the audience he is to address. A subject and style appropriate to one class of men may be wholly unsuited to another. A scientific address would be out of place at an after-dinner function, while a humorous speech from the pulpit would be likely to shock a sensitive congregation. In the preparation of his speech the student should avoid even the suggestion of exaggeration, knowing that his audience will quickly lose faith in him should they discern a tendency to overstate his case. Let him constantly bear in mind that his object is truth, and its presentation in the most attractive and convincing form.

However gifted a man may be in extemporaneous speech he will do well to practise much in writing. We have the opinion of Lord Brougham on this point. "I should lay it down as a rule," he says, "admitting of no exception, that a man will speak well in proportion as he has written much; and that with equal talents he will be the finest extempore speaker, when no time for preparation is allowed, who has prepared himself most sedulously when he had the opportunity of delivering a premeditated speech." The importance of this preparation is also emphasized by Bautain :

Writing is a whetstone, or flattening engine, which wonderfully stretches ideas, and brings out all their malleableness and ductility. If you have time for preparation, never undertake to speak without having put on paper the sketch of what you have to say, the links of your ideas. You thus possess your subject better, and consequently speak more closely and with less risk of digressions. When you write down a thought you analyze it. The division of the subject becomes clear, becomes determinate, and a crowd of things which were not before perceived present themselves under the pen. Speaking is thinking aloud, but it is more; it is thinking with method and more distinctly, so that in embodying your idea you not only make others understand it, but you understand it better yourself, while spreading it out before your own eyes and unfolding it by words. Writing adds still more to speech, giving it more precision, more fixity, more strictness, and by being forced more closely to examine what you wish to write down you extract hidden relations, you reach greater depths, wherein may be disclosed rich veins or abundant lodes. Experience teaches us that we are never fully conscious of all that is in our own thoughts, except after having written it out. So long as it remains shut up in the mind it preserves a certain haziness. We do not see it completely unfolded, and we can not consider it in all its aspects and bearings. Make your plan at the first impulse, and follow your inspiration to the end; after which let things alone for a few days, or at least for several hours. Then reread attentively what you have written, and give a new form to your plan—that is,

rewrite it from one end to the other, leaving only what is necessary, what is essential. Strike out inexorably whatever is superfluous. Only take pains to have the principal features well marked, vividly brought out, and strongly connected, in order that the division of the discourse may be clear and the links firmly welded.

Enough has been said to show the importance of the most thorough preparation for public speaking. Many speeches must be delivered on short notice. There is no opportunity for special research, nor much time for careful writing and revision. The speaker is thrown largely upon his own resources. The work he has already done in gathering material and perfecting his English style will now help him in this necessarily hurried effort.

Any one who aspires to becoming a public speaker should realize the serious responsibility that rests upon him in this matter of previous preparation. All his natural abilities must be quickened and assiduously developed. As Cicero says, "There ought to be certain lively powers in the mind and understanding which may be acute to invent, fertile to explain and adorn, and strong and retentive to remember." Few men realize the extent of their powers of mind until they have diligently set about to cultivate them. Thought and imagination grow through use; hence, daily practise is a more important thing than natural talent.

It is well to remind the student of public speaking that he should have a large fund of illustrations. These he will gather principally from books and observation, and his mind must be trained so as to be quick to see, to arrange, and to adapt such material to practical uses. Some men have the gift of observation in preeminent degree, while others go about with their eyes open and minds shut. Some there are who find

“Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything,”

but very many are blind to the teachings of wisdom which are to be found on every side.

It is difficult for some men to be serious students; yet this is the only way by which they can become distinguished in public speaking. I can not forbear giving a quotation from Wirt on the subject of hard study for both its common sense and its stimulating spirit:

✓ Take it for granted that there is no excellence without great labor. No mere aspirations for eminence, however ardent, will do the business. Wishing, and sighing, and imagining, and dreaming of greatness will never make you great. If you would get to the mountain's top, on which the temple of fame stands, it will not do to stand still, looking and admiring, and wishing you were there. You must gird up your loins and go to work with all the indomitable energy of Hannibal scaling the Alps. Laborious study and diligent observation of the world are both indispensable to the attainment of eminence. By the former you must make yourself master of all that is known of science and letters; by the latter, you must know man at large, and particularly the character and genius of your own countrymen. We can not all be Franklins, it is true; but, by imitating his mental habits and unwearied industry, we may reach an eminence we should never otherwise attain. Nor would he have been the Franklin he was if he had permitted himself to be discouraged by the reflection that we can not all be Newtons. It is our business to make the most of our own talents and opportunities; and, instead of discouraging ourselves by comparisons and impossibilities, to believe all things imaginary possible, as, indeed, almost all things are to a spirit bravely and firmly resolved. Franklin was a fine model of a practical man, as contradistinguished from a visionary theorist, as men of genius are very apt to be. He was great in the greatest of all good qualities—sound, strong common sense. A mere book-worm is a miserable driveler; and a mere genius a thing of

gossamer fit only for the winds to sport with. Direct your intellectual efforts principally to the cultivation of the strong, masculine qualities of the mind. Learn (I repeat it) to think—think deeply, comprehensively, powerfully; and learn the simple, nervous language which is appropriate to that kind of thinking. Read the legal and political arguments of Chief Justice Marshall and those of Alexander Hamilton. Read them, study them, and observe with what an omnipotent sweep of thought they range over the whole field of every subject they take in hand, and that with a scythe so ample and so keen that not a straw is left standing behind them. Brace yourself up to these great efforts. Strike for this giant character of mind, and leave prettiness and frivolity to triflers. It is perfectly consistent with these Herculean habits of thinking to be a laborious student and to know all that books can teach. You must never be satisfied with the surface of things; probe them to the bottom, and let nothing go till you understand it as thoroughly as your powers will enable you. Seize the moment of excited curiosity on any subject to solve your doubts; for, if you let it pass, the desire may never return, and you remain in ignorance. The habits which I have been recommending are not merely for college but for life. Franklin's habits of constant and deep excogitation clung to him to his latest hour. Form these habits now. Look at Brougham, and see what a man can do if well armed and well resolved. With a load of professional duties that would, of themselves, have been appalling to most of our countrymen, he stood, nevertheless, at the head of his party in the House of Commons, and at the same time set in motion and superintended various primary schools and various periodical works, the most instructive and useful that have ever issued from the British press, for which he furnished with his own pen some of the most masterly contributions, and yet found time not only to keep pace with the progress of the arts and sciences but to keep at the head of those whose peculiar and exclusive occupations these arts and sciences were. There is a model of industry and usefulness worthy of all your emulation.

The various methods of fixing a speech in the mind will be considered in the next chapter, but whether the student

24 GREAT SPEECHES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

aims to be an extemporaneous speaker or not, he will find that the habit of composition will suggest to him, even in impromptu efforts, the best word and the most effective sentence. It is true that the greatest thoughts are sometimes struck from the mind while in the glow heat of actual speaking, but the experience of the greatest orators of the world testifies to the necessity and advantage of the most severe preparation.

III

HOW TO SAY IT

The naturalness and effectiveness of a speech depend in no small measure upon the attitude of the speaker's mind toward his subject and the occasion. If he sets out with the express purpose of making a great oration, or of electrifying his audience, the chances are ten to one he will fall into extravagance and artificiality. If, on the other hand, he is guided from the beginning by a desire to be thoroughly sincere, to present his facts simply, clearly, and concisely, and to impress men with the truth rather than with himself, he need not greatly concern himself about the ultimate effect of his speaking.

A short, crisp sentence at the beginning of a speech arrests the attention of the listener. The general style of delivery should be clear and deliberate. It is highly important that the introduction be brief and clearly understood, since upon the first few sentences of a speech may depend the whole subsequent argument. It acts in favor of a speaker, too, if he convey at the very outset the impression of modesty. An apology, however, is the worst prolog. It was the custom of some ancient orators to assume a modest demeanor in speaking in order to win favor with their audience. Cicero even goes so far as to recommend a certain degree of timidity in the public speaker, and says:

To me, those who speak best, and speak with the utmost ease and grace, appear, if they do not commence their speeches with

some timidity and show some confusion in the exordium, to have almost lost the sense of shame, tho it is impossible that such should not be the case; for the better qualified a man is to speak, the more he fears the difficulties of speaking, the uncertain success of a speech, and the expectation of the audience. But he who can produce and deliver nothing worthy of his subject, nothing worthy the name of an orator, nothing worthy the attention of his audience, seems to me, tho he be ever so confused while he is speaking, to be downright shameless; for we ought to avoid a character for shamelessness, not by testifying shame but by not doing that which does not become us. But the speaker who has no shame (as I see to be the case with many) I regard as deserving not only of rebuke, but of personal castigation. Indeed, what I often observe in you I very frequently experience in myself, that I turn pale in the outset of my speech, and feel a tremor through my whole thoughts, as it were, and limbs.

A deliberate style in speaking is most desirable, since it not only indicates self-control, but permits an audience the more readily to follow the speaker's line of thought. A further advantage of this style of delivery is that the speaker appears to weigh his thought before giving it utterance, and by investing it with a sense of importance leads his audience to do likewise.

When a speaker stands to address an audience he is estimated often before he has uttered a single syllable. Face, figure, and personality convey a silent but none the less irresistible impression, and if this first impression be a favorable one it will add greatly to the chances of success of the speaker. The quality of a man's voice, too, plays an important part in these initial moments of adjustment between speaker and hearer. If it be a well-trained instrument, marked by clearness, flexibility and melody, this will act as a recommendation of the speaker.

Let us assume that the speaker has now begun his speech,

and has uttered the first few words slowly, distinctly, and with due regard to his whole audience. The first feeling of timidity, if any, soon disappears, and he enters more particularly into the heart of his subject. Here and there a word or a phrase is given special emphasis, a subordinate passage hurried over, an effective pause made, and possibly an occasional gesture introduced. Gradually the speech gains in power, momentum, and variety. The face and figure of the speaker become more and more animated, the gesture and action grow in size and significance, the voice assumes a new variety and intensity, and at length the feelings of the speaker, now unharnessed, bear him and his audience along upon a moving tide of eloquence. There are brief moments for pause and relaxation, but soon the speaker's voice is heard again in all its power and intensity. Pointed phrase, word picture, telling argument, and vivid illustration are used in turn to convince and persuade the hearer. Finally the speaker reaches the culminating point of his address, drives home his message by the full force of his personality, and with all convenient speed brings his speech to a fitting conclusion.

The relation of the speaker to his audience, it will be seen, is reciprocal. As Gladstone says, "The work of the orator from its very inception is inextricably mixed up with practise. It is cast in the mold offered to him by the mind of his hearers. It is an influence principally received from his audience, so to speak, in vapor, which he pours back upon them in a flood." Here the speaker's imagination, authority, and enthusiasm play an important part. He must, indeed, bring all his own powers under subjection before he can hope to master the minds of others. His personality, which is the sum of all the qualities he has de-

veloped within himself, is what most counts in the final effort to impress and persuade men.

It should be the aim of every public speaker so to train his emotions that they will be responsive to his varied requirements. Feeling is an intrinsic and essential part of oratory, and without this power at his ready command, no man need aspire to great oratorical achievement. Many of the speaker's effects are necessarily premeditated, but they should be none the less natural and sincere. Artificial outbursts of passion, empty declamation, and violent cleaving of the air may be the weapons of the barnstorming-actor, but they have no legitimate place in dignified public speaking. The dictum of the ancients, that a man must himself be moved with the sentiments he is expressing before he can hope to move others, is as true to-day as it was then.

✓ It is of paramount importance that a speaker determine definitely in advance how he intends to begin and end his speech, as well as the length of time he will occupy. One of the most dangerous mistakes, common to fluent speakers, is that of talking on at great length, simply because they find themselves being well received by the audience. Such men, tempted into digressions from their original plan, often find themselves at a loss to reach a graceful conclusion, and at last having wearied and disappointed the audience, are obliged to end "like a half-extinguished candle going out in smoke." It is well known that many of the world's great orators, the exponents of the extempore style of speaking, gave special attention to the preparation and memorizing of the introduction and conclusion of their speeches.

There are several ways in which a speech may be prepared

and delivered. The speaker may write out his speech and read it from the paper. This is the least effective of any, because of the popular prejudice against the use of manuscript. Except in scientific addresses, or those requiring unusually cautious statements, it is advisable not to adopt this method. If, however, a speaker must use a manuscript, let him learn to read it well. He is laboring under a disadvantage, and he must aim to offset this as much as it lies in his power. He may at least try to read it as he would speak it, avoiding the monotony and right-onwardness so common in the reading of speeches. He will accomplish the best results by assuming that he is really delivering every word and sentence of his speech, and not merely reading it. He will endeavor to put into his voice all the expression, energy, and determination of extempore speech, and altho largely deprived of the advantage of eye-to-eye communication and of bodily movement, he may, nevertheless, keep his audience so vividly before his mind that he will seem to be addressing them directly.

The speaker may write out his speech and commit it to memory in full. This is not only a laborious method, but is attended with one great danger. If the speaker loses the drift of his premeditated language, he may be so completely thrown off the track that he must either start again at the beginning, or extemporize as best he may. This is not likely to prove successful, since he has trained his mind to depend upon certain precise words, and failing these, the greater probability is that he will be covered with confusion.

Another way is to write out the speech in full, and commit to memory the introduction, conclusion, and other important parts. This has many advantages, as it secures

the speaker against uneasiness at the vital points of his address, while he is left free to express many of his carefully thought-out ideas in the language of the moment. One caution is necessary here, however, and that is that the speaker must ordinarily have such a command of language that his impromptu passages will not be noticeably inferior to those he has committed to memory. This is one of the severest criticisms passed upon Sheridan, who went to the extreme in rewriting, polishing and memorizing certain parts of his speeches.

Still another method, and that which is recommended as the best of all, is to write out simply the main divisions of the speech, with headings and subheadings, to think out thoroughly the thought under each, and leave the actual phraseology to the inspiration of the occasion. This places a speaker on his mettle, and all that is best within him—in voice, thought, feeling, and personality—is challenged to do its utmost. This “thinking on one’s feet,” to be pre-eminently successful, requires that a man be thoroughly well read, that he command a large and varied vocabulary from which to choose on the instant, and that through practise and experience, he have possession of his speaking powers. One of the best preparations for this form of address is to write out a speech several times, varying the language as much as possible each time. Then at the time of delivery, it will be found that the mind, having several sets of words from which to choose, will not be so likely to fail as it would if dependent upon only one set of phraseology.

What has here been said about writing out only the main headings of a speech implies, of course, that the speaker has already had much practise in composition. The im-

portance of frequent practise with the pen, as a means to ready expression, can not be too strongly emphasized. Every student of public speaking should take to heart the words of Dr. Blair :

✓ Without steady, hard work it is impossible to excel in anything. We must not imagine that it is by a sort of mushroom growth that one can rise to be a distinguished pleader, or preacher, or speaker, in any assembly. It is not by starts of application, or by a few years' preparation and study, afterward discontinued, that eminence can be obtained. No; it can be attained only by means of regular industry, grown up into a habit, and ready to be exerted on every occasion that calls for industry.

A speaker should feel that he is addressing himself directly to his audience, much the same as he would speak in conversation to one person. His subject and the occasion may demand large effects of emphasis and intensity, but all must be done with ease and naturalness. The slightest suggestion of declamation seriously militates against a speaker, who is expected above all else to be unostentatious.

Truth, to be presented attractively, must be easily apprehended. It is a good plan for a speaker to talk over his subject in advance with a friend, and to invite his criticisms and suggestions. This rehearsing of a speech serves to clarify the speaker's mind, familiarizes him with many useful words and phrases, and increases his feeling of self-confidence.

It is well not to be so anxious about words as about ✓ ideas. Think intently enough about ideas, and the words ✓ will come of themselves. Obvious attempts at word-painting are rarely effective, and the student will be well-advised if he avoids, in his early efforts, all such embellishments.

What an audience really wants from the speaker is common sense, the power of clear statement, and logical development of ideas. The highest endowments of voice and manner will not make up for lack of these essential elements.

The extempore speaker finds it necessary to have a large stock of words from which to choose on the instant. These are among his most important tools, since without them he can not exercise the powers of his mind freely. However large and varied his vocabulary may be, he must always regard it as secondary to the thought of which it is merely the symbol. Words are useful and necessary to the speaker only in so far as they convey truth, beauty, and pleasure to the hearer.

It has been said that the orator himself must not weep, since he must at all times be superior to the occasion. Here, as in all forms of passion, a speaker must be careful to guard against the slightest suspicion of insincerity, ranting, or exaggeration. Feeling should never be superfluous. If it is not a natural emanation from the heart, the speaker will do well to keep to simple colloquy. When the orator becomes an actor, intelligent people refuse longer to follow his leadership. Without, however, falling into insincerity or mannerism, the speaker should know how to make his face interesting and expressive. The eyes and mouth particularly, may be made to convey most wonderful effects of power, conviction, earnestness, and determination.

Parenthetical statements should be used sparingly. If employed frequently they weaken the force and directness of the main argument. When it is absolutely necessary to introduce a parenthetical remark, the rules to be observed are: To pause before and after it, to slightly lower the pitch of the voice, and to quicken the rate of

speaking. But as just stated, a parenthesis should be avoided whenever possible, as it is usually a tax upon the listener's attention, and, moreover, he dislikes too many details and explanations.

Musical speaking tones depend upon gentle breathing. A speaker should accustom himself, through previous practise, to take a breath at every pause. One of the commonest faults of untrained speakers is that of speaking right on until the breath is exhausted. This is a severe strain upon the throat and voice, since the speaker is then really doing most of his work upon only half-filled lungs. The guiding rule should be to keep the lungs well-inflated whenever possible, and to utilize every opportunity for taking a fresh breath. This form of deep breathing will enable a person to speak for hours, if occasion demand, without vocal fatigue.

A speaker should not drink while making a speech. If he does, the tendency will be to increase the dryness of the throat. The method of breathing just recommended will probably obviate any trouble of the kind, but if a speaker before rising to address an audience, has a sensation of dryness of throat, the best plan is to chew a small piece of paper.

The day has gone by when a speaker can safely follow the advice to regard his audience "as a field of cabbages." It is much better to emulate the example of Lincoln, who always thought of his audience as probably knowing more about his subject than he did, and preparing himself accordingly. Many men who can not themselves make a good speech readily know a good speech from a bad one, and as a usual thing are the severest critics. Consequently, it is of the utmost importance that a speaker,

from the moment he begins the preparation of his speech until its final delivery, should bear in mind that he is to address intelligent people who will not be easily convinced nor persuaded, save by sound argument and genuine appeals to the heart. A man should speak in his own voice, having first developed its power and responsiveness, knowing that no imitation of another man's style, however excellent, will ever make him a great speaker.

The conclusion of a speech, which may take the form of a recapitulation of what has been said, should be delivered in such a way as to give the listener intimation that the speaker is about to close. It is usually advisable to end with considerable spirit and animation, altho the general rate of speaking becomes noticeably slow and measured. But a speaker should never give the impression of finishing his speech, and then just as every one thinks he has ended, start off again upon some new phase of his subject.

Prolixity is a too common fault of speakers, and nowhere is this so apparent as in the attempt to bring a speech to a conclusion. The advice of Bautain on this subject is worthy of note:

There is a way of concluding which is most simple, the most rational, and the least adopted. True, it gives little trouble and affords no room for pompous sentences, and that is why so many despise it, and do not even give it a thought. It consists merely of winding up by a rapid recapitulation of the whole discourse, presenting in sum what has been developed in the various parts, so as to enunciate only the leading ideas with their connection—a process which gives the opportunity of a nervous and lively summary, foreshortening all that has been stated, and making the remembrance and profitable application of it easy.

And since you have spoken to gain some point, to convince and persuade your hearer, and thus influence his will by im-

pressions and considerations, and finally by some paramount feeling which must give the finishing stroke and determine him to action, the epitome of the ideas must be itself strengthened, and, as it were, rendered living by a few touching words which inspirit the feeling in question at the last moment, so that the convinced and affected auditor shall be ready to do what he is required.

Such, in my mind, is the best peroration, because it is alike the most natural and the most efficacious. It is the straight aim of the discourse, and as it issues from the very bowels of the subject and from the direct intention of the speaker, it goes right to the soul listener and places the two in unison at the close.

I am aware that you may, and with success, adopt a different method of concluding, either by some pungent things which you reserve for your peroration, and which tend to maintain to the last and even to reawaken the attention of the audience; or else by well-turned periods which flatter the ear and excite all sorts of feelings, more or less analogous to the subjects—or, in fine, by any other way. Undoubtedly there are circumstances in which these oratorical artifices are in keeping, and may prove advantageous or agreeable; I do not reject them, for in war all means, not condemned by humanity and honor, and capable of procuring victory, are allowable—and public speaking is a real conflict; I merely depose that the simplest method is also the best, and that the others, belonging more to art than to nature, are rather in the province of rhetoric than of true eloquence.

The truly eloquent man, tho' not lacking in oratorical graces, invariably gives the impression that he is natural and sincere. He is earnest, direct, simple, adaptable, and sympathetic, and it is largely these great qualities which constitute the greatness of his speaking.

IV

SOURCES OF POWER

The testimony of the greatest orators is that, whatever natural gifts a man may possess, no really good speech is ever made without thorough preparation. There are, of course, many ways of preparing a speech, some of which are not to be recommended. For example, to write out a composition, and then so to revise, condense, and polish it as to take out all its vitality and naturalness, may produce a good essay, but it will not make a good speech.

Thorough preparation does not imply that the speaker must necessarily write out and commit to memory so many pages of words. It means, rather, that whatever method the speaker finds best adapted to fix his speech in mind, he so thoroughly prepares the subject-matter that his ideas are perfectly clear in his mind, and when he comes to "think aloud," he does so with a precision and confidence born of second nature. He is recommended, therefore, to sketch in his mind, while out walking, or in the solitude of his library, a clear and vivid outline of his subject, and, the same as he would do in writing, mentally place under each division of his outline such headings as he intends to speak upon. He may carry the mental process to the extent of thinking out what he will say under each heading, until at length the entire subject is held in his mind with clearness and accuracy.

There can be no doubt that one of the greatest sources

of power in extemporaneous speaking is that of previous practise. The method of a distinguished member of the House of Commons, described by Lord Dufferin, may be followed to advantage. When he intended to speak upon an important subject, he would write down his thoughts on paper as rapidly as possible, and then throw the paper into the fire. This he repeated several times, endeavoring at each effort to choose new phraseology, and destroying his composition as before. It is said that when he subsequently stood before his colleagues to speak, his mind was so steeped in his subject, and he was so fortified with appropriate word and phrase, that his listeners marveled at his depth and fluency.

The aspirant to distinction in public speaking should accustom himself to memorizing notable passages from great orations and poems that have found an enduring place in literature. These both furnish and fertilize the mind, and after a few months' diligent practise give to the speaker an accumulation of working material that will be to him an inexhaustible source of power. Here, again, we have the testimony of many of the world's great orators, who acknowledge their indebtedness to the habit of studying, translating, or memorizing, the great speeches of their predecessors.

There is no power in a speaker superior to that of clear statement. Nothing else will atone for lack of it. Tact, felicitous phrase, poetical embellishment, and sonorous voice, are powerless to convince intelligent men without that substratum of common sense upon which lucid statement of fact has its foundation. There is a lamentable want of strong reasoning in most men. The mental machinery has not been finely adjusted to carry on its work with

✓ smoothness and accuracy. Clearness of statement comes
 ✓ from clearness of thought. The mind must be habituated to close and severe reasoning, to linking thought with thought in logical sequence, and to making clearly defined deductions from stated premises. This does not imply that a man is to give his whole mind to the study of abstract questions and philosophical problems. The student of public speaking will concern himself more particularly with palpable every-day questions of interest to men generally, and upon which they seek enlightenment.

The object of the real orator is not to be a graceful and faultless declaimer, but a man of power and authority, speaking out of a full mind and from a soul kindled by enthusiasm and human affection. When truth is properly conveyed by a speaker, it carries conviction along with it, and the listener believes in the man because the man believes in himself. Hence it is that he only is a great artist
 ✓ who has so cultivated and controlled his powers that
 ✓ he can use them without undue effort and in just such
 ✓ degree as will most effectively convey the truth and force
 ✓ of his message to others. It will readily be seen, therefore, why long and severe mental discipline is necessary to success in this difficult art. All great speakers have been profound and diligent students, and he who seeks a royal road to oratorical fame is doomed to disappointment.

An examination of the speeches of Demosthenes does not disclose an unusual gift of language, but what most impresses the reader is the strength and supremacy of the orator's thought. It is not the man we think of, but of what he is saying, and it is chiefly this characteristic which constitutes greatness in oratory. The real source of power in speaking is not in the voice, the imagination, or the

emotions, but in the intrinsic thought of the speaker. There is something unmistakably assuring in a man who is master of the facts. If he speaks deliberately, as a deep thinker is almost sure to do, the listener follows the working of his mind at the moment of utterance, and this transparency of method acts as an element of power in fascinating and influencing the auditor.

What the student of public speaking primarily needs is a frank, truthful, earnest habit of examining ideas and facts as they are presented to his mind in everyday life. He should look at questions from every viewpoint, as Lincoln is said to have done, and determine to get the truth at any cost. It is this fearless pursuit of truth that leads to fearless expression, and only after the thinker has made the ground good under his own feet can he hope to succeed as a guide and leader of other men.

Another important element of power is earnestness. This is not to be confounded with assumed and artificial feeling adapted consciously to certain ends, neither is it sudden impulse which may or may not do the right thing. Earnestness comes mainly from concentration of the speaker's energies upon his subject. It is a form of intensity by which all his best powers are enlisted in behalf of some cause, and stimulated into action by a profound sense of duty, patriotism, or the desire for useful service. True earnestness is born of sincerity and unselfishness. It is too great to intimidate, too serious to amuse, and too genuine to fall into bombast or empty declamation. There is nothing that imparts sympathetic power and a winning personality to a speaker like innate goodness of heart and life. When a man shows that he both understands and feels what he says, he is in a large way toward influencing other men,

and of persuading them to act as he desires. It is the power arising from loftiness of soul and sublime purpose which touches the lips of the orator, as if by magic, and bids them vibrate with the heart of humanity. Intelligence points the way, earnestness gives wings for flight, and consecrated unselfishness carries conviction and persuasion to men.

It goes without saying that one source of power in public speaking comes from self-confidence. A becoming modesty and even timidity often recommends itself at the beginning of an address, but the speaker, in order to get possession of his audience, must first get possession of himself. While there is a "flutter of spirits," or undue anxiety to please, there will be little chance of success. Self-confidence, like earnestness, is developed from within, by dwelling intently upon the importance of one's subject, and by placing a high estimate upon one's self. A man who has trained himself in his every-day conversation to think and speak in poise, is likely to enjoy the advantages of deliberate and self-possessed speaking while addressing an audience. This poise, moreover, will manifest itself in his ability to think fluently on his feet, to phrase new sentences without confusion, and to punctuate his thoughts with frequent and judicious pauses. These are all elements of power in a speaker, and are worthy of the highest cultivation.

There is a peculiar power in skilful repetition, which serves to emphasize special thoughts and to impress them upon the listening mind. A striking example is that of the Master, in St. Matthew, 7:24-27:

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house

upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

A fine example of iteration, not overdone, is Lord Brougham's closing argument for Queen Caroline, which he is said to have composed ten times:

Such, my lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt; impotent to deprive of a civil right; ridiculous to convict of the lowest offense; scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows; monstrous to ruin the honor, to blast the name of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenseless woman? My lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing on the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth as your judgment, if sentence shall go against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe; save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown, which is in jeopardy; the aristocracy which is shaken; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne! You have said, my lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service! She

has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

The great orators of all time have been essentially of serious mind and manner. It has been observed that in none of the immortal speeches is there to be found either wit or humor. It is true that humor has its legitimate place, but it should never be used to deface a serious speech. The student of public speaking can not too early realize that his habitual attitude of mind toward the subjects he is studying should be essentially serious, and that his ultimate purpose is to present them to his audience with all the dignity and power at his command. Let him ever remember that personal character and disposition constitute one of the highest elements of power in speaking. Blair says:

In order to be a truly eloquent or persuasive speaker, nothing is more necessary than to be a virtuous man. Nothing contributes more to persuasion than the opinion which we entertain of the probity, disinterestedness, candor, and other good moral qualities of the person who endeavors to persuade us. These give weight and force to everything which he utters, nay, they add beauty to it, they dispose us to listen with attention and pleasure, and create a secret partiality in favor of that side which he espouses. Whereas if we entertain a suspicion of craft and disingenuity, of a corrupt or a base mind in the speaker, his eloquence loses all its real effect. It may entertain and amuse, but it is viewed as artifice, as trick, as the play only of speech, and viewed in this light, whom can it persuade? We even read a book with more pleasure when we think favorably of its author, but when we have the living speaker before our eyes, addressing us personally on some subject of importance,

the opinion we entertain of his character must have a much more powerful effect.

The question is sometimes asked whether this preparation is worth while, and if, after all, a man might not otherwise spend his time and energy, to greater personal and public advantage? Two brief quotations on this subject will be sufficient to dispel any such misapprehension. The first is from Cicero :

No excellence is superior to that of a consummate orator. For to say nothing of the advantages of eloquence, which has the highest influence in every well-ordered and free state, there is such delight attendant on the power of eloquent speaking, that nothing more pleasing can be received into the ears or understanding of man. What music can be found more sweet than the pronunciation of a well-ordered oration? What poem more agreeable than the skilful structure of prose? What actor has ever given greater pleasure in imitating, than the orator in supporting truth? What penetrates the mind more keenly than an acute and quick succession of arguments? What is more admirable than thoughts illumined by brilliancy of expression? What nearer to perfection than a speech replete with every variety of matter; for there is no subject susceptible of being treated with elegance and effect, that may not fall under the province of the orator? It is his, in giving counsel on important affairs, to deliver his opinions with clearness and dignity; it is his to rouse a people when they are languid, and to calm them when immoderately excited. By the same power of language, the wickedness of man is brought to destruction, and virtue to security. Who can exhort to virtue more ardently than the orator? Who reclaim from vice with greater energy? Who can reprove the bad with more asperity, or praise the good with better grace? Who can break the force of unlawful desire by more effective reprehension? Who can alleviate grief with more soothing consolation? If there be any other art which professes skill in selecting words; if any one, beside the orator, is said to form a discourse, and to vary and adorn it with

certain distinctions of words and thoughts; if any method of argument, or expression of thought, or distribution and arrangement of matter, is taught, except by this one art, let us confess that either that, of which this art makes profession, is foreign to it, or possest in common with some other art.

The other quotation, from Sheridan, is upon the magical effect of oratory :

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended. How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject! Is man possest of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate! Yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator, and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents. With what strength of argument, with what powers of fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and at once captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions! To effect this must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature. Not a faculty that he possesses is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul—notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, becomes, as it were, but one man, and has but one voice—the universal cry is, Let us march against Philip, let us fight for our liberties, let us conquer or die!

The power of the human voice is incomparable. When the Reverend John R. Paxton was in the trenches, during

the Civil War, he was overcome by an uncontrollable fear. He endeavored to reassure himself by calling to mind all the deeds of heroism and plucky adventures he had ever read, but without avail. His fear increased the more, until suddenly he heard a distant cheer of soldiers, and the voice of the general shouting "Hancock expects every man to do his duty." His confidence at once returned, and the day went down in victory. Such is the power of the human voice in speech.

V

FIGURES OF EMPHASIS

There are many effects employed by great orators that give additional force and vividness to their delivery. The use of simile, for example, stimulates the imagination of the hearer by showing him points of likeness between two things. Through comparisons and similitudes, his interest is more particularly aroused, and the chances of favorable judgment are increased. The simile is a comparison in which the resemblance is stated, while in metaphor it is merely implied. The proper use of this figure requires that it be not too obvious nor far-fetched, and that it be drawn from a corresponding class of ideas.

When a speaker says of a people that they are "hunting after their own advantage with a step as steady as time, and an appetite as keen as death," he instantly enlivens the imagination of the hearer. But figures of speech are dangerous weapons, and may easily react upon the speaker, as in the case of the fiery orator who said, "Gentlemen, the apple of discord has been thrown into our midst; and if it be not nipt in the bud, it will burst into a conflagration that will deluge the entire globe!" A simile may utterly destroy the speaker's purpose if it be ridiculous, as in the case of the clergyman who preached at Newgate after the escape of Jack Sheppard, when he said:

"How dexterously did he pick the padlock of his chain with a crooked nail, burst his fetters asunder, climb up his chimney. wrench out an iron bar, break his way through

a stone wall, make the strong door of a dark entry fly before him, reach the leads of the prison, fix a blanket to the wall with a spike stolen from the chapel, descend to the top of the turner's house, cautiously pass downstairs, and make his escape at the street door. I shall spiritualize these things. Let me exhort ye, then, to open the locks of your hearts with the nail of repentance; burst asunder the fetters of your beloved lusts; mount the chimney of hope; take thence the bar of good resolution; break through the stone wall of despair, and force the stronghold in the dark entry of the valley of the shadow of death; raise yourself to the leads of divine meditation; fix the blanket of faith with the spike of the Church; let yourselves down to the turner's house of resignation; descend the stairs of humility. So shall you come to the door of deliverance from the prison of iniquity, and escape from the clutches of that old executioner, the devil!"

The use of the figure of interrogation gives increased energy and emphasis by making a direct appeal to the hearer. It strengthens assertion by challenging contradiction, or it is used to imply the very opposite of what is asked. There is no expectation of an audible answer, tho the hearer may and usually does answer it in his own mind. It must not be employed too often, lest it lose its force. One or two examples will serve as illustrations. The first is from Chief Justice Marshall, on the Federal Constitution:

What are the favorite maxims of democracy? A strict observance of justice and public faith and a steady adherence to virtue. These, sir, are the principles of a good government. No mischief, no misfortune, ought to deter us from a strict observance of justice and public faith. Would to heaven that these principles had been observed under the present government! Had

this been the case the friends of liberty would not be so willing now to part with it. Can we boast that our government is founded on these maxims? Can we pretend to the enjoyment of political freedom or security when we are told that a man has been, by an act of Assembly, struck out of existence without a trial by jury, without examination, without being confronted with his accusers and witnesses, without the benefits of the law of the land? Where is our safety when we are told that this act was justifiable because the person was not a Socrates? What has become of the worthy member's maxims? Is this one of them? Shall it be a maxim that a man shall be deprived of his life without the benefit of law? Shall such a deprivation of life be justified by answering that a man's life was not taken *secundem artem*, because he was a bad man? Shall it be a maxim that government ought not to be empowered to protect virtue?

It should be noted that each of these questions is significant, and is asked for a well-defined purpose. It is the legal mind putting swift questions for swift ends. But in the following example from Cicero we observe that emotion enters more particularly into the interrogation:

When, O Catiline, do you mean to cease abusing our patience? How long is that madness of yours still to mock us? When is there to be an end of that unbridled audacity of yours, swaggering about as it does now? Do not the nightly guards placed on the Palatine Hill—do not the watches posted throughout the city—does not the alarm of the people, and the union of all good men—does not the precaution taken of assembling the senate in this most defensible place—do not the looks and countenances of this venerable body here present, have any effect upon you? Do you not feel that your plans are detected? Do you not see that your conspiracy is already arrested and rendered powerless by the knowledge which every one here possesses of it? What is there that you did last night, what the night before—where is it that you were—who was there that you

summoned to meet you—what design was there which was adopted by you, with which you think that any one of us is unacquainted?

The figure of exclamation is used to express increased feeling, abruptness, surprize, and kindred emotions. It is exceedingly effective in arresting attention and arousing the sympathies of an audience. All the great orators have more or less employed this figure, as in the following extract from Webster's Bunker Hill speech:

But ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Where-soever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

Antithesis, by placing thoughts in contrast, gives increased energy and interest to speech. By opposing one idea to another, both are brought out into greater prominence. The principal rule to be observed is that the contrasted clauses be as nearly alike as possible. Demosthenes often used this figure, notably in his speech "On the Crown," of which the following is an example:

Contrast now the circumstances of your life and mine, gently and with temper, Æschines; and then ask these people whose

fortune they would each of them prefer. You taught reading, I went to school: you performed initiations, I received them: you danced in the chorus, I furnished it: you were assembly-clerk, I was a speaker: you acted third parts, I heard you: you broke down, and I hissed: you have worked as a statesman for the enemy, I for my country. I pass by the rest; but this very day I am on my probation for a crown, and am acknowledged to be innocent of all offense; while you are already judged to be a pettifogger, and the question is, whether you shall continue that trade, or at once be silenced by not getting a fifth part of the votes. A happy fortune, do you see, you have enjoyed, that you should denounce mine as miserable!

The figure of denunciation is another form of passionate and emphatic expression, which is sometimes employed with telling effect. It usually signifies its disapproval of such men or course of action as the speaker thinks detrimental to the general welfare. It may easily antagonize the hearers, however, and should, therefore, be used sparingly and with discretion. A good example is that from William Pitt the elder, Lord Chatham, a speaker of great enthusiasm and determination, in his address "On American Affairs," delivered in the House of Lords, November 18, 1777. Lord Suffolk defended the employment of Indians in the war, maintaining that "it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that God and nature put into our hands," whereupon Lord Chatham exclaimed:

I am astonished, shocked to hear such principles confest—to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country; principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian.

Then he continued:

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel,

and pious pastors of our Church—I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench to defend and support the justice of the country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution.

The figure of appeal to deity, like that of denunciation, must be used with great caution, as it may easily become ridiculous. It is most appropriate in great outbursts of passion, as when Robert Emmet says in his vindication :

I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been through all this peril and all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view, than that of their cure, and the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise. Of this I speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness; a man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy; nor a pretense to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

It is only when an orator rises to conscious superiority that he can safely employ the figure of command. Demos-

thenes and Cicero both used it, as did also Brougham, Burke, Clay, Patrick Henry, and many other modern speakers. The following example is from Lord Brougham, in his speech on "Emancipation for the Negro":

So now the fulness of time is come for at length discharging our duty to the African captive. I have demonstrated to you that everything is ordered—every previous step taken—all safe, by experience shown to be safe, for the long-desired consummation. The time has come, the trial has been made, the hour is striking; you have no longer a pretext for hesitation, or faltering or delay. The slave has shown, by four years' blameless behavior and devotion to the pursuits of peaceful industry, that he is as fit for his freedom as any English peasant, ay, or any lord whom I now address.

I demand his rights; I demand his liberty without stint. In the name of justice and of law, in the name of reason, in the name of God, who has given you no right to work injustice. I demand that your brother be no longer trampled upon as your slave! I make my appeal to the Commons, who represent the free people of England, and I require at their hands the performance of that condition for which they paid so enormous a price—that condition which all their constituents are in breathless anxiety to see fulfilled! I appeal to this House! Hereditary judges of the first tribunal in the world, to you I appeal for justice! Patrons of all the arts that humanize mankind, under your protection I place humanity herself! To the merciful sovereign of a free people, I call aloud for mercy to the
 • hundreds of thousands for whom half a million of her Christian sisters have cried out; I ask their cry may not have risen in vain. But, first, I turn my eye to the Throne of all justice, and devoutly humbling myself before Him who is of purer eyes than to behold such vast iniquities, I implore that the curse hovering over the head of the unjust and the oppressor be averted from us, that your hearts may be turned to mercy, and that over all the earth His will may at length be done!

In the figure of vision, the speaker presents a mental picture of something as if actually before him. It may be a scene of the past or of the future, and its vividness will largely depend upon the intensity of his feeling at the moment of description. When properly employed, it makes a profound impression. In the case of the murder of Captain Joseph White, Webster used this figure with striking effect:

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft, but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, tho it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe.

The figure known as "prediction" usually arises from the discussion or presentation of some great cause, in which the orator expresses his belief in results he thinks to be inevitable. It is marked by extreme confidence, intensity, and earnestness, as when Patrick Henry, in his speech in the second Virginia Convention, March, 1775, closed with this patriotic outburst:

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. - Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war has actually begun!

The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that the gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

Rhetorical repetition, sometimes called "The gift of tautology," is an effective means of enforcing important thoughts. The speaker repeats certain ideas, tho usually in varied phraseology, until such ideas are perfectly clear to his audience. It may be a word or a phrase that is driven home by repetition, as in the close of the speech by Charles James Fox "On the Refusal to Negotiate with France."

“But we must *pause!*” What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out—her best blood be spilled—her treasures wasted—that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves—oh! that you would put yourselves in the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite! In former wars a man might, at least, have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and of death must inflict.

If a man had been present at the battle of Blenheim, for instance, and had inquired the motive of battle, there was not a soldier engaged who could not have satisfied his curiosity, and even, perhaps, allayed his feelings. They were fighting, they knew, to repress the uncontrolled ambition of the Grand Monarch. But if a man were present now at a field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting—“*Fighting!*” would be an answer; “they are not fighting; they are *pausing.*” “Why is that man expiring? Why is that other writhing with agony? What means this implacable fury?” The answer must be: “You are quite wrong, sir; you deceive yourself—they are not fighting—do not disturb them—they are merely *pausing!* This man is not expiring with agony—that man is not dead—he is only pausing! Lord help you, sir! they are not angry with one another; they have no cause of quarrel; but their country thinks that there should be a *pause.* All that you see, sir, is nothing like fighting—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it whatever; it is nothing more than a *political pause!* It is merely to try an experiment to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore; and in the meantime we have agreed to a *pause*, in pure friendship!” And is this the way, sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world—to destroy order—to trample on religion—to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation all around you.

Probably the most valuable of all the figures of emphasis is that of climax, since it is required in greater or less

degree in almost every speech. It embodies the principles of suspense, and the leading from the weaker to the stronger argument and marked by an ascending tendency. When the emotion and interest are on a descending scale, the mind of the listener suffers disappointment, and the style is called bathos. The following extract from W. J. Fox, on Human Brotherhood, is a splendid example of both climax and polished English:

From the dawn of intellect and freedom Greece has been a watchword on the earth. There rose the social spirit to soften and refine her chosen race, and shelter, as in a nest, her gentleness from the rushing storm of barbarism—there liberty first built her mountain throne, first called the waves her own, and shouted across them a proud defiance to despotism's banded myriads; there the arts and graces danced around humanity, and stored man's home with comforts, and strewn his path with roses, and bound his brows with myrtle, and fashioned for him the breathing statue, and summoned him to temples of snowy marble, and charmed his senses with all forms of eloquence, and threw over his final sleep their veil of loveliness; there sprang poetry, like their own fabled goddess, mature at once from the teeming intellect, girt with the arts and armor that defy the assaults of time and subdue the heart of man; there matchless orators gave the world a model of perfect eloquence, the soul the instrument on which they played, and every passion of our nature but a tone which the master's touch called forth at will; there lived and taught the philosophers of bower and porch, of pride and pleasure, of deep speculation and of useful action, who developed all the acuteness, and refinement, and excursiveness, and energy of mind, and were the glory of their country, when their country was the glory of the earth.

It should be remembered that climax must be in the thought before it can properly be in the delivery. It is not a mere outward embellishment, but the natural and spon-

taneous expression of gradually intensified thought. Quintilian recommends it by the name of "gradation," and gives this example:

I not only did not say this, but did not even write it; I not only did not write it, but took no part in the embassy; I not only took no part in the embassy, but used no persuasion to the Thebans.

At the Chicago convention William Jennings Bryan turned the nomination in his own favor by the closing lines of a speech in which he said:

Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests, and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.

It will be seen that climax is an element of great power when properly used. Carefully note the close of Sumner's great oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations":

But while seeking these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the truce of God to the whole world forever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music, which now encompasses the earth, be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed, by massacring soldiers, upon the spot occupied by the sepulcher of the Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mold! The whole earth is the sepulcher of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize

this truth, and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself.

In every speech of Webster we find a discreet and skilful use of this figure of climax. The closing lines of "The First Bunker Hill Monument Oration," which discloses his power at its height, is worthy of memorizing:

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, *our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.* And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror.

but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

It is said of Edward Everett that his treatment of every speech he made was so masterly "that one would think the subject then in hand had been the special study of his life." In the following extract from his "Eulogy on Lafayette," he combines the figures of exclamation, interrogation, and climax:

There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty who has not dropt his head when he has heard that Lafayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics—every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright—have lost a benefactor, a patron in Lafayette. And what is it, fellow citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness—to the sanctity of plighted faith—to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your Revolutionary fathers, and of your Pilgrim sires, was the rule of his life—*the love of liberty protected by law.*

You have now assembled within these celebrated walls to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birthday of your benefactor. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place—the temple worthy of the new name which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites! Ye winds, that wafted the Pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom! Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days!

Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak, speak, marble lips; teach us *the love of liberty protected by law*.

The student of public speaking should pursue this study further on his own account, by dissecting some of the world's great orations. He should note in them the use of these various figures of emphasis—and see wherein they give added clearness and power to speech. In this way he will secure for himself something of the art by which the master orators themselves became distinguished.

VI

THE RHETORIC OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

There is no better way to cultivate oratorical style than to study the models of the world's great orators. We shall find some of the distinctive qualities of their speeches in their use of word, phrase, idiom, metaphor, and illustration. If "style is the man," then we may study the man and his method through his language.

The ultimate object of the oration is to convince and persuade men. It is to move men to action. Quintilian, in his treatise on the education of an orator, refers to the many celebrated definitions of oratory before his time, such as, "oratory is the art of persuading," "the power of persuading by speaking," "the leading of men by speaking to that which the speaker wishes," "the power of finding out whatever can persuade in speaking," "to say all that ought to be said in order to persuade," "the power of saying on every subject whatever can be found to persuade," "the power of finding whatever is persuasive in speaking," "the power of discovering and expressing, with elegance, whatever is credible on any subject whatever." Quintilian contents himself with the definition that "Oratory is the art of speaking well," and adds that "Its object and ultimate end must be to speak well."

The difference between an oration and an essay should be clearly defined. An oration is based upon a brief, or out-

line, with all its divisions distinctly indicated in the speaker's mind. It is prepared for the ear, while the essay is intended for the eye. In the one case the speaker may repeat his thought as often as he thinks necessary to accomplish his purpose; in the other, the reader may reread such portions as are not clear to him. The oration may have a wide range of thought, while the essay must strictly observe unity and method throughout. The oration, furthermore, is designed to appeal directly to the emotions, and consequently is more vivid and varied than the essay. First, let us read an extract from Ruskin's essay, "Modern Painters":

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist of dew. And instead of this there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain that it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to

feel them if he be always with them: but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not

“Too bright or good

For human nature’s daily food;”

it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together, almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations: we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall, white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail nor the

drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addrest through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given. These are what the artist of highest aim must study; it is these, by the combination of which his ideal is to be created; these, of which so little notice is ordinarily taken by common observers that I fully believe, little as people in general are concerned with art, more of their ideas of sky are derived from pictures than from reality, and that if we could examine the conception formed in the minds of most educated persons when we talk of clouds, it would frequently be found composed of fragments of blue and white reminiscences of the old masters.

Fundamental qualities of an effective oratorical style are simplicity and directness. These are the natural expression of sincerity. A good speaker despises rhetorical tricks and artificiality. He uses as far as possible pure Saxon words, gives preference to words that are short and concrete, and avoids ambiguity and circumlocution.

Thoughts, not words, should be great. A man should speak not in a literary style, but in the language of the people. Beecher well says: "Involved sentences, crooked, circuitous, and parenthetical, no matter how musically they may be balanced, are prejudicial to a facile understanding of the truth." To insure simplicity of language, one should have a definite purpose before him, both in writing and delivering his speech. A man who is thoroughly in earnest

is never grandiloquent. The speeches of Abraham Lincoln are models of unaffected simplicity. His Farewell Speech, delivered at Springfield, Ill., February 11, 1861, is a characteristic example:

MY FRIENDS: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I can not succeed. With that assistance, I can not fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

The speaker's style should be clear and compact, but never so concise as to be obscure. Every student should carefully read Herbert Spencer's essay on "The Philosophy of Style," in which he says:

Regarding language as an apparatus of symbols for the conveyance of thought, we may say that, as in a mechanical apparatus, the more simple and the better arranged its parts the greater will be the effect produced. In either case, whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deducted from the result. A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognize and interpret the symbols presented to him, requires part of this power; to arrange and combine the images suggested requires a further part; and only that part which remains can be used for realizing the thought conveyed. Hence, the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the

less time and attention can be given to the contained idea; and the less vividly will that idea be conceived.

Conciseness will guard the speaker from undue repetition, rambling, and prosiness. The crisp phrase delights the hearer, because he can grasp it so easily. It gives added strength, force, and vividness to a speaker's thought. Carefully note this extract from Emerson's oration on "The American Scholar," delivered at Cambridge, Mass., on August 31, 1837:

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end, which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world of value is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, altho, in almost all men, obstructed, and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth, and utters truth, or creates. In this action, it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. That is good, say they—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward: the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead; man hopes, genius creates. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the deity is not his; cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words—that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

The best test of euphony is to read aloud. Infelicities of expression that may go unchallenged in silent reading

are quickly detected when sounded. Awkward combinations, jingling recurrences, harshness not purposely employed, and everything offensive to the ear should be studiously avoided.

The euphonious style and brilliant diction of Cardinal Newman is worthy of close study. He invariably read his sermons to the congregation, and to some extent sacrificed delivery to thought and style, but there was an indescribable fascination about him which kept his hearers spell-bound. In commenting upon the disadvantage of manuscript speaking, a writer says of Newman: "You must take the man as a whole; there was a stamp and seal upon him; there was a solemn sweetness and music in the tone and the manner which made even his delivery, tho exclusively from written sermons, singularly attractive." Still another says of him, "What delicacy of style, yet what strength! how simple, yet how suggestive! how homely, yet how refined! how penetrating, yet how tender-hearted." Newman owed much of his incomparable use of English to his love of music, and his exquisite taste for harmony and cadence. His constant use of the pen, and his study of verse, may well be emulated by the student of public speaking. Cicero was one of Newman's earliest models. For euphony, simplicity, exactitude, and clearness, it would be difficult to find anything superior to the following passage from Cardinal Newman's address on "Literature":

A great author, gentlemen, is not one who merely has a *copia verborum*, whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great

depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, tho these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of expression. He is the master of the twofold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendor of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. If he is a poet, "*nil molitur ineptè.*" If he is an orator, then, too, he speaks not only "*distinctè*" and "*splendidè,*" but also "*aptè.*" His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life.

He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel, but all can not say; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tessellated with the rich fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces.

Such preeminently is Shakespeare among ourselves; such

preeminently Vergil among the Latins; such in their degree are all those writers who in every nation go by the name of classics. To particular nations they are necessarily attached from the circumstances of the variety of tongues, and the peculiarities of each; but so far they have a catholic and ecumenical character, that what they express is common to the whole race of man, and they alone are able to express it.

If then the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named—if the origin of language is by many philosophers even considered to be nothing short of divine—if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated—if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixt, a people speaks, the past and the future, the east and the west are brought into communication with each other—if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family—it will not answer to make light of literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life—who are united by us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence.

When a man aims directly at originality, he usually misses it. When he tries to appear to be something other than he is, he is almost certain to become unreal and ineffective. Emerson said: "Eloquence is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person with whom you speak." The following is an amusing but instructive illustration of the passion for big words and unusual expressions:

MY BRETHREN: The cosmical changes continually occurring, manifest a concatenation of causes for the multifarious forms

that present themselves for meditation and study. As we pursue our investigations in the various departments, we realize more distinctly the ever present and eternal relation of things. Cosmological philosophy demonstrates that force is persistent, and hence is indestructible, therefore this indestructibility is grounded upon the absolute. To prove this to your entire satisfaction, it is only necessary for me to quote the formula: "The absolutoid and the abstractoid elementisms of being, echo or reappear by analogy within the concretoid elaborismus." We reject the theory of the eternity of matter as well as the hypothesis of an infinite series, and contend that matter in its primordial condition is but a term in a system of causations; that after illimitable duration passed through changes of manifold particularities which we have ultimated in an endless multiplicity of forms that have produced the present complicated condition of things.

Prolixity soon wearies an audience. Too much brilliancy of style easily dazzles the eyes, and loftiness of expression may shoot so high over the heads of the hearers as to defeat its purpose. Sublime thought does not necessarily demand big words and elegant language. "And God said let there be light: and there was light" is an eloquent example of great thought in simple words. Coleridge once said: "If men would only say what they have to say in plain terms, how much more eloquent they would be!" Amateur speakers are too prone to look at the objective effect of their language, instead of at the subjective quality of their thought. This will sometimes lead them into Fourth-of-July bombast, such as this:

There is a divinity that shapes our ends, and that same divine inspiration revealed to the American patriots who fought against colonial oppression, the symbol of liberty that was destined to float in the cause of humanity until the end of time.

Looking aloft in the evening glow they saw a great, white cloud; the sun, e'er setting, smiled on it and shot seven golden red rays through its fleecy whiteness, forming thirteen alternating stripes. A square piece of the sky came down and fastened itself in the upper left corner, whereupon thirteen glorious stars left the firmament of heaven, formed a symmetrical setting, and glowed from the blue union. Atop this emblem was a guardian angel holding in her left hand the scales of justice, and in her right, with point down, a sword, not typical of war, but of a determination to uphold peace. On the shield that rested against her robe was the promise that whenever a new State entered the Union another star would descend from the sky, and guaranteeing to the generations to come that this inspired flag would be a world-respected symbol of man's humanity to man.

There must be affluence of thought before one can safely attempt elegance of style, and even then it is better that it arise naturally and unconsciously. Here, again, the right foundation is to be found in sincerity. Some men think in large ways, like certain artists who paint with broad sweeps of the brush, and in striking colors. Their souls are too large for the pedantic and formal, and they must find means of their own. Such a man was Webster, who gave to common words a new import and personality, as in his use of the word "respectable" in the following:

I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history, most pure, most *respectable*, most sublime; and I doubt not, that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be Washington!

Elegance of language has, of course, its legitimate use, and gives enduring pleasure when exhibited by a real artist. But it is a dangerous plaything for amateurs. An illus-

tration of masterly magnificence of style is the following passage from Lacordaire:

It might well have been thought that the force of that confession would never have been surpassed, whether in regard to the genius of the man who wrote it, the authority of his unbelief, the glory of his name, and the circumstances connected with the age which received it; but it would have been an error. Another man, another expression, another glory, another phase of unbelief, another age, another avowal, were greater altogether, if not in each separate part, than those you have just heard. Our age commenced by a man who outstript all his contemporaries, and whom we, who have followed, have not equaled. A conqueror, a soldier, a founder of empire, his name and his ideas are still everywhere present. After having unconsciously accomplished the work of God, he disappeared, that work being done, and waned like a setting sun in the deep waters of the ocean. There, upon a barren rock, he loved to recall the events of his own life; and from himself going back to others who had lived before him, and to whom he had a right to compare himself, he could not fail to perceive a form greater than his own upon that illustrious stage whereon he took his place. He often contemplated it; misfortune opens the soul to illuminations which in prosperity are unseen. That form constantly rose before him—he was compelled to judge it. One evening in the course of that long exile which expiated past faults and lighted up the road to the future, the fallen conqueror asked one of the few companions of his captivity if he could tell him what Jesus Christ really was. The soldier begged to be excused; he had been too busy during his sojourn in the world to think about that question. “What!” sorrowfully replied the inquirer, “you have been baptized in the Catholic Church, and you can not tell me, even here upon this rock which consumes us, what Jesus Christ was! Well, then, I will tell you”: and, opening the Gospel, not with his hands, but from a heart filled by it, he compared Jesus Christ with himself and all the great characters of history; he developed the different characteristics

which distinguished Jesus Christ from all mankind; and, after uttering a torrent of eloquence which no Father of the Church would have disclaimed, he ended with these words: "In fine, I know men, and I say that Jesus Christ was not a man!" These words, gentlemen, sum up all I would say to you of the inner life of Jesus Christ, and express the conclusion which, sooner or later, every man arrives at who reads the Gospel with just attention. You who are yet young have life before you; you will see learned men, sages, princes, and their ministers; you will witness elevations and ruins; sons of time, time will initiate you into the hidden things of man; and when you have learned them, when you know the measure of what is human, some day, perhaps, returning from those heights for which you hoped, you will say also, "I know men, and I say that Jesus Christ was not a man!" The day, too, will come when upon the tomb of her great captain, France will grave these words, and they will shine there with more immortal luster than the sun of the Pyramids and Austerlitz!

There is a style that is solely intellectual in character, whereby the speaker aims to convince the hearer through his reason and judgment. There is no attempt to arouse the emotions, but simply to win a favorable decision by an impartial and accurate statement of facts. To this class belong most of the speeches of Congress and the law court. A short example, from the argument of Jeremiah Black in the Milligan case, will suffice:

Keeping the character of the charges in mind, let us come at once to the simple question upon which the court below divided in opinion: Had the commissioners jurisdiction—were they invested with legal authority to try the relaters and put them to death for the offense of which they were accused? We answer, no; and, therefore, the whole proceeding from beginning to end was utterly null and void. On the other hand, it is absolutely necessary for those who oppose us to assert, as they do assert, that the commissioners had complete legal jurisdiction both of

the subject matter and of the parties, so that their judgment upon the law and the facts is absolutely conclusive and binding, not subject to correction nor open to inquiry in any court whatever. Of these two opposite views, you must adopt one or the other; for there is no middle ground on which you can possibly stand.

The highest type of oratorical style combines convincing with persuasive elements, by which the speaker first makes a thing appear possible or desirable, then by an appeal to the heart moves the hearer to act as he would have him. Lord Erskine was a master of the arts of climax and persuasion. He would throw himself so completely into his subject that for the time he became oblivious to all else. Altho slender in form, his sincerity, earnestness, and warmth of manner imparted to his style and personality a magnetism that was irresistible. In the libel case of Lord Sandwich, first Lord of the Admiralty, against Captain Baillie, Erskine who as a youth served as a midshipman, won his initial success before a jury. At one point of his address he was reminded that his lordship was not present, whereupon he burst out vehemently:

I know that he is not formally before the court, but, for that very reason, *I will bring him before the court*. He has placed these men in the front of the battle, in order to escape under their shelter, but I will not join in battle with them; their vices, tho screwed up to the highest pitch of depravity, are not of dignity enough to vindicate the combat with *me*. I will drag him to light who is the dark mover behind this scene of iniquity. I assert that the Earl of Sandwich has but one road to escape out of this business without pollution and disgrace—and that is, by publicly disavowing the acts of the prosecutors, and restoring Captain Baillie to his command. . . . If, on the contrary, he continues to protect the prosecutors in spite of the evidence of their guilt, which has excited the

abhorrence of the numerous audience who crowd this court, if he keeps this injured man suspended, or dares to turn that suspension into a removal, I shall then not scruple to declare him *an accomplice in their guilt, a shameless oppressor, a disgrace to his rank, and a traitor to his trust.*

My lords, this matter is of the last importance. I speak not as an *advocate* alone—I speak to you as a *man*—as a member of the state whose very existence depends upon her naval strength. If our fleets are to be crippled by the baneful influence of elections, *we are lost indeed.* If the seaman, while he exposes his body to fatigues and dangers, looking forward to Greenwich as an asylum for infirmity and old age, sees the gates of it blocked up by corruption, and hears the mirth and riot of luxurious landmen drowning the groans and complaints of the wounded, helpless companions of his glory—he will tempt the seas no more. The admiralty may press his *body* indeed, at the expense of humanity and the constitution, but they can not press his *mind*; they can not press the heroic ardor of a British sailor; and, instead of a fleet to carry terror all around the globe, the admiralty may not be able much longer to amuse us with even the peaceable, unsubstantial pageant of a review. *Fine and imprisonment!* The man deserves a *palace*, instead of a *prison*, who prevents the palace built by the public bounty of his country from being converted into a dungeon, and who sacrifices his own security to the interests of humanity and virtue!

The gift of tautology is a valuable element in oratorical style. An idea is repeated over and over again, but in different aspects, until it is driven deeply and securely into the listener's mind. Demosthenes, Cicero, and other orators, both of ancient and modern times, have advocated and used this method of repetition. Sometimes it takes the form of climax, in which a single phrase is repeated, as in this extract from an address by Senator Beveridge:

Like President Taft, I wanted on the free list many raw

materials that needed no protection. Yet only one was so treated. I could not stand for the duties on these articles, and I can not stand for them now.

Like President Taft, I wanted free iron ore, of which we have the greatest deposits on earth, and which the steel trust chiefly controls. I could not stand for the duty that was passed, and I can not stand for it now.

Like President Taft, I wanted the ancient woollen schedule reduced. It gives the woollen trust unfair control. It raises the price and reduces the weight of the people's clothing. I stood against the schedule when the bill was passed, and I stand against it now. I could not stand for the duty on lumber when the tariff bill was passed, and I can not stand for it now.

Sometimes this repetition is made exceedingly effective throughout a long passage, as in this quotation from Robert Ingersoll:

A little while ago, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, almost fit for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon; I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris; I saw him at the head of the army in Italy; I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand; I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramids; I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags; I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and Austerlitz; I saw him in Russia where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves; I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his

genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fortune combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king, and I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman he ever loved, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition; and I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the rays of the autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children about my knee and their arms about me, I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than have been that imperial personification of force and murder.

Nothing is more effective in oratorical style than the skilful use of climax, especially at the close of a speech. The conclusion of Lord Macaulay's speech on Parliamentary Reform, delivered in the House of Commons, March 2, 1831, is a splendid specimen of his sonorous style and his rare use of climactic effect:

Turn where we may, within, around, the voice of great events is proclaiming to us, Reform that you may preserve. Now, therefore, while everything at home and abroad forebodes ruin to those who persist in a hopeless struggle against the spirit of the age; now, while the crash of the proudest throne of the continent is still resounding in our ears; now, while the roof of a British palace affords an ignominious shelter to the exiled heir of forty kings; now, while we see on every side ancient institutions subverted and great societies dissolved; now, while the heart of England is still sound; now, while old feelings and old associations retain a power and a charm which may too soon pass away; now, in this your accepted time; now, in

this your day of salvation, take counsel, not of prejudice, not of party spirit, not of the ignominious pride of a fatal consistency, but of history, of reason, of the ages which are past, of the signs of this most portentous time. Pronounce in a manner worthy of the expectation with which this great debate has been anticipated, and of the long remembrance which it will leave behind. Renew the youth of the state. Save property, divided against itself. Save the multitude, endangered by its own ungovernable passions. Save the aristocracy, endangered by its own unpopular power. Save the greatest, and fairest, and most highly civilized community that ever existed from calamities which may in a few days sweep away all the rich heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory. The danger is terrible. The time is short. If this bill should be rejected, I pray to God that none of those who concur in rejecting it may ever remember their votes with unavailing remorse amidst the wreck of laws, the confusion of ranks, the spoliation of property, and the dissolution of social order.

VII

EXTEMPORE SPEAKING

To speak without manuscript does not imply lack of preparation. A man who essays to stand before an audience and address them without dependence upon notes, must have his speech very clearly and vividly imprest upon his own mind. Extempore speaking, to be successful, really demands greater labor and diligence than any other form of address.

It is undoubtedly true, as Bautain says, that "There are some men organized to speak well, as there are birds organized to sing well, bees to make honey, and beavers to build." Some men are naturally adapted to extempore speaking, while others because of timidity, mental sluggishness, or some other quality of temperament, are from necessity slaves to a manuscript. Possibly every man could eventually become an extemporaneous speaker, if he set deliberately and persistently about it, but unfortunately the written page serves as an easy escape from the more laborious method.

Extemporaneous address is the ideal form of delivery. Popular opinion has declared itself against the reading of a speech. A manuscript in the hands of a speaker acts as a wet blanket, an obstacle, or a prejudice between him and his hearers. In extempore speech a man is more real, spontaneous, and energetic. He looks at his audience and they look at him. A bond of sympathy and mutual interest is

established. They take pleasure in watching the operation of the speaker's mind, while he, in turn, has the opportunity to observe the effect of his words upon them. Lightning-like changes must often be made while the speech is in progress. When the speaker sees that a thought of his is not quite clear, or lacking in impressiveness, he may at once express it again in a new phrase, or with more telling emphasis. Possibly a man at the back of the hall, with his hand behind his ear serves as a warning to the speaker that he is not being distinctly heard. An inattentive auditor suggests the possibility that the speaker fails to make himself interesting. The snapping of a watch may be a polite hint that the speaker is speaking too long. For these and many other reasons an extempore speaker has a decided advantage over one who must, for the most part, keep his eyes glued to a manuscript. Moreover, an extempore speaker, being unhampered by notes, can give adequate force and precision to his voice and gesture. He can pause as often and as long as he thinks necessary to enforce his thought. It is not merely the memory that speaks, but his entire personality.

It can not too often be repeated that the speaker should write much. Skill and thrill of pen quickly communicate themselves to the voice. We have the authority of Cicero on this important subject. He says:

- ✓ The chief point of all is to write as much as possible.
- ✓ Writing is said to be the best and most excellent modeler
- ✓ and teacher of oratory; and not without reason; for if what is meditated and considered easily surpasses sudden and extemporary speech, a constant and diligent habit of writing will surely be of more effect than meditation and consideration itself; since all the arguments relating to the subject on which

we write, whether they are suggested by art, or by a certain power of genius and understanding, will present themselves, and occur to us, while we examine and contemplate it in the full light of our intellect; and all thoughts and words, which are the most expressive of their kind, must of necessity come under and submit to the keenness of our judgment while writing; and a fair arrangement and collocation of the words is effected by writing in a certain rhythm and measure, not poetical, but oratorical.

Cicero goes on to say that by means of practise in writing, the language of a man, when required to speak on the spur of the moment, will resemble the accuracy and precision of his written style. In this practise of writing, however, the student should summon his audience before him in imagination, and frequently test what he has written by standing up and rendering it aloud. It is the business of the speech-maker not only to fit words to his thoughts, but to fit words to his mouth.

The chief danger of the extempore style is the tendency to be diffuse. A speaker should realize that there is a distinct advantage in leaving some things unsaid. The Lacedæmonians, we are told, knew the positive uses of the negation of speech, and by repression gained strength and intensity. Their public assemblies were short, and the audience invariably remained standing. An extempore speaker should know precisely what he intends to say, not the exact words, perhaps, but certainly the nature and order of ideas.

The chief objection to the use of manuscript is that the speaker usually reads his words, instead of speaking them. He reads too rapidly, in a uniform style, and often with no special regard for the immediate impression he is making.

He loses, too, in directness, in fire and enthusiasm, and in personal magnetism. "The vitality of thought," observes Bautain, "is singularly stimulated by the necessity of instantaneous production, by this actual necessity of self-expression, and of communication to other minds."

A great American orator was welcomed to London some months ago, where he was invited to address an influential society of that city. He was heralded as one of the most gifted speakers of the day, and a distinguished audience greeted him with unusual marks of enthusiasm. But as he stood before them, he took from his pocket a large manuscript, and proceeded to read his speech. Enthusiasm suddenly changed to disappointment, and when the speaker at last had finished, the unanimous feeling was that he had seriously blundered. Oratory can not reach the heart through the printed page. If a man reads his speech, the members of the audience conclude that they might themselves read it quite as well in the quiet of their own homes.

An extempore speaker should have a ready vocabulary. It matters not so much by what method he gets it, so long as it is large and varied. He may take words deliberately from his general reading, ascertain their meaning and proper usage, and incorporate them at once into his daily conversation. He may closely scrutinize the language of recognized speakers, or he may copy down in his own handwriting parts of masterpieces of eloquence, giving special attention to the use of words, phrases, idioms, and figures of speech.

One of the best exercises for the student of extempore speech is to accustom himself daily to make short speeches aloud, while he is alone, and put his ability to frequent test while gaining articulate flexibility. He may stand in his

own room, arrange some chairs as an audience, and speak upon a current topic selected from his daily newspaper. His aim here should be to secure fluency rather than perfection. There is no better way than this for acquiring the ability of "thinking on one's feet." In many men this is the one thing lacking. They can speak well at home or in business, but if suddenly called upon to stand on their feet and address a number of persons, their thoughts as suddenly leave them. This art, let it be remembered, can be acquired only through the most diligent practise.

There must, of course, be something more than fluency in order to produce a satisfactory speaker. Fluency alone may run to garrulousness, and an abundance of words may easily obscure instead of enlighten a subject. Behind the spoken word there must be the man, and it is his thought and personality which after all impart value to his language. One might know all the words of an unabridged dictionary, yet be slow of speech. It is not a "profuse and interminable flow of words" that is so much needed as a ready and precise knowledge of their proper application.

When Gladstone was unexpectedly called upon to close a debate, or to answer an antagonist, he would sometimes speak for some minutes without really saying anything worth while, in order to take time to formulate his thought. "All at once," said an observer of the great orator, "the cloud cleared away with a sudden gesture, and you heard the words, 'Mr. Speaker.' The orator then had made up his mind as to the scope of his reply, and then followed a stream of sentences direct, compact, and pungent—crisp as the curling wave, definite as the bullet." This is a splendid illustration of thinking on one's feet, of thinking ahead while in the very act of speaking.

The public speaker should be like a skilful captain, able to shift his course to meet unexpected conditions. A man who is tied down to set phraseology, whether of memory or manuscript, is not unlike a schoolboy with his memorized recitation. If he forgets his lines, he must begin all over again, or retire covered with confusion. Extempore speaking does not mean lack of preparation, since all who speak well must prepare for it, but it implies that at the moment of delivery the speaker has perfect freedom and facility in his choice of language, and the ability to amplify or abridge his premeditated thought at will.

The student of public speaking is recommended to hear the best pulpit preachers and closely to study their method of delivery. Many clergymen depend in their early efforts upon the use of manuscript, but in most cases the paper is discarded after a few months or years for the freer and more effective extempore style. Dr. Storrs, in his inspiring book "Preaching Without Notes," discloses one of his own secrets about effective speaking: "I have learned," he says, "that the recollective forces of the mind, which are in their nature subordinate and auxiliary, are to be kept strictly in abeyance—not to be called on for any service—so that the spontaneous, suggestive, creative powers may have continual and unhindered play. Nothing, if possible, should be left to be recalled at the time of speaking, by a distinct act of the memory. The more you try to recollect, the less effective you will be." He insists that it is aggressive productive energy that most moves an audience, and, we may add, it is this that best insures a natural and sincere style of delivery.

The story is familiar of how the Athenians proposed to give a golden crown to Demosthenes in recognition of his

valued services to his country, and how the proposal was opposed by Æschines. When the latter was in banishment, he one day repeated the speech he had made against Demosthenes, whereupon his hearers requested him also to read Demosthenes' reply, which he did with reluctance. After the applause had subsided, Æschines exclaimed, "How much more would your admiration have been raised had you heard Demosthenes *speak* it!"

The mind should be stored with the choicest passages of great speakers and writers, not only for training in English style, but for use as quotations when required. A business man who has distinguished himself as a public speaker, ascribes much of his readiness and power to the fact that for years he has committed gems of poetry to memory, and these constantly furnish him with valuable material for illustration and amplification. A short poem memorized each day for a year would revolutionize a man's entire thinking habits, and at the same time provide him with a vocabulary and style to satisfy all ordinary requirements. Our own great Webster shows in many of his speeches that he was a profound student of the Bible and the poets. Most of the great speakers of the world have acknowledged their indebtedness to inspirational writers. Lord Brougham was an indefatigable student and worker. While he was composing the peroration of one of his most important speeches, he made it a point to read Demosthenes for several weeks, during which time he rewrote his own speech twenty times.

Something should be said here about mannerisms in speaking, which not infrequently are most manifest in extempore delivery. Without a manuscript to engage the speaker's hands he is often at a loss to know what to do

with these unruly members. The answer is simple: do nothing with them unless they are specifically needed for the more complete expression of a thought. Let them remain at the sides in their natural relaxed position, where they will be ready for instant use. To press the fist in the hollow of the back in order to support the speaker, to clutch the lapels of the coat, to slap the hands audibly together, to place the hands on the hips in the attitude of "vulgar ease," to put the hands into the pockets, to wring the hands as if washing them with invisible soap," or violently to strike the table or desk, these are all objectionable mannerisms and should be studiously avoided.

At the beginning of a speech it will give the appearance of ease to place the hands behind the back, but this position lacks force, and should not be long sustained. Leaning or lounging of every kind, bending at the knees, evidence of weakness or weariness, drawling and dawdling, should be avoided. Rocking the body to and fro, rising on the toes to emphasize, crouching, stamping the foot, springing from side to side, overacting and impersonating, and, indeed, violence and extravagance of every description, are not in keeping with dignified public speaking.

Gestures that are too frequent and alike soon lose their significance. If they are attempted at all, they should be varied and complete, suggesting freedom and spontaneity. When only half made they call attention to the discrepancy, and may easily retard the thought they are designed to help. The continuous use of gesture is displeasing to the eye, giving an impression of lack of poise.

The student should not imitate the style of other speakers. He may hear them, and note their virtues and faults, but his constant aim should be to develop his own

power and individuality. What is perfectly natural to one man may be ridiculous in another. Cardinal Newman spoke with unusual deliberateness, enunciating every syllable with care and precision, while Phillips Brooks sent forth an avalanche of words at the rate of two hundred or more to the minute. These two examples would certainly be dangerous precedents for the average man to follow.

The extempore speaker should take advantage of his great opportunity to be thoroughly alive. One man speaks from his head, another from his heart, and another from his imagination, but a real orator speaks from his entire personality. Some men appear uniformly tired, and in the effort to address an audience assume a half-hearted tone. This lifelessness of voice and manner soon communicates itself to the audience, and enthusiasm or success are rendered impossible. The well-equipped speaker is one who has a superior culture of voice and body. All the instruments of expression must be made his obedient servants, that at his bidding they may perform their work naturally and spontaneously. He must be able, while speaking, to abandon himself wholly to his subject, confident that as a result of previous and conscientious training his delivery can safely be left to take care of itself.

Another undesirable mannerism of the voice is that of giving a rising inflection at the close of successive sentences that are obviously complete. The speaker's thought is left suspended in the air, the hearer feels a sense of doubt or disappointment, and possibly the entire meaning is perverted. Thoughts delivered in this manner, unless they distinctly demand a rising inflection, lack emphasis, force, and persuasion.

Artificiality, affectation, pomposity, mouthing, vehemence,

monotony, and everything that detracts in the slightest degree from the simplicity and genuine fervor of a speaker's style should be carefully avoided. Too much emphasis may drive a thought beyond the mark, and a conscious determination to make "a great speech" may easily keep the speaker in a state of anxiety throughout its entire delivery.

A clear and correct enunciation is essential, but it should never be pedantic nor attract attention to itself. Exaggerated opening of the mouth, audible smacking of the lips, holding tenaciously to final consonants, prolonged hissing of sibilants, are faults to be condemned. Hesitation, stumbling over difficult combinations, obscuring final syllables, coalescing the last sound of one word with the first sound of the following word, are inexcusable in a trained speaker.

When the same modulation of the voice is repeated too often, it becomes a mannerism, a kind of monotony of variety. To the frequent question whether a musical ear is an aid to the speaker, the answer must be in the affirmative. The man who can discriminate between one key of the voice and another, between the light and shade of the voice as manifest in force, and knows what is rapid and what is slow in the movement of his utterance, has a marked advantage over one with ear untrained.

It may be fitting here to present two or three short specimens of unpremeditated speech. The first is by Sir Aemilius Irving, of Toronto, Canada, in a farewell address to the Hon. Featherston Osler:

I beg, on behalf of the bar, that you will allow me to address a few words to the court, and, to some extent, to himself. The attorney-general would properly and with gratifica-

tion to himself be present to take part in this function, but he is unable to travel the long distance he would have to come, since learning that this was to take place. He is prostrated, as it were, and has been advised that for him to come would be impracticable. But he has been good enough to refer to me to speak in some measure for him.

The occasion on which we are now assembled is to do honor to an illustrious member of the bench who is about to retire from it. The importance of the occasion and the depth of feeling that has been evoked are the best proof, and I do not wish a higher testimonial than the number present to testify their loyalty and affection to the friend—if I may be permitted to use that affectionate term—to the friend with whom they will not be in contact as in the past.

That representation is, of course, largely by the Law Society and the Benchers, but two other associations are taking part, and have indicated to me their desire to be named, the York County Law Association, and the Ontario Bar Association, so that it may be fairly said that we who are now before you are as large a representation of the bar of Ontario as could be gathered together here, considering all the circumstances.

This tribute, for such it is, is not only one of personal respect, but it is the discharging by the bar of a bounden duty toward itself to lose no opportunity of expressing its sense of the value to the profession, the public, and to the country, of the service which must necessarily come to an end.

I shall not bestow terms of encomium on Mr. Justice Osler. They would be out of place at this tribunal. The purity and learning of the bench concerns the public and lies near the foundation of public liberty. To this august body these are the motives that prompt us. Before this august body there should be no comparisons. We esteem all the judges, the great body I am addressing, and the High Court as well, but we go no further in reference to the individual.

This is not a sad occasion; we are not losing a very principal man from our social circle; we are not weeping over his grave; we are, on the other hand, congratulating him on the triumphant result of his long life. He has good health, he is sur-

rounded with joys—he has around him honor, love, obedience, the affection of his children and troops of friends. He has the right to look forward, as we hope and expect, to the long enjoyment which his satisfactory health gives him every expectation to realize.

I am directed by the Corporation of the Law Society and the Benchers in congregation to communicate that they hail with gratification the prospect of his taking his place as of right in their governing body, and that his accession to that will be a great gratification to the province generally and to the profession.

It will be observed that this speech is in easy, simple style. The judicial mind of the speaker is, of course, evident, but long habit of instantly turning his thought into appropriate phrase stands him to good purpose.

Sir Charles Moss, the Chief Justice of Ontario, speaking on the same occasion, followed the last speaker, with these words:

On behalf of my colleagues and myself, I express the desire that we should be associated in the most emphatic manner with all the remarks which you have so feelingly and appropriately expressed concerning our brother Osler. It almost goes without saying that no words could adequately express our own sense of loss alike to the bench, the bar, and the public, occasioned by his retirement, and also our sense of personal loss. If anything can be added to what you have so justly said, we wish it to be understood as having been said in the most ample manner.

There is no sign of premeditation in this short speech, but it has the unmistakable marks of sincerity, dignity, and deep feeling. Finally, let us examine the reply of the Hon. Featherston Osler himself, who, we are told, spoke on this occasion with visible emotion:

Those of you who know me will, I am sure, know how difficult it is for me at this moment to express in any ade-

quate way my sense of the honor which has been conferred upon me. I may say, in the words of the German poet, that I am now enjoying the highest moment of my life. After filling such an office over thirty-one years, and to be allowed to leave it with the enjoyment of the approval of a most critical body like the Ontario bar, is indeed gratifying.

I have, during my connection with the bench, striven to live up to the high standard I set for myself on accepting a position on it. I feel it a high honor to be allowed to quit it, not in cold silence of the most critical profession in the world, but with their approval as you have expressed it.

As for the failures I have been guilty of, some were capable of correction and some were not, but I have the happiness of knowing that the court which, while it has the right to pardon, has also the prerogative to condemn, has extended its pardon to me. Let me wish you all happiness and prosperity, and through you to the several associations for their kindness in joining in this expression. And let me now bid you my judicial farewell.

This is both felicitous and touching. These three speeches are somewhat alike in their quality of tender simplicity and directness, and as examples of easy extempore speaking are worthy of close study and analysis.

VIII

GESTURE AND ACTION

The use of gesture must often be determined by the taste and judgment of the speaker. There are simple speeches and informal occasions when much bodily action would be entirely inappropriate, and there are others where an absence of movement would give the impression of weakness and inadequacy. Too little gesture is better than too much, and there are times when a powerful effect is conveyed by speaking with great intensity while standing motionless.

It is said that deep concentrated feeling is never loud, and it may be added that action and gesture of a great speaker are never violent. The purpose of gesture is to emphasize, illustrate, or in some degree add clearness or force to a speaker's thought. If it fails to accomplish one of these objects, it will hinder rather than help the speaker.

The whole art of gesture may be summed up in three words: simplicity, appropriateness, and variety.

Simplicity means that a gesture arises from the natural animation of a speaker, and is so inextricably bound up with the thought that it does not attract attention to itself. The arms and hands, if properly trained, move in curves, the straight line movements being reserved for special emphasis. Simplicity means, too, that nothing is overdone. Many men, because of their sedentary lives, are awkward and self-conscious in the attempt to gesticulate while speaking in public, and determined not to appear tame or untu-

tored, indulge in all kinds of grotesque and unseemly movements. Simplicity will guard a speaker from many undesirable faults which sometimes go by the plausible name of individuality and mannerism.

Appropriateness implies that a gesture is the one best suited to interpret or enforce a particular thought. There is no valid objection to a student standing before a looking-glass in order to observe his use of gesture and consciously to study those movements most appropriate to the expression of his thought. If he has the fundamental qualities for great speaking, there will be no danger of such practise making him foppish or unduly self-conceited.

Variety of gesture is necessary to the proper expression of varied thought. The speaker does not present merely one phase of his subject, nor does he speak in a monotone. The many-sidedness of his theme demands constant changes of voice and feeling, hence if he uses gesture and action they must be in harmony with his utterance.

The statement that if a man be really in earnest he will gesticulate properly does not hold good in fact. One who is awkward in ordinary conversation will merely exaggerate his awkwardness when he attempts to speak on a larger occasion. The proper study of gesture does not necessarily make a speaker artificial and self-conscious any more than the practise of five-finger exercises makes the pianist mechanical, or the study of dancing renders a man ungainly. All great art must be preceded by a conscious analysis of the right and the wrong thing to do, and the art of expression is no exception to this rule. This deliberate study is intended so to influence and train the student's visible expression that ultimately it will perform its work naturally and involuntarily.

The tendency to gesticulate exclusively with the right hand should be avoided. It gives a one-sided, unvaried effect to gesture, and when long continued, may easily become wearisome to an audience. Neither should gestures be alternated too regularly, as in the well-known expression "on the one hand," and "on the other hand." Variety is the spice of gesture, as it is of life, and the discriminating speaker will give it most careful consideration. Double arm gestures are valuable aids in expressing intensity and breadth of thought, but should be used sparingly since too much action of the kind often suggests bewilderment and lack of poise.

The correct standing position is to place one foot in advance of the other, with the toes slightly turned out. The width of the base must be determined by a man's height, as the taller the man the wider his feet should be apart. The position of the feet should be changed occasionally, not by consciously looking down at them, but preferably during the act of speaking. Too much shifting about is likely to convey an impression of restlessness, and lack of dignity. The legs should be straight, the head erect, and the arms when not in action dropt naturally at the sides.

The importance of what has been urged here regarding the cultivation of gesture is referred to by Addison, when he says:

It is certain that proper gestures and vehement exertions of the voice can not be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment upon what he utters, and enforce everything he says, with weak hearers, far better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them; at the same time they show that the speaker is in earnest, and himself

affected with what he so passionately recommends to others. Violent gesture and vociferation naturally shake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of religious horror. Nothing is more frequent than to see women weep and tremble at the sight of a moving preacher, tho he is placed quite out of hearing; as we very frequently see people lulled to sleep with solid and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be warmed and transported out of themselves by the bellowings and distortions of enthusiasm. If nonsense, when accompanied with such an emotion of voice and body, has such an influence on men's minds, what might we not expect from many of those admirable discourses which are printed in our tongue, were they delivered with a becoming fervor and with the most agreeable graces of voice and gesture.

No better advice upon the subject has ever been given than that of Hamlet's instruction to the Players to "suit the action to the word; the word to the action." It is reasonable to think that a man facing an audience will be so animated and inspired as to feel the necessity of using gesture and action in his speaking. Yet how often do we hear men expressing their ideas upon momentous questions with apparently no personal interest in what they are saying. Again, how ridiculous it is to listen to a man who has nothing worth while to say, but who vainly tries to enforce it with wild gesticulation and violent agitation of body.

Gesture should be fast or slow, large or small, as determined by the thought. It is usually made on the word or words to which it particularly refers, and is sustained as long as the thought demands it. The hand should not be jerked back to its place, but be allowed to drop gently and unobtrusively to its natural position. Gestures that are slowly made, and allowed to glide easily one into the other, are most effective and graceful. It is never permis-

sible to point across the body. If a gesture is to be made to the left, use the left hand, and if to the right, use the right hand, always remembering that the arm should move in curves, not in straight lines, and that the movement should be made whenever possible from the shoulder.

The natural desire for gesture and action in public speaking is one of the best arguments for the extempore style. To see the speaker greatly enhances the pleasure of the auditor, and to observe animation in his face, arms, and body is one of the strongest evidences of his earnestness and reality. Whether one should attempt to use gesture while reading from a manuscript can not be settled by an arbitrary rule, since much must depend upon the temperament and skill of the man, and the form of his manuscript. Halcombe says :

Appropriate gesture in speaking arises from the mind either anticipating some forcible expression, or finding words on the spur of the moment inadequate fully to convey its meaning. This at once accounts for the fact of so few persons, when reading from the pages of a written composition, having the power of enforcing their words by this apparently simple and natural expedient. For in reading, the mind is generally keeping pace pretty evenly with the written matter, oftener lagging behind than outstripping it while the words spoken invariably precede the mental conception. Thus the gesture of readers is often governed by the very reverse of the rule of nature. When they are unexcited and treating of a comparatively unimportant part of their subject they use action; but when sufficiently impressed with it to forget themselves they are perfectly motionless, showing at once what is natural to them under such circumstances. The reader may, however, by practise acquire the habit of occasionally enforcing or helping out his words by his action, tho to do this without effort will require him to be able to merge the reader in the speaker to an extent which is attainable by very few.

The speaker can not be too frequently warned against indulgence in objectionable mannerisms. Constant shaking of the head in order to emphasize what one is saying, soon loses its significance. Pacing the platform may easily give the impression of unpreparedness. Rocking back and forth on the toes is suggestive of the familiar and commonplace. The clenched fist may be appropriate on rare occasions, but the audible slapping of the hands together belongs rather to the cart-tail spellbinder than to the polished orator.

A speaker upon rising to his feet is not expected to plunge headlong into his subject, but after quietly surveying his audience should begin to speak in an easy and deliberate manner. There will be little action, if any, until he has made considerable progress with his address, but as his thought and feeling become intensified, his gesture, facial expression, and bodily movement will increase in due proportion. Earnest and passionate utterance will demand larger effects than ordinary conversational style, and it is in these sudden outbursts that the speaker should be particularly trained to avoid all awkward and angular movements of the hands and arms. It is when he lets himself go that his faults are most likely to disclose themselves.

Some observations upon this subject, by William Russell, are reprinted here for their suggestive value. He is addressing himself to the clergyman, but what he says is equally applicable to all classes of public speakers, when he says:

Our conventional modes of life, which quench or suppress expression by withholding corporeal action, which is the natural accompaniment of speech, are as faulty in point of true taste as they are false to nature. The very condition of eloquence in address is that we become sufficiently exalted by

thought and emotion to rise above such habits and to give sentiment an expression and a character to the eye as well as to the ear. Undisciplined habit may, it is true, carry this, as any other mode of expression, to excess. But the theory which founds on this fact a sweeping objection to the use of action in speaking, is not at all more rational than would be that which should enjoin abstinence from aliment, on the ground of the tendency of ungoverned appetite to excess in eating and drinking. Genuine culture would prescribe in this, as in other departments of expression, a strict guard against faults of excess, no less anxiously than it would solicit and cherish the power and the beauty of appropriate and proportioned action.

Another current error on this subject of gesture is that it is a thing not capable of being reduced to study or systematic practise; that it is a pure result of unconscious impulse, and beyond the reach of the understanding. So was musical sound thought to be, till man had the patience to observe it attentively and trace its relations and its principles. Faithful observation of phenomena and effects was the condition on which the beautiful, the profound science of music was constructed, and in consequence of which it became a definite and intelligible art, involving processes of systematic execution.

All expressive arts have a common groundwork of principles. Patient application discovers and defines these, and embodies them in rules. Study and practise follow, in due order, and the result is a recognized form of beauty or of power. Depth, breadth, force, truth, and grace, are each the same thing, in whatever art, be it architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry or oratory. The mind which submits to the requisite conditions of patient and skilful investigation, will succeed in finding and naming and exemplifying them.

The great impediment to effective speaking, so far as depends on action, lies in the defective character of early education. The child is originally a model and a study for the sculptor and the painter, in the spontaneous perfection of attitude and gesture. Education as generally conducted does nothing to secure this natural excellence, but, on the contrary, allows it to die

out of use, and even displaces it by a defective routine of mechanical habit. The awkwardness of the schoolboy and the stiffness of the student are proverbial. The minister in the pulpit naturally—we might almost say necessarily—exhibits the habitual faults of the student to their fullest extent. His modes of life, if not counteracted by express care and due self-cultivation, lead him to a cold, reserved, ineffective, inexpressive style of action. So much so that nothing is more frequently or more generally a subject of popular remark than the coldness and the lifelessness of the style of speaking usually exemplified in the pulpit. In too many cases the sacred precincts seem to be occupied by an automaton or a statue endowed with nothing beyond the power of a mechanical articulation.

Some practical hints may here be offered to the student which he will do well to follow in this branch of his study:

1. A speaker should cultivate manly grace of movement at all times.
2. The hands when not in use should be dropt at the sides.
3. The student may practise at home, but never before an audience.
4. The knees should be kept straight.
5. It is objectionable to slap the hands audibly together.
6. Gestures, if too frequent, lose force.
7. The hands should not be rested on the hips, nor placed in the pockets.
8. To rise on the toes is likely to have a ludicrous effect.
9. The proper gesture and action are largely determined by the subject and occasion.
10. All stiffness should be avoided.
11. When the arms move in curves they give the impression of ease and grace.
12. The feet must be kept firmly on the floor.

13. It is well not to use the index hand too much—this is, the hand with forefinger extended. Audiences do not like to be admonished.

14. The head and body should be moved together.

15. When the chest is held high and full, it gives manliness to the speaker's attitude.

16. The walk to the platform should be reasonably slow and dignified.

17. It is not necessary to bow, except to acknowledge unusual recognition from the audience.

18. If the chin is elevated it may give an unfavorable impression of pride or arrogance.

19. When two gestures are made in quick succession, one should, if possible, glide into the other.

20. Both arms are used for intensity, breadth, appeal, or unusual energy.

21. A change of standing position should not be made during a pause, but while speaking.

22. The manner of the speaker will best recommend itself to an audience by being modest and natural.

23. A speaker should never lean or lounge while on the platform.

24. Looking down suggests lapse of memory or shyness.

25. If a bow is used, it should be a slight bending from the waist, not from the head.

IX

ANALYSIS OF WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE

Daniel Webster, the greatest of American orators, has been described as a handsome man, of dark complexion, with large head, deeply sunken black eyes, and a stern but agreeable countenance. He was at once lawyer, advocate, debater, and orator. Carlyle called him a "Parliamentary Hercules," a great "logical fencer." His magnificence of style and argumentative force, combined with unusual dignity of manner, made him an irresistible opponent in speech or debate.

In his Reply to Hayne he had only a single night for his immediate preparation, but he afterward acknowledged that the notes for his speech had been made months before, and that Hayne could not better have fitted his address to these notes had he purposely tried. Webster subsequently said of this occasion: "I felt as if everything I had ever seen or read or heard was floating before me in one grand panorama, and I had little else to do than to reach up and cull a thunderbolt and hurl it at him."

As already suggested in this book, the student will find it profitable to study some of the great masterpieces of oratory, and we have selected for analysis the Reply to Hayne because it is regarded as Webster's most notable speech, and the greatest in American history. The speech

was made on January 26, 1830, and the occasion for its delivery was somewhat unexpected:

A resolution had been introduced by Senator Samuel Augustus Foot, of Connecticut, merely ordering an inquiry into the expediency of throwing restrictions around future sales of public lands of the United States. Into the discussion of this resolution, which lasted five months, was brought a large number of partizan pleas, tariff arguments, local jealousies, and questions of the right and wrong of slavery, and of the respective powers of the State and national governments. Recriminations, and even personalities were not infrequent; and some of the Southern speakers did not refrain, in defense of the new "nullification" doctrine, from criticism of New England Federalism as having been essentially selfish, derisive, and unpatriotic. Senator Robert Hayne (1791-1840), of South Carolina, who had been a member of the Senate since 1823, was conspicuous, in this debate, for his advocacy of the idea that a State might suspend Federal laws at its discretion; and his assertions to that effect, combined with sharp criticisms of Massachusetts, led Mr. Webster to make his famous reply. Mr. Hayne was subsequently Governor of South Carolina, at the time of the almost armed collision between that State and President Jackson, in 1832, over the nullification of tariff laws. At one time Governor Hayne actually issued a proclamation of resistance to the authority of the general government; but subsequently Congress modified the objectionable tariff provisions and the State repealed its nullification ordinance, which President Jackson's firmness had certainly made "null, void, and no law."¹

Everett tells of having seen Webster the night before apparently free in spirit and unconcerned, but "the next morning he was like some mighty admiral, dark and terrible; casting the long line of his frowning tiers far over the sea that seemed to sink beneath him," and "bearing down

¹ From "Daniel Webster for Young Americans," published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston, by whose kind permission these extracts are reprinted.

like a tempest upon his antagonist, with all his canvas strained to the wind, and all his thunders roaring from his broadsides." Webster had a voice like a deep-toned bell, and he began in his calm, deliberate, self-possessed style:

Mr. President: When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather, and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude, and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate this prudence, and, before we float farther on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to conjecture where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution before the Senate.

(The Secretary read the resolution as follows:

"Resolved, That the Committee on Public Lands be instructed to inquire and report the quantity of public lands remaining unsold within each State and territory, and whether it be expedient to limit for a certain period the sales of the public lands to such lands only as have heretofore been offered for sale, and are now subject to entry at the minimum price. And, also, whether the office of Surveyor-General, and some of the land offices, may not be abolished without detriment to the public interest; or whether it be expedient to adopt measures to hasten the sales and extend more rapidly the surveys of the public lands.")

We have thus heard, sir, what the resolution is which is actually before us for consideration; and it will readily occur to every one, that it is almost the only subject about which something has not been said in the speech, running through two days, by which the Senate has been entertained by the gentleman from South Carolina. Every topic in the side range of our public affairs, whether past or present—everything, general or local, whether belonging to national politics or party politics—seems to have attracted more or less of the honorable member's attention, save only the resolution before the Senate. He has spoken of everything but the public lands; they have escaped his notice. To that subject, in all his

excursions, he has not paid even the cold respect of a passing glance.

When this debate, sir, was to be resumed, on Thursday morning, it so happened that it would have been convenient for me to be elsewhere. The honorable member, however, did not incline to put off the discussion to another day. He had a shot, he said, to return, and he wished to discharge it. That shot, sir, which he thus kindly informed us was coming, that we might stand out of the way, or prepare ourselves to fall by it and die with decency, has now been received. Under all advantages, and with expectation awakened by the tone which preceded it, it has been discharged, and has spent its force. It may become me to say no more of its effect than that, if nobody is found, after all, either killed or wounded, it is not the first time, in the history of human affairs, that the vigor and success of the war have not quite come up to the lofty and sounding phrase of the manifesto.

The gentleman, sir, in declining to postpone the debate, told the Senate, with the emphasis of his hand upon his heart, that there was something rankling *here*, which he wished to relieve. (Mr. Hayne rose, and disclaimed having used the word *rankling*.) It would not, Mr. President, be safe for the honorable member to appeal to those around him, upon the question whether he did in fact make use of that word. But he may have been unconscious of it. At any rate, it is enough that he disclaims it. But still, with or without the use of that particular word, he had yet something *here*, he said, of which he wished to rid himself by an immediate reply. In this respect, sir, I have a great advantage over the honorable gentleman. There is nothing *here*, sir, which gives me the slightest uneasiness; neither fear, nor anger, nor that which is sometimes more troublesome than either, the consciousness of having been in the wrong. There is nothing, either originating *here*, or now received *here* by the gentleman's shot. Nothing originating *here*, for I had not the slightest feeling of unkindness toward the honorable member. Some passages, it is true, had occurred since our acquaintance in this body, which I could have wished might have been otherwise; but I had used philosophy and for-

gotten them. I paid the honorable member the attention of listening with respect to his first speech, and when he sat down, tho surprized, and I must even say astonished, at some of his opinions, nothing was farther from my intention than to commence any personal warfare. Through the whole of the few remarks I made in answer, I avoided, studiously and carefully, everything which I thought possible to be construed into disrespect. And, sir, while there is thus nothing originating *here* which I have wished at any time, or now wish, to discharge, I must repeat, also, that nothing has been received *here* which *rankles*, or in any way gives me annoyance. I will not accuse the honorable member of violating the rules of civilized war; I will not say that he poisoned his arrows. But whether his shafts were or were not dipt in that which would have caused rankling if they had reached their destination, there was not, as it happened, quite strength enough in the bow to bring them to their mark. If he wishes now to gather up those shafts, he must look for them elsewhere; they will not be found fixt and quivering in the object at which they were aimed.

The honorable member complained that I had slept on this speech. I must have slept on it, or not slept at all. The moment the honorable member sat down, his friend from Missouri rose, and, with much honeyed commendation of the speech, suggested that the impressions which it had produced were too charming and delightful to be disturbed by other sentiments or other sounds, and proposed that the Senate should adjourn. Would it have been quite amiable in me, sir, to interrupt this excellent good feeling? Must I not have been absolutely malicious, if I could have thrust myself forward, to destroy sensations thus pleasing? Was it not much better and kinder, both to sleep upon them myself, and to allow others also the pleasure of sleeping upon them? But if it be meant, by sleeping upon his speech, that I took time to prepare a reply to it, it is quite a mistake. Owing to other engagements, I could not employ even the interval between the adjournment of the Senate and its meeting next morning, in attention to the subject of this debate. Nevertheless, sir, the mere matter of

fact is undoubtedly true. I did sleep on the gentleman's speech, and slept soundly. And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday, to which I am now replying. It is quite possible that in this respect, also, I possess some advantage over the honorable member, attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part; for, in truth, I slept upon his speeches remarkably well.

The irony here, a dangerous weapon in the hands of some men, is used with consummate skill. Webster then points out that he was led to reply simply because of hearing the gentleman's speech, and with a first manifestation of feeling takes exception to the extraordinary language and extraordinary tone of his opponent. He proceeds:

Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a Senate, a Senate of equals, of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters, we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man; I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him, that, holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone or when aided by the arm of *his* friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whatever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the Senate. Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But when put to me as matter of taunt, I throw it

back, and say to the gentleman that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptance. But, sir, if it be imagined that, by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed that, by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part—to one the attack, to another the cry of onset; or if it be thought that, by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all these things will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, I hope on no occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall be, into crimination and reecrimination, the honorable member may perhaps find, that, in that contest, there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least, as his own; and that his impunity may possibly demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

Webster had an extreme hatred for diffuseness and bombast, and despite his power of retort, disliked invective and personalities. Very rarely did scorn or sarcasm fall from his lips, but as one has said of him, "If it was a personal insult that roused the slumbering lion, his roar or rage was appalling, and the spring and death-blow that followed, were like lightning in their suddenness." The speaker next refers to the charge of a coalition, or an alleged compact between John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, by which one to be President and the other Secretary of State. Hayne had asked in his speech whether "the ghost of the murdered Coalition had come back, like the ghost of Banquo?" and

Webster swiftly turns it to his opponent's disadvantage:

But, sir, the Coalition! The Coalition! Ay, "the murdered Coalition!" The gentleman asks if I were led or frightened into this debate by the specter of the Coalition. "Was it the ghost of the murdered Coalition," he exclaims, "which haunted the member from Massachusetts; and which, like the ghost of Banquo, would never turn down?" "The murdered Coalition!" Sir, this charge of a coalition, in reference to the late administration, is not original with the honorable member. It did not spring up in the Senate. Whether as a fact, as an argument, or as an embellishment, it is all borrowed. He adopts it, indeed, from a very low origin, and a still lower present condition. It is one of the thousand calumnies with which the press teemed, during an excited political canvass. It was a charge, of which there was not only no proof or probability, but which was in itself wholly impossible to be true. No man of common information ever believed a syllable of it. Yet it was of that class of falsehoods which, by continued repetition, through all the organs of detraction and abuse, are capable of misleading those who are already far misled, and of further fanning passion already kindling into flame. Doubtless it served in its day, and in greater or less degree, the end designed by it. Having done that, it has sunk into the general mass of the stale and loathed calumnies. It is the very cast-off slough of a polluted and shameless press. Incapable of further mischief, it lies in the sewer, lifeless and despised. It is not now, sir, in the power of the honorable member to give it dignity or decency, by attempting to elevate it, and to introduce it into the Senate. He can not change it from what it is, an object of general disgust and scorn. On the contrary, the contact, if he choose to touch it, is more likely to drag him down, down, to the place where it lies itself.

But, sir, the honorable member was not, for other reasons, entirely happy in his allusion to the story of Banquo's murder and Banquo's ghost. It was not, I think, the friends, but the enemies of the murdered Banquo, at whose bidding his spirit would not down. The honorable gentleman is fresh in his read-

ing of the English classics, and can put me right if I am wrong; but, according to my poor recollection, it was at those who had begun with caresses and ended with foul and treacherous murder that the gory locks were shaken. The ghost of Banquo, like that of Hamlet, was an honest ghost. It disturbed no innocent man. It knew where its appearance would strike terror, and who would cry out, A ghost! It made itself visible in the right quarter, and compelled the guilty and the conscience-smitten, and none others, to start, with,

“Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!

If I stand here, I saw him!”

Their eyeballs were seared (was it not so, sir?) who had thought to shield themselves by concealing their own hand, and laying the imputation of the crime on a low and hireling agency in wickedness; who had vainly attempted to stifle the workings of their own coward consciences by ejaculating through white lips and chattering teeth, “Thou canst not say I did it!” I have misread the great poet if those who had no way partaken in the deed of the death, either found that they were, or feared that they should be, pushed from their stools by the ghost of the slain, or exclaimed to a specter created by their own fears and their own remorse, “Avaunt! and quit our sight!”

There is another particular, sir, in which the honorable member's quick perception of resemblances might, I should think, have seen something in the story of Banquo, making it not altogether a subject of the most pleasant contemplation. Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it? Substantial good? Permanent power? Or disappointment, rather, and sore mortification—dust and ashes, the common fate of vaulting ambition overleaping itself? Did not even-handed justice ere long commend the poisoned chalice to their own lips? Did they not soon find that for another they had “filed their mind”? that their ambition, tho apparently for the moment successful, had but put a barren scepter in their grasp? Ay, sir,

“a barren scepter in their gripe,
*Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
 No son of theirs succeeding.”*

Sir, I need pursue the allusion no farther. I leave the honorable gentleman to run it out at his leisure, and to derive from it all the gratification it is calculated to administer. If he finds himself pleased with the associations, and prepared to be quite satisfied, tho the parallel should be entirely completed, I had almost said, I am satisfied also; but that I shall think of. Yes, sir, I will think of that.

Webster could be mercilessly severe if occasion demanded, and as a consummate master of English style had not the slightest difficulty in diverting the words of an antagonist to his own use.

He proceeds next to the Ordinance of 1787, which prohibited slavery from the Northwest Territory, thus: "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." Webster regarded the measure as one "of great wisdom and foresight," and expresses his surprize that any words of his should have led his adversary to make a labored defense of slavery. Then he states succinctly the grounds upon which he voted for grants of land:

We approach, at length, sir, to a more important part of the honorable gentleman's observations. Since it does not accord with my views of justice and policy to give away the public lands altogether, as a mere matter of gratuity, I am asked by the honorable gentleman on what ground it is that I consent to vote them away in particular instances. How, he inquires, do I reconcile with these profest sentiments, my support of measures appropriating portions of the lands to particular roads, particular canals, particular rivers, and particular institutions of education in the West? This leads, sir, to the real and wide difference in political opinion between the honorable gentleman and myself. On my part, I look upon all these objects as connected with the common good, fairly embraced in its object

and its terms; he, on the contrary, deems them all, if good at all, only local good. This is our difference. The interrogatory which he proceeded to put at once explains the difference. "What interest," asks he, "has South Carolina in a canal in Ohio?" Sir, this very question is full of significance. It develops the gentleman's whole political system; and its answer expounds mine. Here we differ. I look upon a road over the Alleghanies, a canal round the falls of the Ohio, or a canal or railway from the Atlantic to the Western waters, as being an object large and extensive enough to be fairly said to be for the common benefit. The gentleman thinks otherwise, and this is the key to his construction of the powers of the government. He may well ask what interest has South Carolina in a canal in Ohio. On his system, Ohio and Carolina are different governments, and different countries; connected here, it is true, by some slight and ill-defined bond of union, but in all main respects separate and diverse. On that system, Carolina has no more interest in a canal in Ohio than in Mexico. The gentleman, therefore, only follows out his own principles; he does no more than arrive at the natural conclusions of his own doctrines; he only announces the true results of that creed which he has adopted himself, and would persuade others to adopt, when he thus declares that South Carolina has no interest in a public work in Ohio.

Sir, we narrow-minded people of New England do not reason thus. Our notion of things is entirely different. We look upon the States, not as separated, but as united. We love to dwell on that union, and on the mutual happiness which it has so much promoted, and the common renown which it has so greatly contributed to acquire. In our contemplation, Carolina and Ohio are parts of the same country; States, united under the same general government, having interests common, associated, intermingled. In whatever is within the proper sphere of the constitutional power of this government, we look upon the States as one. We do not impose geographical limits to our patriotic feeling or regard; we do not follow rivers and mountains, and lines of latitude, to find boundaries, beyond which public improvements do not benefit us. We who come here, as agents

and representatives of these narrow-minded and selfish men of New England, consider ourselves as bound to regard with an equal eye the good of the whole, in whatever is within our powers of legislation. Sir, if a railroad or canal, beginning in South Carolina and ending in South Carolina, appeared to me to be of national importance and national magnitude, believing, as I do, that the power of government extends to the encouragement of works of that description, if I were to stand up here and ask, What interest has Massachusetts in a railroad in South Carolina? I should not be willing to face my constituents. These same narrow-minded men would tell me that they had sent me to act for the whole country, and that one who possess too little comprehension, either of intellect or feeling, one who was not large enough, both in mind and in heart, to embrace the whole, was not fit to be intrusted with the interest of any part.

Sir, I do not desire to enlarge the powers of the government by unjustifiable construction, nor to exercise any not within a fair interpretation. But when it is believed that a power does exist, then it is, in my judgment, to be exercised for the general benefit of the whole. So far as respects the exercise of such a power, the States are one. It was the very object of the Constitution to create unity of interests to the extent of the powers of the general government. In war and peace we are one; in commerce, one; because the authority of the general government reaches to war and peace, and to the regulation of commerce. I have never seen any more difficulty in erecting light-houses on the lakes than on the ocean; in improving the harbors of inland seas, than if they were within the ebb and flow of the tide; or in removing obstructions in the fast streams of the West, more than in any work to facilitate commerce on the Atlantic coast. If there be any power for one, there is power also for the other; and they are all and equally for the common good of the country.

There are other objects, apparently more local, or the benefit of which is less general, toward which, nevertheless, I have concurred with others to give aid by donations of land. It is proposed to construct a road, in or through one of the new States, in which this government possesses large quantities of

land. Have the United States no right, or, as a great and untaxed proprietor, are they under no obligation to contribute to an object thus calculated to promote the common good of all the proprietors, themselves included? And even with respect to education, which is the extreme case, let the question be considered. In the first place, as we have seen, it was made matter of compact with these States, that they should do their part to promote education. In the next place, our whole system of land laws proceeds on the idea that education is for the common good; because in every division a certain portion is uniformly reserved and appropriated for the use of schools. And finally, have not these new States singularly strong claims, founded on the ground already stated, that the government is a great untaxed proprietor, in the ownership of the soil? It is a consideration of great importance, that probably there is in no part of the country, or of the world, so great call for the means of education, as in these new States, owing to the vast numbers of persons within those ages in which education and instruction are usually received, if received at all. This is the natural consequence of recency of settlement and rapid increase. The census of these States shows how great a proportion of the whole population occupies the classes between infancy and manhood. These are the wide fields, and here is the deep and quick soil for the seeds of knowledge and virtue; and this is the favored season; the very springtime for sowing them. Let them be disseminated without stint. Let them be scattered with a bountiful hand, broadcast. Whatever the government can fairly do toward these objects, in my opinion, ought to be done.

All this is oratory of the highest type, suggesting the majesty of self-control. The speaker knows his own powers, and speaks on deliberately and impressively. He uses few gestures, but his gift of clear statement makes action almost unnecessary. Already he has the hearers in his iron grasp, and he proceeds confidently. In answer to his opponent's questions and insinuations, the orator disavows any inten-

tion to retort, but says he will answer with facts. The tone is very positive throughout, as he continues:

I will tell the gentleman *when*, and *how*, and *why* New England has supported measures favorable to the West. I have already referred to the early history of the government, to the first acquisition of the lands, to the original laws for disposing of them, and for governing the territories where they lie; and have shown the influence of New England men and New England principles in all these leading measures. I should not be pardoned were I to go over that ground again. Coming to more recent times, and to measures of a less general character, I have endeavored to prove that everything of this kind, designed for Western improvement, has depended on the votes of New England; all this is true beyond the power of contradiction. And now, sir, there are two measures to which I will refer, not so ancient as to belong to the early history of the public lands, and not so recent as to be on this side of the period when the gentleman charitably imagines a new direction may have been given to New England feeling and New England votes. These measures, and the New England votes in support of them, may be taken as samples and specimens of all the rest.

In 1820 (observe, Mr. President, in 1820), the people of the West besought Congress for a reduction in the price of lands. In favor of that reduction, New England, with a delegation of forty members in the other house, gave thirty-three votes, and one only against it. The four Southern States, with more than fifty members, gave thirty-two votes for it, and seven against it. Again, in 1821 (observe again, sir, the time), the law passed for the relief of the purchasers of the public lands. This was a measure of vital importance to the West, and more especially to the Southwest. It authorized the relinquishment of contracts for lands which had been entered into at high prices, and a reduction in other cases of not less than thirty-seven and a half per cent. on the purchase money. Many millions of dollars, six or seven, I believe, probably much more, were relinquished by this law. On this bill, New England, with her forty members, gave more affirmative votes than the four Southern States,

with their fifty-two or fifty-three members. These two are far the most important general measures respecting the public lands which have been adopted within the last twenty years. They took place in 1820 and 1821. That is the time *when*.

As to the manner *how*, the gentleman already sees that it was by voting in solid column for the required relief; and, lastly, as to the cause *why*, I tell the gentleman it was because the members from New England thought the measures just and salutary; because they entertained toward the West neither envy, hatred, nor malice; because they deemed it becoming them, as just and enlightened public men, to meet the exigency which had arisen in the West with the appropriate measure of relief; because they felt it due to their own characters, and the characters of their New England predecessors in this government, to act toward the new States in the spirit of a liberal, patronizing, magnanimous policy. So much, sir, for the cause *why*; and I hope that by this time, sir, the honorable gentleman is satisfied; if not, I do not know *when*, or *how*, or *why* he ever will be.

Here we are again reminded of the speaker's skilful use of words. He invests them with an import suited to his own immediate purposes. Webster not only adapted his style to his audience, but he could make the most intractable words obedient to his will. He was no empty "word-hunter"; it was the thought back of the symbol that concerned him most. Then follows a passage in answer to Hayne's attack on New England, punctuated with dramatic exclamation and rhetorical interrogation. The student should carefully note these effects. The orator thunders forth:

Professing to be provoked by what he chose to consider a charge made by me against South Carolina, the honorable member, Mr. President, has taken up a new crusade against New England. Leaving altogether the subject of the public lands, in which his success, perhaps, had been neither distinguished nor satisfactory, and letting go, also, of the topic of the tariff, he sallied forth in a general assault on the opinions,

politics, and parties of New England, as they have been exhibited in the last thirty years. This is natural. The "narrow policy" of the public lands had proved a legal settlement in South Carolina, and was not to be removed. The "accursed policy" of the tariff, also, had established the fact of its birth and parentage in the same State. No wonder, therefore, the gentleman wished to carry the war, as he expressed it, into the enemy's country. Prudently willing to quit these subjects, he was, doubtless, desirous of fastening on others, which could not be transferred south of Mason and Dixon's line. The politics of New England became his theme; and it was in this part of his speech, I think, that he menaced me with such sore discomfiture. Discomfiture! Why, sir, when he attacks anything which I maintain, and overthrows it, when he turns the right or left of any position which I take up, when he drives me from any ground I choose to occupy, he may then talk of discomfiture, but not till that distant day. What has he done? Has he maintained his own charges? Has he proved what he alleged? Has he sustained himself in his attack on the government, and on the history of the North, in the matter of the public lands? Has he disproved a fact, refuted a proposition, weakened an argument, maintained by me? Has he come within beat of drum of any position of mine? Oh, no; but he has "carried the war into the enemy's country!" Carried the war into the enemy's country! Yes, sir, and what sort of a war has he made of it? Why, sir, he has stretched a drag net over the whole surface of perished pamphlets, indiscreet sermons, frothy paragraphs, and fuming popular addresses—over whatever the pulpit in its moments of alarm, the press in its heats, and parties in their extravagance, have severally thrown off in times of general excitement and violence. He has thus swept together a mass of such things as, but that they are now old and cold, the public health would have required him rather to leave in their state of dispersion. For a good, long hour or two we had the unbroken pleasure of listening to the honorable member while he recited with his usual grace and spirit, and with evident high gusto, speeches, pamphlets, addresses, and all the *et ceteras* of the political press, such as warm heads

produce in warm times; and such as it would be "discomfiture" indeed for any one, whose taste did not delight in that sort of reading, to be obliged to peruse. This is his war. This it is to carry war into the enemy's country. It is in an invasion of this sort that he flatters himself with the expectation of gaining laurels fit to adorn a Senator's brow!

This is passionate persuasive oratory, a prodigal pouring forth of vitality and emotion. It is a rapid and continuous stream of feeling that carries everything irresistibly along with it. Webster goes on to treat of party contest under the Constitution, the political attacks upon Washington, and then gives utterance to one of the most eloquent and enduring passages of his entire oration, his tribute to South Carolina and defense of Massachusetts. One can picture the speaker drawing himself up to his full height, and in his rich and sonorous voice exclaiming:

The eulogium pronounced by the honorable gentleman on the character of the State of South Carolina, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all, the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions, Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name

so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir, increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue, in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation, and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New Hampshire to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, if party

strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it, if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of the cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

This famous passage is doubtless one of those which Webster is said to have prepared months before. It is onward and ascending in thought, purpose, and feeling, and as a study in climactic effect is unsurpassed. If the friends of Webster had any trepidation about his ability to reply to Hayne's fierce attack of the day before, it was now wholly dissipated. The speaker afterward said that having subdued himself by a strong effort, all that he had ever read or thought seemed to be unrolled before him so that it was easy when he wanted a thunderbolt "to reach out and take it as it went smoking by." The orator then takes up the subject of the Constitution. His use of rhetorical repetition in the phrase "I understand" should be carefully noted.

There yet remains to be performed, Mr. President, by far the most grave and important duty which I feel to be devolved on me by this occasion. It is to state, and to defend, what I conceive to be the true principles of the Constitution under which we are here assembled. I might well have desired that so weighty a task should have fallen into other and abler hands. I could have wished that it should have been executed by those whose character and experience give weight and influence to their opinions, such as can not possibly belong to mine. But, sir, I have met the occasion, not sought it; and I shall proceed to state my own sentiments, without challenging for them any

particular regard; with studied plainness, and as much precision as possible.

I understand the honorable gentleman from South Carolina to maintain that it is a right of the State legislatures to interfere whenever, in their judgment, this government transcends its constitutional limits, and to arrest the operation of its laws.

I understand him to maintain this right, as a right existing *under* the Constitution, not as a right to overthrow it on the ground of extreme necessity, such as would justify violent revolution.

I understand him to maintain an authority, on the part of the States, thus to interfere, for the purpose of correcting the exercise of power by the general government, of checking it, and of compelling it to conform to their opinion of the extent of its powers.

I understand him to maintain, that the ultimate power of judging of the constitutional extent of its own authority is not lodged exclusively in the general government, or any branch of it; but that, on the contrary, the States may lawfully decide for themselves, and each State for itself, whether, in a given case, the act of the general government transcends its power.

I understand him to insist that if the exigency of the case, in the opinion of any State government, require it, such State government may, by its own sovereign authority, annul an act of the general government which it deems plainly and palpably unconstitutional.

The speaker does not deny the inherent right in the people to reform the government, but claims that the main debate brings on the great question, Whose prerogative it is to decide on the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the laws? He does not see how there can be a middle course between revolution and submission to constitutional laws. He avows it is the people's government, and that to be the supreme law. He inquires into the source of the government power, whether it be the agent of the state

government or that of the people. "It is," he affirms, "the people's Constitution, the people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." The general government and the State government derived their authority from the people. Nullification would make uniformity of law impossible, and the whole Union would become a rope of sand. The speaker touches upon the questions of embargo and the tariff, and declaring it his duty to support the constitutional power of the people, to assert their rights, declines to admit the competency of South Carolina, to prescribe his constitutional duty for him. Nullification would lead to disunion, but the constitution can be altered only by the people, who have become attached to it through both happiness and prosperity.

The close of Webster's speech is a magnificent word picture on the preservation of the Union. It is remarkable for its clearness, force, tenderness, and patriotism. The student of oratory will find it profitable to commit the entire passage to memory.

Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I can not, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration

and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and altho our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dis-severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single

star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

X

TYPES OF SPEAKING

The history of oratory is replete with names of men who have distinguished themselves as thinkers, rhetoricians, reformers, and leaders. It is not the intention here to trace the history of oratory, since that has already been well done by William Mathews,¹ nor to discuss the question whether oratory is a lost art. It is confidently believed there is soon to be a revival of all that is best in oratory as applied to modern requirements of effective public speaking. It will be profitable, therefore, for the student to familiarize himself with some of the world's greatest orators and their masterpieces.

The following notes and extracts are intended to stimulate the student's interest in this subject. It is fitting to begin with Demosthenes, the greatest of Grecian orators, and by many considered the greatest orator of all time. Next Cicero is quoted as representing the Golden Age of Roman eloquence. The names of Chatham, Burke, Brougham, and Gladstone, are representative of British orators, while those of Patrick Henry, Webster, Everett, and Wendell Phillips should be sufficient to awaken interest in the study of American oratory.

¹ "Oratory and Orators," William Mathews (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago).

DEMOSTHENES. 384 B.C.—322 B.C.

The oratory of Demosthenes remains the most illustrious example of defects overcome by patient and persevering effort. Afflicted by stammering and other physical shortcomings that would have discouraged the average man, he trained himself so methodically and persistently that he ultimately became the greatest orator the world has known.

His most famous speech, "On the Crown," was the outcome of a proposal of Ctesiphon that Demosthenes should receive a crown of gold in recognition of his services to his country. This was strongly opposed by Æschines upon the ground that it was illegal. The occasion has been described as the greatest combat of eloquence that the world ever witnessed. The following extract from this speech is of suggestive value:

Certain am I that you are all acquainted with my opponent's character, and believe these charges to be more applicable to him than to me. And of this I am sure, that my oratory—let it be so: tho indeed I find that the speaker's power depends for the most part on the hearers; for according to your reception and favor it is that the wisdom of a speaker is esteemed—if I, however, possess any ability of this sort, you will find it has been exhibited always in public business on your behalf, never against you, or on personal matters; whereas that of Æschines has been displayed not only in speaking for the enemy, but against all persons who ever offended or quarreled with him. It is not for justice or the good of the commonwealth that he employs it. A citizen of worth and honor should not call upon judges impaneled in the public service to gratify his anger or hatred, or anything of that kind; nor should he come before you upon such grounds. The best thing is not to have these feelings; but, if it can not be helped, they should be mitigated and restrained.

On what occasions ought an orator and statesman to be vehement? Where any of the commonwealth's main interests are in jeopardy, and he is opposed to the adversaries of the people. Those are the occasions for a generous and brave citizen. But for a person who never sought to punish me for any offense, either public or private, on the State's behalf or on his own, to have got up an accusation because I am crowned and honored, and to have expended such a multitude of words—this is a proof of personal enmity and spite and meanness, not of anything good. And then, his leaving the controversy with me, and attacking the defendant, comprizes everything that is base.

I should conclude, Æschines, that you undertook this cause to exhibit your eloquence and strength of lungs, not to obtain satisfaction for any wrong. But it is not the language of an orator, Æschines, that has any value, nor yet the tone of his voice, but his adopting the same views with the people, and his hating and loving the same persons that his country does. He that is thus minded will say everything with loyal intention: he that courts persons from whom the commonwealth apprehends danger to herself, rides not on the same anchorage with the people, and therefore has not the same expectation of safety. But—do you see?—I have: for my objects are the same with those of my countrymen; I have no interest separate or distinct. Is that so with you? How can it be—when immediately after the battle you went as ambassador to Philip, who was at that period the author of your country's calamities, notwithstanding that you had before persisted in refusing that office, as all men know?

And who is it that deceives the State? Surely, the man who speaks not what he thinks. On whom does the crier pronounce a curse? Surely, on such a man. What greater crime can an orator be charged with than that his opinions and his language are not the same? Such is found to be your character. And yet you open your mouth, and dare to look these men in the faces! Do you think they don't know you?—or are sunk all in such slumber and oblivion as not to remember the speeches which you delivered in the assembly,

cursing and swearing that you had nothing to do with Philip, and that I brought that charge against you out of personal enmity, without foundation? No sooner came the news of the battle than you forgot all that; you acknowledged and avowed that between Philip and yourself there subsisted a relation of hospitality and friendship—new names, these, for your contract of hire. For upon what plea of equality or justice could Æschines, son of Glaucotea, the timbrel-player, be the friend or acquaintance of Philip? I can not see. No! You were hired to ruin the interests of your countrymen: and yet, tho you have been caught yourself in open treason, and informed against yourself after the fact, you revile and reproach me for things which you will find any man is chargeable with sooner than I.

CICERO. 106 B.C.—43 B.C.

The great Roman orator has told us in his own words that: "I declare that when I think of the moment when I shall have to rise and speak in defense of a client, I am not only disturbed in mind, but tremble in every limb of my body." He, too, overcame a naturally weak and nervous constitution, by prudent living and exercise. The style of Cicero is worthy of painstaking study. His method is clear and convincing, his sentences invariably round and sonorous, and all his speeches are marked by pomp and beauty. From this prince of orators we quote one passage of his speech wherein he announces Catiline's departure. This is a striking use of invective, when he says:

Happy country, could it be drained of the impurities of this city! To me the absence of Catiline alone seems to have given it fresh bloom and beauty. Where is the villainy, where is the guilt, that can enter into the heart and thoughts of man that did not enter into his? In all Italy, what prisoner, what

gladiator, what robber, what cut-throat, what parasite, what forger, what rascal, what ruffian, what debaucher, is there found among the corrupted, among the abandoned of our country, that did not own an intimate familiarity with Catiline? Would his companions but follow him, would his desperate, his profligate band depart from Rome, well might I pronounce ourselves happy, our country fortunate, and my consulate glorious. For men have now attained to an extravagance in guilt: their crimes appear not now the crimes of men; as they are inhuman, so are they intolerable. Murders, burnings, and rapine, now engross their thoughts. Their patri-monies they have squandered; their fortunes they have gormandized; long have they been without money, and now they begin to be without credit, while they retain the rage of desire without the means of enjoyment. Did they, in their revels and gambling, aim only at the delights of the bowl, their case were indeed desperate; still, it might be borne with, but who can suffer that the coward should betray the brave, the witless the wise, the sottish the sober, the indolent the industrious; that lolling at their revels, crowned with garlands, besmeared with ointments, weakened with debauchery, they should belch out in what manner the virtuous are to fall under their swords, and this city to sink in flames?

LORD CHATHAM. 1708—1778

William Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, was the most distinguished orator of his time. He made Demosthenes his model, and it is said that he translated into English many of the speeches of that great orator, in order to acquire an expressive and powerful style. He had splendid natural endowments in voice and figure, but, nevertheless, devoted himself to assiduous practise in elocution and public speaking. He has been described as of lofty bearing, generous in sentiment, with a full-toned, musical voice, and

an indescribable power of facial expression and gesture. Equally qualified to conciliate and subdue, his eloquence has never been surpassed for boldness and disastrous effects upon an antagonist. One of his best known speeches is the Reply to Walpole, from which this extract is taken :

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely, age may become justly contemptible if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he can not enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and tho, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modeled by experience. If any man shall, by charging

me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But, with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part I should have avoided their censure. The heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

BURKE. 1730—1797

This eminent Irish orator is best known for his masterly speeches on "Conciliation with America" and "The Impeachment of Warren Hastings." His delivery, we are told, was marked by vehemence, passionate earnestness, and impressive power. He excelled in debate where "in the space of a few moments, he would be pathetic and humorous, acrimonious and conciliating, now giving vent to his indignant feelings in lofty declamation, and again, almost in the same breath, convulsing his audience by the most laughable exhibitions of ridicule or burlesque." Burke was distinguished for his intellectual independence, amplitude of mind, and prodigious grasp of his subject. The following is one of his many passages of brilliant eloquence:

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians,

who have no place among us; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are, in truth, everything and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceeding on America with the old warning of the Church, *sursum corda!* We ought to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honorable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is; English privileges alone will make it all it can be.

PATRICK HENRY. 1736—1799

In this orator we have a conspicuous example of one who gave little promise in youth, yet rose to great public distinction by force of spirit and character. His victories as an orator were won slowly at first, but ultimately Patrick Henry became the idol of the people. He was tall, slight, and dark in appearance, and once upon his feet to speak he held his head high, while the entire man seemed to undergo a wonderful transformation. Altho modest and even hesitating at times, he was one of the most self-possessed speakers in the presence of a crisis. In his famous speech against

the Stamp Act in the Virginia House of Burgesses, when there came from every part of the House the cry of "Treason!" he defiantly exclaimed, "If this be treason, make the most of it!" His voice was clear and flexible, and his gesture and action were invariably marked by spirit and animation. When thoroughly aroused, he rose to heights of grace and majesty, carrying his audience completely with him by the power of his passionate and persuasive utterance. The following extract is from his well-known speech "We, the People, or We, the States?" delivered in the Virginia Convention, June 4, 1788, on the preamble and the first two sections of the first article of the Federal Constitution:

I repeat it again, and I beg gentlemen to consider, that a wrong step made now, will plunge us into misery, and our Republic will be lost. It will be necessary for this convention to have a faithful historical detail of the facts that preceded the session of the Federal Convention, and the reasons that actuated its members in proposing an entire alteration of government—and to demonstrate the dangers that awaited us. If they were of such awful magnitude as to warrant a proposal so extremely perilous as this, I must assert that this convention has an absolute right to a thorough discovery of every circumstance relative to this great event. And here I would make this inquiry of those worthy characters who composed a part of the late Federal Convention. I am sure they were fully impressed with the necessity of forming a great consolidated government, instead of a confederation. That this is a consolidated government is demonstrably clear, and the danger of such a government is, to my mind, very striking. I have the highest veneration for those gentlemen; but, sir, give me leave to demand what right had they to say, "We, the People?" My political curiosity, exclusive of my anxious solicitude for the public welfare, leads me to ask who authorized them to speak the lan-

guage of "We, the People," instead of "We, the States"? States are the characteristics and the soul of a confederation. If the States be not the agents of this compact, it must be one great consolidated national government of the people of all the States. I have the highest respect for those gentlemen who formed the convention; and were some of them not here, I would express some testimonial of esteem for them. America had, on a former occasion, put the utmost confidence in them—a confidence which was well placed; and I am sure, sir, I would give up anything to them; I would cheerfully confide in them as my representatives. But, sir, on this great occasion, I would demand the cause of their conduct. [Even from that illustrious man, who saved us by his valor, I would have a reason for his conduct; that liberty which he has given us by his valor tells me to ask this reason, and sure I am, were he here, he would give us that reason: but there are other gentlemen here who can give us this information.] The people gave them no power to use their name. That they exceeded their power is perfectly clear. It is not mere curiosity that actuates me; I wish to hear the real, actual, existing danger, which should lead us to take those steps so dangerous in my conception. Disorders have arisen in other parts of America, but here, sir, no dangers, no insurrection or tumult, has happened; everything has been calm and tranquil. But notwithstanding this, we are wandering on the great ocean of human affairs. I see no landmark to guide us. We are running, we know not whither. Difference in opinion has gone to a degree of inflammatory resentment in different parts of the country, which has been occasioned by this perilous innovation. The Federal Convention ought to have amended the old system; for this purpose they were solely delegated: the object of their mission extended to no other consideration. You must, therefore, forgive the solicitation of one unworthy member to know what danger could have arisen under the present confederation, and what are the causes of this proposal to change our government.

BROUGHAM. 1778—1868

The style of Lord Brougham was impetuous, fresh, and energetic. His voice is described as having been unmusical and often harsh, but his strong individuality and remarkable looks and gestures enabled him to drive home his thoughts with overwhelming force. When he spoke it was to strike and strike hard. His robust constitution, natural energy of feeling, and inexhaustible supply of language, made him a formidable opponent. The close of his argument for Queen Caroline is in his characteristic style:

Such, my lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of this measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt; impotent to deprive of a civil right; ridiculous to convict of the lowest offense; scandalous if brought forward to support a charge of the highest nature which the law knows; monstrous to ruin the honor, to blast the name of an English Queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenseless woman? My lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing on the brink of a precipice—then beware! It will go forth as your judgment, if sentence shall go against the Queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who give it. Save the country, my lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe; save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country, of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the crown, which is in jeopardy; the aristocracy, which is shaken; save the altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred throne! You have said, my lords, you have willed—the Church and the

King have willed—that the Queen should be deprived of its solemn service! She has, instead of that solemnity, the heart-felt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people, in a larger measure than the merits of its rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

WEBSTER. 1782—1852

The oratorical style of Daniel Webster was deep, massive, and dignified. "Nature had set her seal of greatness visibly upon him," says a commentator. He was absolutely free from rhetorical trickery, depending for his power upon rugged common sense. His addresses were prepared with conscientious care, and were interspersed with felicitous quotations. Tho he read much, he confined himself to a few books, particularly the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, and Burke. He was of commanding appearance, with deep, penetrating eyes, and a voice like a cathedral organ. He seemed a man of inexhaustible resources, and mingled argument, logic, wit, and pathos, with masterly effect. One of his most eloquent passages is that in which, in his commemoration address on the lives and services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 2, 1826, he describes the oratory of Adams:

The eloquence of Mr. Adams resembled his general character, and formed, indeed, a part of it. It was bold, manly, and energetic; and such the crisis required. When public bodies are to be address on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than as it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed,

does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

EDWARD EVERETT. 1794—1865

In the field of occasional address Edward Everett must be awarded a foremost place. He was a scholar of unusual attainments, and all his culture was brought to bear upon a speaking style remarkable for its literary finish and polished precision. Some commentators have criticized his method of delivery as artificial, but altho he was the studied rhetorician, his sense of fitness saved him from serious faults of speech or manner. He blended many graces in one, and his speeches are worthy to be studied as models of

oratorical style. The following extract is from one of his most polished efforts, an address at Amherst College, delivered in 1835, on "Education Favorable to Liberty, Morals and Knowledge":

What is human knowledge? It is the cultivation and improvement of the spiritual principle in man. We are composed of two elements; the one, a little dust caught up from the earth, to which we shall soon return; the other, a spark of that divine intelligence, in which and through which we bear the image of the great Creator. By knowledge, the wings of the intellect are spread; by ignorance, they are closed and palsied, and the physical passions are left to gain the ascendancy. Knowledge opens all the senses to the wonders of creation; ignorance seals them up, and leaves the animal propensities unbalanced by reflection, enthusiasm and taste. To the ignorant man, the glorious pomp of day, the sparkling mysteries of night, the majestic ocean, the rushing storm, the plenty-bearing river, the salubrious breeze, the fertile field, the docile animal tribes, the broad, the various, the unexhausted domain of nature, are a mere outward pageant, poorly understood in their character and harmony, and prized only so far as they minister to the supply of sensual wants. How different the scene to the man whose mind is stored with knowledge! For him the mystery is unfolded, the veils lifted up, as one after another he turns the leaves of the great volume of Creation, which is filled in every page with the characters of wisdom, power and love; with lessons of truth the most exalted; with images of unspeakable loveliness and wonder; arguments of Providence; food for meditation; themes of praise. One noble science sends him to the barren hills, and teaches him to survey their broken precipices. Where ignorance beholds nothing but a rough, inorganic mass, instruction discerns the intelligible record of the primal convulsions of the world; the secrets of ages before man was; the landmarks of the elemental struggles and throes of what is now the terraqueous globe. Buried monsters, of which the races are now extinct, are dragged out of deep strata, dug out of eternal rocks, and brought almost

to life, to bear witness to the power that created them. Before the admiring student of Nature has realized all the wonders of the elder world, thus, as it were, recreated by science, another delightful instructress, with her microscope in her hand, bids him sit down and learn at last to know the universe in which he lives, and contemplate the limbs, the motions, the circulations of races of animals, disporting in *their* tempestuous ocean—a drop of water. Then, while his whole soul is penetrated with admiration of the power which has filled with life, and motion and sense these all but non-resistant atoms—Oh, then, let the divinest of the Muses, let Astronomy approach, and take him by the hand; let her lead him to the mount of vision; let her turn her heaven-piercing tube to the sparking vault; through that let him observe the serene star of evening, and see it transformed into a cloud-encompassed orb, a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps; or behold the pale beams of Saturn, lost to the untaught observer amid myriads of brighter stars, and see them expand into the broad disk of a noble planet—the seven attendant worlds—the wondrous rings—a mighty system in itself, borne at the rate of twenty-two thousand miles an hour on its broad pathways through the heavens; and then let him reflect that Saturn and his stupendous retinue is but a small part, fills, itself, in the general structure of the universe, but the space of one fixt star; and that the power which filled the drop of water with millions of living beings, is present and active throughout this illimitable creation! Yes, yes,

“An undevout astronomer is mad!”

GLADSTONE. 1809—1898

William Ewart Gladstone has been described as the greatest orator of his time. His voice was remarkable for its clearness, melody, and carrying power. To a manner always considerably courteous, he had the rare gift of finding the fitting word and of delivering it with the force of will rather than that of passion. His fertility of thought

enabled him to "think on his feet," so that he readily gained distinction as an extemporaneous and impromptu speaker. He was peculiarly free from indulgence in personalities and invective. His sentences, "crisp as the curling wave, definite as the bullet," were usually delivered with quiet, dignified force, and all his utterances seemed prompted by a profound sense of duty. The following is the close of his speech on Home Rule, in the House of Commons, June 7, 1886:

There has been no great day of hope for Ireland, no day when you might hope completely and definitely to end the controversy, till now—more than ninety years. The long periodic time has at last run out, and the star has again mounted into the heavens. What Ireland was doing for herself in 1795 we at length have done. The Roman Catholics have been emancipated—emancipated after a woful disregard of solemn promises through twenty-nine years, emancipated slowly, sullenly, not from good will, but from abject terror, with all the fruits and consequences which will always follow that method of legislation. The second problem has been also solved, and the representation of Ireland has been thoroughly reformed; and I am thankful to say that the franchise was given to Ireland on the readjustment of last year with a free heart, with an open hand, and the gift of that franchise was the last act required to make the success of Ireland in her final effort absolutely sure. We have given Ireland a voice; we must all listen for a moment to what she says. We must all listen, both sides, both parties—I mean as they are divided on this question—divided, I am afraid, by an almost immeasurable gap. We do not undervalue or despise the forces opposed to us. I have described them as the forces of class and its dependants; and that as a general description—as a slight and rude outline of a description—is, I believe, perfectly true. I do not deny that many are against us whom we should have expected to be for us. I do not deny that some whom we see against us have caused us by their conscientious action the

bitterest disappointment. You have power, you have wealth, you have rank, you have station, you have organization. What have we? We think that we have the people's heart; we believe and we know we have the promise of the harvest of the future. As to the people's heart, you may dispute it, and dispute it with perfect sincerity. Let that matter make its own proof. As to the harvest of the future, I doubt if you have so much confidence, and I believe that there is in the breast of many a man who means to vote against us to-night a profound misgiving, approaching even to a deep conviction, that the end will be as we foresee, and not as you do—that the ebbing tide is with you, and the flowing tide is with us.

Ireland stands at your bar, expectant, hopeful, almost suppliant. Her words are the words of truth and soberness. She asks a blest oblivion of the past, and in that oblivion our interest is deeper than even hers. My right honorable friend, the member for East Edinburgh, asks us to-night to abide by the traditions of which we are the heirs. What traditions? By the Irish traditions? Go into the length and breadth of the world, ransack the literature of all countries, find, if you can, a single voice, a single book—find, I would almost say, as much as a single newspaper article, unless the product of the day, in which the conduct of England toward Ireland is anywhere treated except with profound and bitter condemnation. Are these the traditions by which we are exhorted to stand? No; they are a sad exception to the glory of our country. They are a broad and black blot upon the pages of its history; and what we want to do is to stand by the traditions of which we are the heirs in all matters except our relations with Ireland, and to make our relations with Ireland to conform to the other traditions of our country. So we treat our traditions—so we hail the demand of Ireland for which I call a blest oblivion of the past. She asks also a boon for the future; and that boon for the future, unless we are much mistaken, will be a boon to us in respect of honor, no less than a boon to her in respect of happiness, prosperity and peace. Such, sir, is her prayer. Think, I beseech you, think well, think wisely, think, not for the moment, but for the years that are to come, before you reject this bill.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. 1811—1884

This great orator is best known for his unparalleled speeches in behalf of the anti-slavery cause. He is a splendid example of a speaker achieving the greatest effects by the simplest means. His style was distinguished for its naturalness and conversational simplicity. What most impressed the hearer was the undoubted earnestness and nobility of character of this eminent patriot. Wendell Phillips will ever be known as one "with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty." From his Eulogy of William Lloyd Garrison, delivered at the funeral of Garrison, May 28, 1879, we quote this eloquent conclusion:

And he never grew old. The tabernacle of flesh grew feebler, and the step was less elastic. But the ability to work, the serene faith and unflagging hope, suffered no change. To the day of his death he was as ready as in his boyhood to confront and defy a mad majority. The keen insight and clear judgment never failed him. His tenacity of purpose never weakened. He showed nothing either of the intellectual sluggishness or the timidity of age. The bugle call which last year woke the nation to its peril and duty on the Southern question showed all the old fitness to lead and mold a people's course. Younger men might be confused or dazed by plausible pretensions, and half the North was befooled; but the old pioneer detected the false ring as quickly as in his youth. The words his dying hand traced, welcoming the Southern exodus and foretelling its result, had all the defiant courage and prophetic solemnity of his youngest and boldest days.

Serene, fearless, marvelous man! Mortal, with so few shortcomings!

Farewell, for a very little while, noblest of Christian men! Leader, brave, tireless, unselfish! When the ear heard thee, then it blest thee; the eye that saw thee gave witness to thee. More truly than it could ever heretofore be said since the great

patriarch wrote it, "The blessing of Him that was ready to perish" was thine eternal great reward.

Tho the clouds rest for a moment to-day on the great work that you set your heart to accomplish, you knew, God in His love let you see, that your work was done; that one thing, by his blessing on your efforts, is fixt beyond the possibility of change. While that ear could listen, God gave what He has so rarely given to man, the plaudits and prayers of four millions of victims, thanking you for emancipation; and through the clouds of to-day your heart, as it ceased to beat, felt certain, that, whether one flag or two shall rule this continent in time to come, one thing is settled—it never henceforth can be trodden by a slave!

PART II
SPEECHES FOR STUDY

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES

WOMAN

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

MR. PRESIDENT:—I know of no act of my life which justifies your assertion that I am an expert on this question. I can very well understand why it is that the toast to "Woman" should follow the toast to "the Press." [Laughter.] I am called upon to respond to the best, the most suggestive, and the most important sentiment which has been delivered this evening, at this midnight hour, when the varied and ceaseless flow of eloquence has exhausted subjects and audience, when the chairs are mainly vacant, the bottles empty, and the oldest veteran and most valiant Roman of us all scarce dares meet the doom he knows awaits him at home. [Laughter.] Bishop Berkeley, when he wrote his beautiful verses upon our Western World, and penned the line, "Time's noblest offspring is the last," described not so nearly our prophetic future as the last and best creation of the Almighty—woman—whom we both love and worship. [Applause.] We have here the President of the United States and the General of our armies; around these tables is gathered a galaxy of intellect, genius and achievement seldom presented on any occasion, but none of them would merit the applause we so enthusiastically bestow, or have won their high honors, had they not been guided or inspired by the woman they revered or loved.

I have noticed one peculiarity about the toasts this evening very remarkable in the New England Society: every one of them is a quotation from Shakespeare. If Elder Brewster and Carver and Cotton Mather, the early

divines of Massachusetts, and the whole colony of Plymouth could have been collected together in general assembly, and have seen with prophetic vision the flower of their descendants celebrating the virtues of this ancestry in sentiments every one of which was couched in the language of a playwright, what would they have said? [Laughter.] This imagination can not compass the emotions and the utterances of the occasion. But I can understand why this has been done. It is because the most versatile and distinguished actor upon our municipal stage is the president of the New England Society. [Laughter and applause.] We live in an age when from the highest offices of our city the incumbent seeks the stage to achieve his greatest honors. [Laughter.] I see now our worthy president, Mr. Bailey, industriously thumbing his Shakespeare to select these toasts. He admires the airy grace and flitting beauty of Titania; he weeps over the misfortunes of Desdemona and Ophelia. Each individual hair stands on end as he contemplates the character of Lady Macbeth; but as he spends his night with Juliet, he softly murmurs, "Parting is such sweet sorrow." [Loud laughter.]

You know that it is a physiological fact that boys take after their mothers, and reproduce the characteristics and intellectual qualities of the maternal, and not the paternal, side. Standing here in the presence of the most worthy representatives of Plymouth, and knowing, as I do, your moral and mental worth, the places you fill, and the commercial, financial, humane, and catholic impetus you give to our metropolitan life, how can I do otherwise than on bended knee reverence the New England mothers who gave you birth! [Applause.] Your president, in his speech to-night, spoke of himself as a descendant of John Alden. In my judgment, Priscilla uttered the sentiment which gave the Yankee the key-note of success, and condensed the primal elements of his character, when she said to John Alden, "Prythee, why don't you speak for yourself, John?" [Laughter.] That motto has been the spear in the rear and the star in the van of the New Englander's progress.

It has made him the most audacious, self-reliant, and irrepressible member of the human family; and for illustration we need look no farther than the present descendant of Priscilla and John Alden. [Laughter and applause.]

The only way I can reciprocate your call at this late hour is to keep you here as long as I can. I think I see now the descendant of a *Mayflower* immortal who has been listening here to the glories of his ancestry, and learning that he is "the heir of all the ages," as puffed and swollen with pride of race and history, he stands solitary and alone upon his doorstep, reflects on his broken promise of an early return, and remembers that within "there is a divinity which shapes his end." [Applause and laughter.]

In all ages woman has been the source of all that is pure, unselfish, and heroic in the spirit and life of man. It was for love that Antony lost a world. It was for love that Jacob worked seven long years, and for seven more; and I have often wondered what must have been his emotions when on the morning of the eighth year he awoke and found the homely, scrawny, bony Leah instead of the lovely and beautiful presence of his beloved Rachel. [Laughter.] A distinguished French philosopher answered the narrative of every event with the question, "Who was she?" Helen conquered Troy, plunged all the nations of antiquity into war, and gave that earliest, as it is still the grandest, epic which has come down through all time. Poetry and fiction are based upon woman's love, and the movements of history are mainly due to the sentiments or ambitions she has inspired. Semiramis, Zenobia, Queen Elizabeth, claim a cold and distant admiration; they do not touch the heart. But when Florence Nightingale, or Grace Darling, or Ida Lewis, unselfish and unheralded, peril all to succor and to save, the profoundest and holiest emotions of our nature render them tribute and homage. [Applause.] Mr. President, there is no aspiration which any man here to-night entertains, no achievement he seeks to accomplish, no great and honorable ambition he desires to gratify, which is not directly related to either or both a mother or a wife. [Applause.] From the

hearth-stone around which linger the recollections of our mother, from the fireside where our wife awaits us, come all the purity, all the hope, and all the courage with which we fight the battle of life. [Applause.] The man who is not thus inspired, who labors not so much to secure the applause of the world as the solid and more precious approval of his home, accomplishes little of good for others or of honor for himself. I close with the hope that each of us may always have near us,

“A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.”

AFTER-DINNER SPEECH

BY SIR HENRY LYTTON BULWER

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, if it be true, that I have been so fortunate as to contribute in any way to the friendly relations which at present exist between the two countries, it is simply because I have taken a plain, downright course for effecting this subject. The fact of it is, gentlemen, that, according to old customs, when any causes for difference, however slight, existed between our two governments, down sat Her Majesty's representative at his desk, and down sat the United States Secretary of State, and each penned to the other very pith and pertinent dispatches, showing the great motives for grievance there on both sides, and then those dispatches were carefully circulated throughout both countries, but when there were only causes for mutual goodwill and satisfaction, no one thought it worth while to take notice of so simple a fact, nor to state to the English and American public what strong reasons, both in sentiment and interest, there existed, for their maintaining the closest and most friendly relations with each other. This was the old school of diplomacy, gentlemen; but I am of the new

school—and my theory and practise are just the reverse of what I have been describing. I am for keeping as quiet as possible all those small differences which must occasionally take place between any two great States, having vast and complicated interests; but which differences are always easy of adjustment when they are not aggravated by unfriendly and untimely discussion. And I am for making as public as possible, on all occasions, those great points of union that must connect two nations, which not only, as my honorable friend Mr. Lawrence has said, have one origin, and speak one language, but which also transact their greatest amount of business with each other. Why, gentlemen, in what possible manner can difficulties of serious character arise between two nations thus situated, except through mutual prejudices, which, having been suffered to grow up, will be apt, until eradicated, to create a wrong impression as to the real policy and feelings of the one and the other? My endeavors, then, gentlemen, have been to remove all such prejudices; ay, and to replace them by sympathies. For this purpose, as my friend Mr. Walker justly said, I have addrest myself not merely to the American mind, but to the American heart. For this purpose, I have thought it essential, not merely to correspond formally with your State Department, but also to have frank and free communication with your noble and intelligent people. For this purpose I have mixed with your public men, studied your institutions, taken an interest in your affairs, partaken of your festivities, conformed to your habits, and always been willing, not only to eat a good dinner with you, but to make a bad speech after one. Gentlemen, I should be quite satisfied to take, as my reward for these efforts, the eloquent and far more than deserved ecomium which has been passed upon me by the distinguished gentleman who proposed the toast I am responding to. But my mission had also another reward—another result—which, if I am not wearying you, I will state as being not only interesting to our two communities, but to the world at large; I mean a treaty by which Great Britain and the United States, without infringing on the rights of the

humblest individual or the smallest State, have agreed, on one condition, to protect the construction and guarantee the security when constructed, of any canal or railway which may open a passage across Central America, between the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean. And what was that one condition on which our two governments thus insisted? Why, that they should not, either separately or conjointly, possess one single privilege or advantage, with respect to such canal or railway, which should not be offered, on equal terms, to every other nation on the face of the globe. Gentlemen, I do confess that I am proud that such a treaty as this should have been entered into by the United States and Great Britain; and I will also add that I have an humble pride in stating that one of the signatures attached to that convention is the name of the individual who has now the honor of addressing you. Gentlemen, I lay a great stress upon this fact, because I felt when I signed that instrument to which I am referring, that I laid the foundation stone of a great and equitable alliance between our two countries—an alliance which should not have for its object the wronging or despoiling, but the benefiting and protecting the rest of mankind; and surely, gentlemen, if such a union were ever required, it is at this moment—for at this moment the world is, as it were, violently vibrating between two extremes, and appears of necessity to demand some regulating influence, to moderate and steady its oscillations—and where, gentlemen, can such an influence be better found than in the cordial union of Great Britain and the United States? It is true that you live under a republic, and we under a monarchy; but what of that? The foundations of both societies are law and religion. The purpose of both governments is liberty and order. The more you love your Republic, gentlemen, the more you detest those principles of confusion and division which would destroy it. The more we love our Monarchy, the more we cherish and cling to those principles of equity and freedom which preserve it. In this, indeed, lies the great moral strength of our close connection. Hand in hand, we can stand together, alike opposed to the anarchist,

who calls himself the friend of the people, and to the absolutist, who calls himself the friend of the throne. Long, then, gentlemen, let us thus stand together, the champions of peace between nations, of conciliation between opinions—and if notwithstanding our example and our efforts, the trumpet of war should sound, and that war to which it calls us should be a war of opinion, why, still let us stand together. Our friends, in that day of conflict, shall be chosen from the most wise, the most moderate, and the most just; nor, while we plant the red cross of England by the side of the stars and stripes of America, do I for one instant doubt that we shall leave recollections to our posterity worthy of those which we have inherited from our ancestors.

THE QUALITIES THAT WIN

BY CHARLES SUMNER

MR. PRESIDENT AND BROTHERS OF NEW ENGLAND:—For the first time in my life I have the good fortune to enjoy this famous anniversary festival. Tho often honored by your most tempting invitation, and longing to celebrate the day in this goodly company of which all have heard so much, I could never excuse myself from duties in another place. If now I yield to well-known attractions, and journey from Washington for my first holiday during a protracted public service, it is because all was enhanced by the appeal of your excellent president, to whom I am bound by the friendship of many years in Boston, in New York, and in a foreign land. [Applause.] It is much to be a brother of New England, but it is more to be a friend [applause], and this tie I have pleasure in confessing to-night.

It is with much doubt and humility that I venture to answer for the Senate of the United States, and I believe the least I say on this head will be most prudent. [Laughter.] But I shall be entirely safe in expressing my doubt

if there is a single Senator who would not be glad of a seat at this generous banquet. What is the Senate? It is a component part of the National Government. But we celebrate to-day more than any component part of any government. We celebrate an epoch in the history of mankind—not only never to be forgotten, but to grow in grandeur as the world appreciates the elements of true greatness. Of mankind I say—for the landing on Plymouth Rock, on December 22, 1620, marks the origin of a new order of ages, by which the whole human family will be elevated. Then and there was the great beginning.

Throughout all time, from the dawn of history, men have swarmed to found new homes in distant lands. The Tyrians, skirting Northern Africa, stopt at Carthage; Carthaginians dotted Spain, and even the distant coasts of Britain and Ireland; Greeks gemmed Italy and Sicily with art-loving settlements; Rome carried multitudinous colonies with her conquering eagles. Saxons, Danes and Normans violently mingled with the original Britons. And in more modern times, Venice, Genoa, Portugal, Spain, France, and England, all sent forth emigrants to people foreign shores. But in these various expeditions, trade or war was the impelling motive. Too often commerce and conquest moved hand in hand, and the colony was incarnadined with blood.

On the day we celebrate, the sun for the first time in his course looked down upon a different scene, begun and continued under a different inspiration. A few conscientious Englishmen, in obedience to the monitor within, and that they might be free to worship God according to their own sense of duty, set sail for the unknown wilds of the North American continent. After a voyage of sixty-four days in the ship *Mayflower*, with Liberty at the prow and Conscience at the helm [applause], they sighted the white sandbanks of Cape Cod, and soon thereafter in the small cabin framed that brief compact, forever memorable, which is the first written constitution of government in human history, and the very corner-stone of the American Republic; and then these Pilgrims landed.

This compact was only foremost in time, it was also

august in character, and worthy of perpetual example. Never before had the object of the "civil body public" been announced as "to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws and ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony." How lofty! how true! Undoubtedly, these were the grandest words of government with the largest promise of any at that time uttered.

If more were needed to illustrate the new epoch, it would be found in the parting words of the venerable pastor, John Robinson, address to the Pilgrims, as they were about to sail from Delfshaven—words often quoted, yet never enough. How sweetly and beautifully he says: "And if God should reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; but I am confident that the Lord hath more light and truth yet to break forth out of his holy word." And then how justly the good preacher rebukes those who close their souls to truth! "The Lutherans, for example, can not be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw, and whatever part of God's will he hath further imparted to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace, and so the Calvinists stick where he left them. This is a misery much to be lamented, for tho they were precious, shining lights in their times, God hath not revealed his whole will to them." Beyond the merited rebuke, here is a plain recognition of the law of human progress little discerned at the time, which teaches the sure advance of the human family, and opens the vista of the ever-broadening, never-ending future on earth.

Our Pilgrims were few and poor. The whole outfit of this historic voyage, including £1,700 of trading stock, was only £2,400, and how little was required for their succor appears in the experience of the soldier, Captain Miles Standish, who, being sent to England for assistance—not military, but financial—(God save the mark!), succeeded in borrowing—how much do you suppose?—£150 sterling.

[Laughter.] Something in the way of help; and the historian adds, "tho at fifty per cent. interest." So much for a valiant soldier on a financial expedition. [Laughter, in which General Sherman and the company joined.] A later agent, Allerton, was able to borrow for the colony £200 at a reduced interest of thirty per cent. Plainly, the money-sharks of our day may trace an undoubted pedigree to these London merchants. [Laughter.] But I know not if any son of New England, opprest by exorbitant interest, will be consoled by the thought that the Pilgrims paid the same.

And yet this small people—so obscure and outcast in condition—so slender in numbers and in means—so entirely unknown to the proud and great—so absolutely without name in contemporary records—whose departure from the Old World took little more than the breath of their bodies—are now illustrious beyond the lot of men; and the *Mayflower* is immortal beyond the Grecian Argo, or the stately ship of any victorious admiral. Tho this was little foreseen in their day, it is plain now how it has come to pass. The highest greatness surviving time and storm is that which proceeds from the soul of man. [Applause.] Monarchs and cabinets, generals and admirals, with the pomp of courts and the circumstance of war, in the gradual lapse of time disappear from sight; but the pioneers of truth, tho poor and lowly, especially those whose example elevates human nature and teaches the rights of man, so that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth [great applause], such harbingers can never be forgotten, and their renown spreads coextensive with the cause they served.

I know not if any whom I now have the honor of addressing have thought to recall the great in rank and power filling the gaze of the world as the *Mayflower*, with her company, fared forth on their adventurous voyage. The foolish James was yet on the English throne, glorying that he had "peppered the Puritans." The morose Louis XIII, through whom Richelieu ruled, was King of France. The imbecile Philip III swayed Spain and the Indies. The per-

secuting Ferdinand the Second, tormentor of Protestants, was Emperor of Germany. Paul V, of the House of Borghese, was Pope of Rome. In the same princely company, and all contemporaries, were Christian IV, King of Denmark, and his son Christian, Prince of Norway; Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden; Sigismund the Third, King of Poland; Frederick, King of Bohemia, with his wife, the unhappy Elizabeth of England, progenitor of the House of Hanover; George William, Margrave of Brandenburg, and the ancestor of the Prussian house that has given an emperor to Germany; Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria; Maurice, Landgrave of Hesse; Christian, Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg; John Frederick, Duke of Würtemberg and Teck; John, Count of Nassau; Henry, Duke of Lorraine; Isabella, Infanta of Spain and ruler of the Low Countries; Maurice, fourth Prince of Orange; Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy and ancestor of the King of United Italy; Cosmo de Medici, third Grand Duke of Florence; Antonio Priuli, ninety-third Doge of Venice, just after the terrible tragedy commemorated on the English stage as "Venice Preserved"; Bethlehem Gabor, Prince of Unitarian Transylvania, and elected King of Hungary, with the countenance of an African; and the Sultan Mustapha, of Constantinople, twentieth ruler of the Turks.

Such at that time were the crowned sovereigns of Europe, whose names were mentioned always with awe, and whose countenances are handed down by art, so that at this day they are visible to the curious as if they walked these streets. Mark now the contrast. There was no artist for our forefathers, nor are their countenances now known to men; but more than any powerful contemporaries at whose tread the earth trembled is their memory sacred. [Applause.] Pope, emperor, king, sultan, grand-duke, duke, doge, margrave, landgrave, count—what are they all by the side of the humble company that landed on Plymouth Rock? Theirs, indeed, were the ensigns of worldly power, but our Pilgrims had in themselves that inborn virtue which was more than all else besides, and their landing was an epoch.

Who in the imposing troop of worldly grandeur is now remembered with indifference or contempt? If I except Gustavus Adolphus, it is because he revealed a superior character. Confront the *Mayflower* and the Pilgrims with the potentates who occupied such space in the world. The former are ascending into the firmament, there to shine forever, while the latter have been long dropping into the darkness of oblivion, to be brought forth only to point a moral or illustrate the fame of contemporaries whom they regarded not. [Applause.] Do I err in supposing this an illustration of the supremacy which belongs to the triumphs of the moral nature? At first impeded or postponed, they at last prevail. Theirs is a brightness which, breaking through all clouds, will shine forth with ever-increasing splendor.

I have often thought that if I were a preacher, if I had the honor to occupy the pulpit so grandly filled by my friend near me [gracefully inclining toward Mr. Beecher], one of my sermons should be from the text, "A little leaven shall leaven the whole lump." Nor do I know a better illustration of these words than the influence exerted by our Pilgrims. That small band, with the lesson of self-sacrifice, of just and equal laws, of the government of a majority of unshrinking loyalty to principle, is now leavening this whole continent, and in the fulness of time will leaven the world. [Great applause.] By their example, republican institutions have been commended, and in proportion as we imitate them will these institutions be assured. [Applause.]

Liberty, which we so much covet, is not a solitary plant. Always by its side is Justice. [Applause.] But Justice is nothing but right applied to human affairs. Do not forget, I entreat you, that with the highest morality is the highest liberty. A great poet, in one of his inspired sonnets, speaking of this priceless possession, has said, "But who loves that must first be wise and good." Therefore do the Pilgrims in their beautiful example teach liberty, teach republican institutions, as at an earlier day Socrates and Plato, in their lessons of wisdom, taught liberty and helped

the idea of the republic. If republican government has thus far failed in any experiment, as, perhaps, somewhere in Spanish America, it is because these lessons have been wanting. There have been no Pilgrims to teach the moral law.

Mr. President, with these thoughts, which I imperfectly express, I confess my obligations to the forefathers of New England, and offer to them the homage of a grateful heart. But not in thanksgiving only would I celebrate their memory. I would if I could make their example a universal lesson, and stamp it upon the land. [Applause.] The conscience which directed them should be the guide for our public councils. The just and equal laws which they required should be ordained by us, and the hospitality to truth which was their rule should be ours. Nor would I forget their courage and steadfastness. Had they turned back or wavered, I know not what would have been the record of this continent, but I see clearly that a great example would have been lost. [Applause.] Had Columbus yielded to his mutinous crew and returned to Spain without his great discovery; had Washington shrunk away disheartened by British power and the snows of New Jersey, these great instances would have been wanting for the encouragement of men. But our Pilgrims belong to the same heroic company, and their example is not less precious. [Applause.]

Only a short time after the landing on Plymouth Rock, the great republican poet, John Milton, wrote his "Cosmos," so wonderful for beauty and truth. His nature was more refined than that of the Pilgrims, and yet it requires little effort of imagination to catch from one of them, or at least from their beloved pastor, the exquisite, almost angelic words at the close—

"Mortals, who would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime.
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

BEHOLD THE AMERICAN

BY THOMAS DE WITT TALMAGE

MR. PRESIDENT, AND ALL YOU GOOD NEW ENGLANDERS:— If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the fact that we are here; and we are here at an interesting time. Of all the centuries this is the best century, and of all the decades of the century this is the best decade, and of all the years of the decade this is the best year, and of all the months of the year this is the best month, and of all the nights of the month this is the best night. [Applause and laughter.] Many of these advantages we trace straight back to Forefathers' Day, about which I am to speak.

But I must not introduce a new habit into these New England dinners and confine myself to the one theme. For eighty-one years your speakers have been accustomed to make the toast announced the point from which they start, but to which they never return. [Laughter.] So I shall not stick to my text, but only be particular to have all I say my own, and not make the mistake of a minister whose sermon was a patchwork from a variety of authors, to whom he gave no credit. There was an intoxicated wag in the audience who had read about everything, and he announced the authors as the minister went on. The clergyman gave an extract without any credit to the author, and the man in the audience cried out: "That's Jeremy Taylor." The speaker went on and gave an extract from another author without credit for it, and the man in the audience said: "That is John Wesley." The minister gave an extract from another author without credit for it, and the man in the audience said: "That is George Whitefield." When the minister lost his patience and cried out, "Shut up, you old fool!" the man in the audience replied: "That is your own." [Laughter.]

Well, what about this Forefathers' Day? In Brooklyn they say the Landing of the Pilgrims was December the 21st; in New York you say it was December 22d. You are both right. Not through the specious and artful reasoning you have sometimes indulged in, but by a little historical incident that seems to have escaped your attention. You see, the Forefathers landed in the morning of December the 21st, but about noon that day a pack of hungry wolves swept down the bleak American beach looking for a New England dinner [laughter], and a band of savages out for a tomahawk picnic hove in sight, and the Pilgrim Fathers thought it best for safety and warmth to go on board the *Mayflower* and pass the night. [Renewed laughter.] And during the night there came up a strong wind blowing off shore that swept the *Mayflower* from its moorings clear out to sea, and there was a prospect that our Forefathers, having escaped oppression in foreign lands, would yet go down under an oceanic tempest. But the next day they fortunately got control of their ship and steered her in, and the second time the Forefathers stepped ashore.

Brooklyn celebrated the first landing; New York the second landing. So I say, Hail! Hail! to both celebrations, for one day, anyhow, could not do justice to such a subject; and I only wish I could have kissed the blarney stone of America, which is Plymouth Rock, so that I might have done justice to this subject. [Laughter and applause.] Ah, gentlemen, that *Mayflower* was the ark that floated the deluge of oppression, and Plymouth Rock was the Ararat on which it landed.

But let me say that these Forefathers were of no more importance than the Foremothers. [Applause.] As I understand it, there were eight of them—that is, four fathers and four mothers—from whom all these illustrious New Englanders descended. Now, I was not born in New England, tho far back my ancestors lived in Connecticut, and then crossed over to Long Island and there joined the Dutch, and that mixture of Yankee and Dutch makes royal blood. [Applause.] Neither is perfect without the other, the Yankee in a man's nature saying, "Go ahead!" the

Dutch in his blood saying, "Be prudent while you do go ahead!" Some people do not understand why Long Island was stretched along parallel with all of the Connecticut coast. I have no doubt that it was so placed that the Dutch might watch the Yankees. [Laughter.]

But tho not born in New England, in my boyhood I had a New England schoolmaster, whom I shall never forget. He taught us our A, B, C's. "What is that?" "I don't know, sir." "That's A" [with a slap]. "What is that?" "I don't know, sir." [With a slap]. "That is B." [Laughter.] I tell you, a boy that learned his letters in that way never forgot them; and if the boy was particularly dull, then this New England schoolmaster would take him over the knee, and then the boy got his information from both directions. [Renewed laughter.]

But all these things aside, no one sitting at these tables has higher admiration for the Pilgrim Fathers than I have—the men who believed in two great doctrines, which are the foundation of every religion that is worth anything: namely, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—these men of backbone and endowed with that great and magnificent attribute of stick-to-it-iveness. Macaulay said that no one ever sneered at the Puritans who had met them in halls of debate, or crossed swords with them on the field of battle. [Applause.] They are sometimes defamed for their rigorous Sabbaths, but our danger is in the opposite direction of no Sabbaths at all. It is said that they destroyed witches. I wish that they had cleared them all out, for the world is full of witches yet, and if at all these tables there is a man who has not sometimes been bewitched, let him hold up his glass of ice-water. [Laughter.] It is said that these Forefathers carried religion into everything, and before a man kissed his wife he asked a blessing, and afterward said: "Having received another favor from the Lord, let us return thanks." [Laughter.] But our great need now is more religion in every-day life.

I think their plain diet had much to do with their ruggedness of nature. They had not as many good things to eat as we have, and they had better digestion. Now, all the evening

some of our best men sit with an awfully bad feeling at the pits of their stomachs, and the food taken fails to assimilate, and in the agitated digestive organs the lamb and the cow lie down together and get up just as they have a mind to. [Laughter.] After dinner I sat down with my friend to talk. He had for many years been troubled with indigestion. I felt guilty when I insisted on his taking that last piece of lemon pie. I knew that pastry always made him crusty. I said to him: "I never felt better in all my life; how do you feel?" And putting one hand over one piece of lemon pie and the other hand over the other piece of lemon pie, he said: "I feel miserable." Smaller varieties of food had the old Fathers, but it did them more good.

Still, take it all in all, I think the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers are as good as their ancestors, and in many ways better. Children are apt to be an echo of their ancestors. We are apt to put a halo around the Forefathers, but I expect that at our age they were very much like ourselves. People are not wise when they long for the good old days. They say: "Just think of the pride of people at this day! Just look at the ladies' hats!" [Laughter.] Why, there is nothing in the ladies' hats of to-day equal to the coal-scuttle hats a hundred years ago. They say: "Just look at the way people dress their hair!" Why, the extremest style of to-day will not equal the top-knots which our great-grandmothers wore, put up with high combs that we should think would have made our great-grandfathers die with laughter. The hair was lifted into a pyramid a foot high. On the top of that tower lay a white rose. Shoes of bespangled white kid, and heels two or three inches high. Grandfather went out to meet her on the floor with a coat of sky-blue silk, and vest of white satin, embroidered with gold lace, lace ruffles around his wrist, and his hair flung in a queue. The great George Washington had his horse's hoofs blackened when about to appear on a parade, and writes to Europe, ordering sent for the use of himself and family, one silver-lace hat, one pair of silver shoe-buckles, a coat made of fashionable silk,

one pair of gold sleeve-buttons, six pairs of kid gloves, one dozen most fashionable cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, besides ruffles and tucker. That was George. [Laughter.]

Talk about dissipations, ye who have ever seen the old-fashioned sideboard! Did I not have an old relative who always, when visitors came, used to go upstairs and take a drink, through economical habits, not offering anything to his visitors? [Laughter.] On the old-fashioned training days the most sober men were apt to take a day to themselves. Many of the familiar drinks of to-day were unknown to them, but their hard cider, mint julep, metheglin, hot toddy, and lemonade in which the lemon was not at all prominent, sometimes made lively work for the broad-brimmed hats and silver knee-buckles. Talk of dissipating parties of to-day and keeping of late hours! Why, did they not have their "bees" and sausage-stuffings and tea-parties and dances, that for heartiness and uproar utterly eclipsed all the waltzes, lancers, redowas, and breakdowns of the nineteenth century, and they never went home till morning. As to the old-time courtships, oh, my! Washington Irving describes them. [Laughter.]

But tho your Forefathers may not have been much, if any, better than yourselves, let us extol them for the fact that they started this country in the right direction. They laid the foundation for American manhood. The foundation must be more solid and firm and unyielding than any other part of the structure. On that Puritanic foundation we can safely build all nationalities. [Applause.] Let us remember that the coming American is to be an admixture of all foreign bloods. In about twenty-five or fifty years the model American will step forth. He will have the strong brain of the German, the polished manners of the French, the artistic taste of the Italian, the stanch heart of the English, the steadiest piety of the Scotch, the lightning wit of the Irish, and when he steps forth, bone, muscle, nerve, brain entwined with the fibers of all nationalities, the nations will break out in the cry: "Behold the American!" [Applause.]

Columbus discovered only the shell of this country. Agas-

siz came and discovered fossiliferous America. Silliman came and discovered geological America. Audubon came and discovered bird America. Longfellow came and discovered poetic America; and there are a half-dozen other Americas yet to be discovered.

I never realized what this country was and is, as on the day when I first saw some of these gentlemen of the army and navy. It was when, at the close of the war, our armies came back and marched in review before the President's stand at Washington. I do not care whether a man was a Republican or a Democrat, a Northern man or a Southern man, if he had any emotion of nature, he could not look upon it without weeping. God knew that the day was stupendous, and He declared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and sprung the blue sky as the triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage shook out its welcome, as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long Bridge, and in almost interminable line passed over. The Capitol never seemed so majestic as that morning: snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging down, billow after billow. Passing in silence, yet I heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions, brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing; marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp—thousands after thousands, battery front, arms shouldered, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril.

Commanders on horses with their manes entwined with roses, and necks enchained with garlands, fractious at the shouts that ran along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultuous vociferation of hundreds of

thousands of enraptured multitudes, crying "Huzza! Huzza!" Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon wagons, ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crusht and the dying that they had carried. These men came from balmy Minnesota, those from Illinois prairies. These were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon, those were New England lumbermen. Those came out of the coal-shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause, consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg, in lines that seemed infinite they passed on.

We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come, but no! Looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril, coming as it were from under the Capitol. Forward! Forward! Their bayonets, caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed like one long river of silver, ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession, no rest for the eye. We turned our heads from the scene, unable longer to look. We felt disposed to stop our ears, but still we heard it, marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp. But hush—uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on and wring their hands. But wheel into line, all ye people! North, South, East, West—all decades, all centuries, all millenniums! Forward, the whole line! Huzza! Huzza! [Great applause.]

COMMEMORATIVE SPEECHES

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

We celebrate to-day the centenary of our nationality. One hundred years ago the United States began their existence. The powers of the government were assumed by the people of the Republic, and they began to be the sole source of authority. The solemn ceremonial of the first inauguration, the reverent oath of Washington, the acclaim of the multitude greeting their President, marked the most unique event of modern times in the development of free institutions.

No man ever stood for so much to his country and to mankind as George Washington. Hamilton, Jefferson, and Adams, Madison, and Jay, each represented some of the elements which formed the Union. Washington embodied them all. They fell at times under popular disapproval, were burned in effigy, were stoned; but he, with unerring judgment, was always the leader of the people. Milton said of Cromwell, that "war made him great, peace greater." The superiority of Washington's character and genius was more conspicuous in the formation of our government and in putting it on indestructible foundations, than in leading armies to victory and conquering the independence of his country. He inspired the movement for the Republic, was the President and dominant spirit of the convention which framed its Constitution, and its President for eight years, and guided its course until satisfied that moving safely along the broad highway of time, it would be surely ascending toward the first place among the nations of the world, the asylum of the oppressed, the home of the free.

We stand to-day upon the dividing line between the first

and second century of constitutional government. There are no clouds overhead, and no convulsions under our feet. We reverently return thanks to the Almighty God for the past, and with confident and with hopeful promise march upon sure ground toward the future. The simple facts of these hundred years paralyze the imagination, and we contemplate the vast accumulations of the century with awe and pride. Our population has grown from four to sixty-five millions. Its center moving westward five hundred miles since 1789, is eloquent with the founding of cities and the birth of States. New settlements, clearing the forests and subduing the prairies, and adding four millions to the few thousands of farms which were the support of Washington's Republic, create one of the great granaries of the world, and open exhaustless reservoirs of national wealth.

The infant industries, which the first act of our administration sought to encourage, now give remunerative employment to more people than inhabited the Republic at the beginning of Washington's presidency. The grand total of their annual output of seven thousand millions of dollars in value places the United States first among the manufacturing countries of the earth. One-half of all the railroads, and one-quarter of all the telegraph lines of the world within our borders, testify to the volume, variety, and value of an internal commerce which makes these States, if need be, independent and self-supporting. These hundred years of development under favorable political conditions, have brought the sum of our national wealth to a figure which is past the results of a thousand years for the mother land, herself otherwise the richest of modern empires.

During this generation a civil war of unequalled magnitude caused the expenditure and loss of eight thousand millions of dollars, and killed six hundred thousand and permanently disabled over a million young men; and yet the impetuous progress of the North, and the marvelous industrial development of the new and free South, have obliterated the evidences of destruction and made the war

a memory, and have stimulated production until our annual surplus nearly equals that of England, France, and Germany, combined. The teeming millions of Asia till the patient soil and work the shuttle and loom as their fathers have done for ages; modern Europe has felt the influence and received the benefit of the incalculable multiplication of force by inventive genius since the Napoleonic wars; and yet, only two hundred and sixty-nine years after the little band of Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, our people, numbering less than one-fifteenth of the inhabitants of the globe, do one-third of its mining, one-fourth of its manufacturing, one-fifth of its agriculture, and own one-sixth of its wealth.

No crisis has been too perilous for its powers, no evolution too rapid for its adaptation, and no expansion beyond its easy grasp and administration. It has assimilated diverse nationalities with warring traditions, customs, conditions and languages imbued them with its spirit and won their passionate loyalty and love.

The flower of the youth of the nations of Continental Europe are conscripted from productive industries and drilling in camps. Vast armies stand in battle array along the frontiers, and a Kaiser's whim or a minister's mistake may precipitate the most destructive war of modern times.

But for us no army exhausts our resources nor consumes our youth. Our navy must needs increase in order that the protecting flag may follow the expanding commerce which is to successfully compete in all the markets of the world. The sun of our destiny is still rising, and its rays illumine vast territories as yet unoccupied and undeveloped, and which are to be the happy homes of millions of people.

The spirit of Washington fills the executive office. Presidents may not rise to the full measure of his greatness, but they must not fall below his standard of public duty and obligation. His life and character, conscientiously studied and thoroughly understood by coming generations, will be for them a liberal education for private life and public station, for citizenship and patriotism, for love and

devotion to Union and liberty. With their inspiring past and splendid present, the people of these United States, heirs of a hundred years, marvelously rich in all which adds to the glory and greatness of a nation, with an abiding trust in the stability and elasticity of their Constitution, and an abounding faith in themselves, hail the coming century with hope and joy.

THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF RUFUS CHOATE

BY JOSEPH H. CHOATE

I deem it a very great honor to have been invited by the Suffolk Bar Association to take part on this occasion in honor of him who still stands as one of the most brilliant ornaments of the American Bar in its annals of two centuries. Bearing his name and lineage, and owing to him, as I do, more than to any other man or men—to his example and inspiration, to his sympathy and helping hand—whatever success has attended my own professional efforts, I could not refuse the invitation to come here to-day to the dedication of this statue, which shall stand for centuries to come, and convey to the generations who knew him not some idea of the figure and the features of Rufus Choate. Neither bronze nor marble can do him justice. Not Rembrandt himself could reproduce the man as we knew and loved him—for until he lay upon his death-bed he was all action, the “noble, divine, godlike action” of the orator—and the still life of art could never represent him as he was. It is forty years since he strode these ancient streets with his majestic step—forty years since the marvelous music of his voice was heard by the living ear—and those of us who, as students and youthful disciples, followed his footsteps, and listened to his eloquence, and almost worshiped his presence, whose ideal and idol he was, are already many years older than he lived to be; but there must be a few still living, and present here to-day, who

were in the admiring crowds that hung with rapture on his lips—in the courts of justice, in the densely packed assembly, in the Senate, in the Constitutional Convention, or in Faneuil Hall, consecrated to Freedom—and who can still recall, among life's most cherished memories, the tones of that matchless voice, that pallid face illuminated with rare intelligence, the flashing glance of his dark eye, and the light of his bewitching smile. But, in a decade or two more, these lingering witnesses of his glory and his triumphs will have passed on, and to the next generation he will be but a name and a statue, enshrined in fame's temple with Cicero and Burke, with Otis and Hamilton and Webster, with Pinkney and Wirt, whose words and thoughts he loved to study and to master.

Many a noted orator, many a great lawyer, has been lost in oblivion in forty years after the grave closed over him, but I venture to believe that the Bar of Suffolk, ay, the whole Bar of America, and the people of Massachusetts, have kept the memory of no other man alive and green so long, so vividly and so lovingly, as that of Rufus Choate. Many of his characteristic utterances have become proverbial, and the flashes of his wit, the play of his fancy, and the gorgeous pictures of his imagination are the constant themes of reminiscence, wherever American lawyers assemble for social converse.

How it was that such an exotic nature, so ardent and tropical in all its manifestations, so truly southern and Italian in its impulses, and at the same time so robust and sturdy in its strength, could have been produced upon the bleak and barren soil of our northern cape, and nurtured under the chilling blasts of its east winds, is a mystery insoluble. Truly, "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." In one of his speeches in the Senate, he draws the distinction between "the cool and slow New England men, and the mercurial children of the sun, who sat down side by side in the presence of Washington, to form our more perfect union." If ever there was a merciful child of the sun, it was himself, most happily described. I am one of those who believe that

the stuff that a man is made of has more to do with his career than any education or environment. The greatness that is achieved, or is thrust upon some men, dwindles before that of him who is born great. His horoscope was propitious. The stars in their courses fought for him. The birthmark of genius, distinct and ineffaceable, was on his brow. He came of a long line of pious and devout ancestors, whose living was as plain as their thinking was high. It was from father and mother that he derived the flame of intellect, the glow of spirit, and the beauty of temperament that were so unique.

His splendid and blazing intellect, fed and enriched by constant study of the best thoughts of the great minds of the race, his all-persuasive eloquence, his teeming and radiant imagination, whirling his hearers along with it, and sometimes overpowering himself, his brilliant and sportive fancy, lighting up the most arid subjects with the glow of sunrise, his prodigious and never-failing memory, and his playful wit, always bursting forth with irresistible impulse, have been the subject of scores of essays and criticisms, all struggling with the vain effort to describe and crystallize the fascinating and magical charm of his speech and his influence.

But the occasion and the place remind me that here to-day we have chiefly to do with him as a lawyer and an advocate, and all that I shall presume very briefly to suggest is what this statue will mean to the coming generations of lawyers and citizens.

And first, and far above his splendid talents and his triumphant eloquence, I would place the character of the man—pure, honest, delivered absolutely from all the temptations of sordid and mercenary things, aspiring daily to what was higher and better, loathing all that was vulgar and of low repute, simple as a child, and tender and sympathetic as a woman. Emerson most truly says that character is far above intellect, and this man's character surpassed even his exalted intellect, and, controlling all his great endowments, made the consummate beauty of his life. I know of no greater tribute ever paid to a successful

lawyer than that which he received from Chief Justice Shaw—himself an august and serene personality, absolutely familiar with his daily walk and conversation—in his account of the effort that was made to induce Mr. Choate to give up his active and exhausting practise, and to take the place of professor in the Harvard Law School, made vacant by the death of Mr. Justice Story—an effort of which the Chief Justice, as a member of the corporation of Harvard, was the principal promoter. After referring to him then, in 1847, as “the leader of the Bar in every department of forensic eloquence,” and dwelling upon the great advantages which would accrue to the school from the profound legal learning which he possessed, he said: “In the case of Mr. Choate, it was considered quite indispensable that he should reside in Cambridge, on account of the influence which his genial manners, his habitual presence, and the force of his character, would be likely to exert over the young men, drawn from every part of the United States to listen to his instructions.”

What richer tribute could there be to personal and professional worth than such words from such lips? He was the fit man to mold the characters of the youth, not of the city or the State only, but of the whole nation. So let the statue stand as notice to all who seek to enter here, that the first requisite of true renown in our noble profession—renown not for a day or a life only, but for generations—is Character.

MEMORIAL DAY

BY JOHN D. LONG.

I gratefully acknowledge your courtesy, veterans and members of the Suffolk posts of the Grand Army, in inviting me, a civilian, to speak for you this day. I should shrink from the task, however, did I not know that, in this, your purpose is to honor again the commonwealth, of which I am the official representative. By recent enactment she has made the day you celebrate one of her holy days—a day sacred to the memory of her patriot dead and to the inspiration of patriotism in her living. Henceforward, she emblazons it upon the calendar of the year with the consecrated days that have come down from the Pilgrim and the Puritan, with Christmas day and with the birthdays of Washington and American independence. Memorial day will hereafter gather around it not only the love and tears and pride of the generations of the people, but more and more, in its inner circle of tenderness, the linking memories of every comrade, so long as one survives. As the dawn ushers it in, tinged already with the exquisite flush of hastening June, and sweet with the bursting fragrance of her roses, the wheels of time will each year roll back, and lo! John Andrew is at the State house, inspiring Massachusetts with the throbbing of his own great heart; Abraham Lincoln, wise and patient, and honest and tender and true, is at the nation's helm; the North is one broad blaze; the boys in blue are marching to the front; the fife and drum are on every breeze; the very air is patriotism; Phil Sheridan, forty miles away, dashes back to turn defeat to victory; Farragut, lasht to the mast-head, is steaming into Mobile Harbor; Hooker is above the clouds; Sherman marches through Georgia to the sea; Grant has throttled Lee with the grip that never lets go; Richmond falls; the armies of the Republic pass in that last great review at Washington; Custer's plume is there, but Kearney's saddle is empty; and, now again, our veterans come marching home

to receive the welcome of a grateful people, and to stack at Doric Hall the tattered flag which Massachusetts forever hence shall wear above her heart.

In memory of the dead, in honor of the living, for inspiration to our children, we gather to-day to deck the graves of our patriots with flowers, to pledge commonwealth and town and citizens to fresh recognition of the surviving soldier, and to picture yet again the romance, the reality, the glory, the sacrifice of his service. As if it were but yesterday, you recall him. He had but turned twenty. The exquisite tint of youthful health was in his cheek. His pure heart shone from frank, outspoken eyes. His fair hair clustered from beneath his cap. He had pulled a stout oar in the college race, or walked the most graceful athlete on the village green. He had just entered on the vocation of his life. The doorway of his home at this season of the year was brilliant in the dewy morn with the clambering vine and fragrant flower, as in and out he went, the beloved of mother and sisters, and the ideal of a New England youth:

"In face and shoulders like a god he was;
For o'er him had the goddess breathed the charm
Of youthful locks, the ruddy glow of youth,
A generous gladness in his eyes: such grace
As carver's hand to ivory gives, or when
Silver or Parian stone in yellow gold
Is set."

And when the drum beat, when the first martyr's blood sprinkled the stones of Baltimore, he took his place in the ranks and went forward. You remember his ingenious and glowing letters to his mother, written as if his pen were dipt in his very heart. How novel seemed to him the routine of service, the life of camp and march! How eager the wish to meet the enemy and strike his first blow for the good cause! What pride at the promotion that came and put its chevron on his arm or its strap upon his shoulders!

They took him prisoner. He wasted in Libby and grew

gaunt and haggard with the horror of his sufferings, and with pity for the greater horror of the sufferings of his comrades who fainted and died at his side. He tunneled the earth and escaped. Hungry and weak, in terror of recapture, he followed by night the pathway of the railroad. He slept in thickets and sank in swamps. He saw the glitter of horsemen who pursued him. He knew the bloodhound was on his track. He reached the line; and, with his hand grasping at freedom, they caught and took him back to his captivity. He was exchanged at last; and, you remember, when he came home on a short furlough, how manly and war-worn he had grown. But he soon returned to the ranks, and to the welcome of his comrades. They recall him now alike with tears and pride. In the rifle-pits around Petersburg you heard his steady voice and firm command. Some one who saw him then fancied that he seemed that day like one who forefelt the end. But there was no flinching as he charged. He had just turned to give a cheer when the fatal ball struck him. There was a convulsion of the upward hand. His eyes, pleading and loyal, turned their last glance to the flag. His lips parted. He fell dead, and at nightfall lay with his face to the stars. Home they brought him, fairer than Adonis over whom the goddess of beauty wept. They buried him in the village churchyard, under the green turf. Year by year his comrades and his kin, nearer than comrades, scattered his grave with flowers. Do you ask who he was? He was in every regiment and every company. He went out from every Massachusetts village. He sleeps in every Massachusetts burying-ground. Recall romance, recite the names of heroes of legend and song, but there is none that is his peer.

THE LANDING AT PLYMOUTH

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

Sir, I must say a word in connection with that event which we have assembled to commemorate. It has seemed fit to dwellers in New York, New Englanders by birth or descent, to form this society. They have formed it for the relief of the poor and distrest, and for the purpose of commemorating annually the great event of the settlement of the country from which they spring. It would be great presumption in me to go back to the scene of that settlement, or to attempt to exhibit it in any colors, after the exhibition made to-day; yet it is an event that, in all time since, and in all time to come, and more in time to come than in times past, must stand out in great and striking characteristics to the admiration of the world. The sun's return to his winter solstice, in 1620, is the epoch from which he dates his first acquaintance with the small people, now one of the happiest, and destined to be one of the greatest, that his rays fall upon; and his annual visitation, from that day to this, to our frozen region, has enabled him to see that progress, *progress*, was the characteristic of that small people. He has seen them from a handful, that one of his beams coming through a key-hole might illuminate, spread over a hemisphere which he can not enlighten under the slightest eclipse. Nor, tho this globe should revolve round him for tens of hundreds of thousands of years, will he see such another incipient colonization upon any part of this attendant upon his mighty orb. What else he may see in those other planets which revolve around him we can not tell; at least until we have tried the fifty-foot telescope which Lord Rosse is preparing for that purpose.

There is not, gentlemen, and we may as well admit it, in any history of the past, another epoch from which so many events have taken a turn; events which, while important to us, are equally important to the country from whence

we came. The settlement of Plymouth—concurring, I always wish to be understood, with that of Virginia—was the settlement of New England by colonies of Old England. Now, gentlemen, take these two ideas and run out the thoughts suggested by both. What has been, and what is to be, Old England? What has been, what is, and what may be, in the providence of God, *New England*, with her neighbors and associates? I would not dwell, gentlemen, with any particular emphasis upon the sentiment, which I nevertheless entertain, with respect to the great diversity in the races of men. I do not know how far in that respect I might not encroach on those mysteries of Providence which, while I adore, I may not comprehend; but it does seem to me to be very remarkable, that we may go back to the time when New England, or those who founded it, were *subtracted* from Old England; and both Old England and New England went on, nevertheless, in their mighty career of progress and power.

Let me begin with New England for a moment. What has resulted—embracing, as I say, the nearly contemporaneous settlement of Virginia—what has resulted from the planting upon this continent of two or three slender colonies from the mother country? Gentlemen, the great epitaph commemorative of the character and the worth, the discoveries and glory, of Columbus, was that he had *given a new world to the crowns of Castile and Aragon*. Gentlemen, this is a great mistake. It does not come up at all to the great merits of Columbus. He gave the territory of the southern hemisphere to the crowns of Castile and Aragon; but as a place for the plantation of colonies, as a place for the habitation of men, as a place to which laws and religion and manners and science were to be transferred, as a place in which the creatures of God should multiply and fill the earth, under friendly skies and with religious hearts, he gave it to the whole world, he gave it to universal man! From this seminal principle, and from a handful, a hundred saints, blest of God and ever honored of men, landed on the shores of Plymouth and elsewhere along the coast, united, as I have said already

more than once, in the process of time, with the settlement at Jamestown, has this great people of which we are a portion.

I do not reckon myself among quite the oldest of the land, and yet it so happens that very recently I recurred to an exulting speech or oration of my own, in which I spoke of my country as consisting of nine millions of people. I could hardly persuade myself that within the short time which had elapsed since that epoch, our population has doubled; and that at the present moment there does exist most unquestionably as great a probability of its continued progress, in the same ratio, as has ever existed in any previous time. I do not know whose imagination is fertile enough, I do not know whose conjectures, I may almost say, are wild enough to tell what may be the progress of wealth and population in the United States in half a century to come. All we know is, here is a people of from seventeen to twenty millions, intelligent, educated, freeholders, freemen, republicans, possess of all the means of modern improvement, modern science, arts, literature, with the world before them! There is nothing to check them till they touch the shores of the Pacific, and then, they are so much accustomed to water, that *that's* a facility, and no obstruction!

So much, gentlemen, for this branch of the English race; but what has happened, meanwhile, to England herself since the period of the departure of the Puritans from the coast of Lincolnshire, from the English Boston? Gentlemen, in speaking of the progress of English power, of English dominion and authority, from that period to the present, I shall be understood, of course, as neither entering into any defense or any accusation of the policy which has conducted her to her present state. As to the justice of her wars, the necessity of her conquests, the propriety of those acts by which she has taken possession of so great a portion of the globe, it is not the business of the present occasion to inquire. *Neque teneo, neque refello.* But I speak of them, or intend to speak of them, as facts of the most extraordinary character, unequalled in

the history of any nation on the globe, and the consequences of which may and must reach through a thousand generations. The Puritans left England in the reign of James the First. England herself had then become somewhat settled and established in the Protestant faith, and in the quiet enjoyment of property, by the previous energetic, long, and prosperous reign of Elizabeth. Her successor was James the Sixth of Scotland, now become James the First of England; and here was a union of the crowns, but not of the kingdoms—a very important distinction. Ireland was held by a military power, and one can not but see that at that day, whatever may be true or untrue in more recent periods of her history, Ireland was held by England by the two great potencies, the power of the sword and the power of confiscation. In other respects, England was nothing like the England we now behold. Her foreign possessions were quite inconsiderable. She had some hold on the West India Islands; she had Acadia, or Nova Scotia, which King James granted, by wholesale, for the endowment of the knights whom he created by hundreds. And what has been her progress? Did she then possess Gibraltar, the key to the Mediterranean? Was Malta hers? Were the Ionian Islands hers? Was the southern extremity of Africa, was the Cape of Good Hope hers? Were the whole of her vast possessions in India hers? Was the great Australian empire hers? While that branch of her population which followed the western star, and under its guidance committed itself to the duty of settling, fertilizing, and peopling an unknown wilderness in the West, were pursuing their destinies, other causes, providential doubtless, were leading English power eastward and southward, in consequence and by means of her naval prowess, and the extent of her commerce, until in our day we have seen that within the Mediterranean, on the western coast, and at the southern extremity of Africa, in Arabia, in hither India and farther India she has a population ten times as great as that of the British Isles two centuries ago. And recently, as we have witnessed—I will not say with how much truth and justice, policy or impolicy, I

do not speak at all of the morality of the action, I only speak of the fact—she has found admission into China, and has carried the Christian religion and the Protestant faith to the doors of three hundred millions of people.

It has been said that whosoever would see the Eastern world before it turns into a Western world must make his visit soon, because steamboats and omnibuses, commerce, and all the arts of Europe, are extending themselves from Egypt to Suez, from Suez to the Indian seas, and from the Indian seas all over the explored regions of the still farther East.

Now, gentlemen, I do not know what practical views or what practical results may take place from this great expansion of the power of the two branches of Old England. It is not for me to say. I only can see that on this continent all is to be Anglo-American from Plymouth Rock to the Pacific seas, from the North Pole to California. That is certain; and in the Eastern world, I only see that you can hardly place a finger on a map of the world, and be an inch from an English settlement.

Gentlemen, if there be anything in the supremacy of races, the experiment now in progress will develop it. If there be any truth in the idea that those who issued from the great Caucasian fountain, and spread over Europe, are to react on India and on Asia, and to act on the whole Western world, it may not be for us, nor our children, nor our grandchildren, to see it, but it will be for our descendants of some generation to see the extent of that progress and dominion of the favored races.

For myself, I believe there is no limit fit to be assigned to it by the human mind, because I find at work everywhere, on both sides of the Atlantic, under various forms and degrees of restriction on the one hand, and under various degrees of motive and stimulus on the other hand, in these branches of a common race, the great principle of the *freedom of human thought, and the respectability of individual character*. I find everywhere an elevation of the character of man as man, an elevation of the individual as a component part of society. I find everywhere a rebuke of

the idea that the many are made for the few, or that government is anything but an *agency* for mankind. And I care not beneath what zone, frozen, temperate, or torrid; I care not of what complexion, white or brown; I care not under what circumstances of climate or cultivation—if I can find a race of men on an inhabitable spot of earth whose general sentiment it is, and whose general feeling it is, that government is made for man—man, as a religious, moral, and social being—and not man for government, there I know that I shall find prosperity and happiness.

DIDACTIC SPEECHES

WORK AND HABITS

BY ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

Every man's problem is how to be effective. Consciously or unconsciously, the question you are asking yourself is, "How shall I make my strength count for most in this world of effort?" And this is the question which every one of us ought to ask himself. But not for the purpose of mere selfish gain: not to get money for the sake of money, or fame for the sake of fame, but for the sake of usefulness in the world; for the sake of helpfulness to those we love and of all humanity. Selfishness poisons all it touches, and makes all achievement dead-sea fruit which turns to ashes on the lips.

So the great question, "How shall I make the most of myself," which every worker in the world is asking, must be nobly asked, and therefore unselfishly asked if you would have it wisely answered. There are two words that solve this query of your destiny, and those two words are work and habits.

I know that I am addressing men who toil; and I have reached an age where I consider no one but workers worth while. But by those who toil, I do not mean only those who work with their hands. I mean those who work with their brain, as well. I mean the engineer who drives a locomotive, but also the inventor, who created it; the mason and mechanic who erects a building, and also the thoughtful man who conceived it, and the energetic man who made it possible; the printer who puts upon the page the words of useful books, but also the poet who dreams the dreams that printer reproduces, the novelist who enchants our weary hours, the economist who in-

structs us in the facts of life and the duties of citizenship, and all of that glorious company of brain workers who uplift, make pure, and glorify humanity. I mean the farmer who sows and reaps, but also the miller who, with his earned capital grinds the farmer's products into food for the feeding of the people. I mean the banker as much as the drayman; the physician as much as the street-car motorman; the statesman who honestly and faithfully labors to make this nation better, as much as the section hand. In short, I mean every man who with mind or muscle toils at the tasks which our mutual needs bring to each one of us.

The first thing necessary to the doing of good work is that the man who does it shall love his work. Lasting work means loving work. The greatest cathedral on earth is that at Chartres, in France. No man knows its architect or its builders. It was erected according to plans devised by holy men who cared nothing for their own glory, but cared everything for the glory of Him whose servants they were. It was built by thousands of artizans, who came from all over France and gave their services without price, and even without record, as a matter of worship. The materials were furnished by tens of thousands of peasants, and each stone they contributed was consecrated by prayer and swung to position with the power of a divine affection. And so the cathedral at Chartres stands, and will forever stand, as the highest type of sacred architecture the world has ever known. Such devotion to our daily tasks is not possible to any of us in the hurried and harried civilization of to-day. We must have bread; we must fill our home with the necessities and comforts of life; our first business is to make our loved ones happy. Wages, profits, and all kinds of money reward for all we do is absolutely necessary. Yet those wages and profits will be higher if we are in love with the work which brings them to us. They will not only be greater, but every cent of them will add to our lives a sweetness and fragrance which the pay that is earned by an unwilling worker never brings. The man who is in love with his work, his reward goes further in its

purchasing power than the man who hates the task that brings him his livelihood. The well-earned dollar is a wise dollar; the badly-gotten dollar is a foolish dollar.

Fall in love with your work—that is the first rule for doing your work well. It is also the golden rule of happiness. Fall in love with your work, and your labor will bring you joy as well as money.

All the happiness this life affords is found in three things; first, a true relation to God; second, the care of other people; third, the doing with all your might work which you love to do. There is no true and lasting happiness possible from any other source. Neglect God, care nothing for other people, despise your work; and wealth will buy you nothing but misery—power will bring you nothing but heartache. Build your life upon these three foundations and you build your house upon a rock. Build your life on disbelief in God, on selfishness to others, on hatred of your own work—and you build your house upon the sand.

Every man can be in love with his work if he will always think of how well he can do that work, and not how easily he can do it. Let every one of us, as we go about our daily tasks, keep saying to himself every moment: "I am going to do my work so well to-day that to-night I will congratulate myself upon it." That is the way to get others to congratulate you upon it. Win your own intelligent approval in the doing of your work and you will also win the honest approval of your fellow men. And when a man intelligently approves of himself, and his fellow men approve of him, he has made his daily toil yield not only money, but also the sweetest fruit of life.

Never say to yourself that your work is too hard; say to yourself instead, "I will do it so well that the very doing of it will make it easy," and never forget that the only real way to do your work easily is to do it well. Never pity yourself. Self-pity begins a sickness of the soul from which few recover. Never undervalue yourself. Believe in yourself. Believe that you can do your work well, and then make good. Never doubt yourself. Faith in one's

self unlocks those hidden powers that all of us have, but so few of us use. Every man and woman has undeveloped strength undreamed of until emergencies call it forth. Every one of us has been surprized at how much we can do, and how well we can do it, when we have to do it.

Never wait for these emergencies to call out the might within you. Realize your assets every day. God has made an investment in every one of us; shall we go to Him when our life is done, giving Him a return upon that investment? When He invested in you He meant that you should pay Him dividends in the betterment of the world, and helpfulness to your fellow men. You can do this only by your best work. And your best work is possible only by faith in yourself and by love of your work.

The second practical rule for doing good work yourself is to appreciate and praise the good work of others. Never envy anybody. Jealousy in the man who spends his strength envying the good work of another man will have little strength left to do good work himself. Get the habit of happiness over other people's success. Practise praising the work of others. It will make your fellow man happy, but it will make you happier than it makes him. It will encourage him, but it will encourage you more.

In public life, when a man, whether friend or enemy, makes a good fight for a good law or against a bad one, or takes a stand for righteousness, or delivers an effective speech for a noble cause, I make it a point to praise that man, not only to the world and to himself, but to praise him in the secret councils of my own soul. I do this as a matter, first, of justice, and, second, of my own spiritual and moral strengthening. When in my own conscience as well as to other people, I praise that man's achievement, I have made my mind and soul stronger for doing my own work; I have fortified my spirit for making my own fights.

But if in my heart I hate him for having done this thing well, I have weakened myself for the doing of my own tasks. I have lessened my own courage for the battles

I must wage. The man who secretly envies the good work of a fellow man, secretly despises himself. Jealousy of a fellow workman means paralysis of your own powers. I said that I praise good work, whether done by friend or enemy; but if any man is my enemy, he must do all the hating—for I am too busy to be anybody's enemy. I have no time for hatred.

On the other hand, every one of us should fearlessly condemn bad work and rebuke the bad workman. The man who slights his work; the contractor who uses bad materials when he is paid for good; the public man who neglects to study and master the questions the people have commissioned him to solve; the banker who gambles with other people's money instead of faithfully guarding it; the lawyer who takes a client's fee and does not painstakingly prepare his case; the editor who deceives the people in the interest of the owner of his paper—in short, every man and woman who accepts wages, profits, salary, or any reward for doing work, and then does that work as cheaply or as falsely as possible instead of as thoroughly and as well as possible, should be denounced by all good workmen. Such people are frauds; and frauds are the evil weeds of human effort. They should be exterminated as the farmer exterminates the cockle-burs growing among his corn, and taking from the earth that nourishment which should go into the golden ear.

Jesus had no unkind word for any human being except for such people as this. You will find in all His teachings nothing but love for every man and woman, except only hypocrites. These he scourges with words of wrath.

Rules for good work fail without good habits. Habit is the most powerful influence in human life. Shakespeare makes Hamlet say that "Habit is a second nature." Look to your habits as you would look to your life, or your honor; for habits hold both life and honor. More men fail in their adventures; more neglect of public duty results; more bad work of every kind is produced by bad habits than by any other cause.

Good habits are the physical basis of good work, just

as the love of the work is its soul. Ruskin says that no immortal work has been done in the world since tobacco was discovered. Of course, this is not true, but the meaning behind it is true. No man can be at his best whose brain is inflamed by drink, or whose nerves are shaken by narcotics. And you must be at your best. More and more other men are determining to be at their best. If every man is not at his best, it is his own fault. Never blame other people for your misfortunes. There is such a thing as luck, and sometimes men seem pursued by evil fortune; but generally speaking, we are the architects of our own failures.

In one of Maeterlinck's wonderful stories he tells of a powerful man of the middle ages who conceived great plans and executed them, but always with difficulty. Frequently he almost failed, and succeeded only by superhuman effort. Finally he found that a secret enemy was always working against his most careful plans, neutralizing his most strenuous exertions. As the years passed, he determined to find and destroy this enemy. Life was not worth living with this hidden foe forever encircling him with difficulties. One evening he went for a walk. He saw another man approaching him. By that strange instinct which warns us of danger, he knew that this man was his lifelong enemy. He resolved to kill him. As he approached, he observed that this man wore a mask. But conscious that this was the antagonist of his life, he said, as they met: "You are the man who from my youth till now has been pursuing me, thwarting me, almost defeating me. I mean to kill you, but I will give you a chance for your life. Draw and defend yourself." The stranger said, as he drew his sword, "I am at your service, but first see who it is that you would fight." He removed his mask, and the man stood *before himself*.

This fable is true of every one of us. More—as his own enemy a man multiplies himself. Where you think an enemy has injured you, look closely, and nine times out of ten you will find yourself in some evil guise. But oftenest you will find yourself in the form of your habits.

If there is any evil in us, bad habits will develop it. And there is evil in all of us. *Put your strength to the test, but never your weakness.* Dare to try the apparently impossible tasks if they are tasks for good; never fear failure—all the world loves a good loser; and when you fall in the right, your defeat is only the beginning of final victory. But fly from the easier thing that is wrong; no man knows how far he can withstand it. And remember that we never get so old that the seeds of wickedness will not sprout and grow, and bear the fruit of ruin, if watered and nourished by bad habits.

Day by day civilization is demanding more of each one of us—more that is pure and strong. Twentieth-century society tolerates no weakness, no taint in individual workers. To-day every man must be above suspicion. Each one of us must be proof against calumny. Everybody is lied about—sometimes by envy, sometimes by ignorance. Never resent a falsehood about yourself—after all, it is a test of reputation. Let your life, not your words be your rebuke of slander. No man with bad habits can do good work. Every man's work speaks for him or against him. Be superior to slander by doing well your work day in and day out, and remember that perfect habits are necessary to perfect work.

No man with bad habits can do much work of any kind, or any work of a good kind. Look at a man's work if you would know his habits. A man's habits are known by the work he does. The surest way, but one, of keeping your habits clean is to carefully watch the beginnings of bad habits. For a bad habit has a velvet foot. It steals upon one softly, unawares. First it charms, next masters, then destroys you. In the moral philosophy which I studied in college, this illustration was given: "Neglect your conscience for only two weeks, and it begins to disappear; obey its faintest whisper for two weeks, and it becomes as delicate as a woman's blush."

The supreme enemy of bad habits is religion. I do not mean this is necessary. I have known good men who were not religious, and bad men who pretended to be religious.

But the man who in his heart of hearts as well as in his daily walk believes and practises the Christian faith, is helped by a power outside of himself and above himself. His whole moral being is vitalized. I do not pretend to say this, so much from experience—I wish I might—but I do say it with all my might from observation. The wisdom of Aurelius, Epictetus, Confucius, is a tonic to the soul; but the words of Jesus are life itself. As a mere matter of practical success in life; as a mere method of making the most out of himself, I would rather have a son, brother, or friend become a thorough-going Christian than to have any other single good fortune come to him.

I do not mean that a man shall be religious with his intellect only. It is not enough that he shall be a Christian in his mind alone. *Get your Christianity into your blood.* Such a Christian can not do poor work or dishonest work—to such a Christian such work would not only be a fraud upon his employer, but a betrayal of his God. The man who has his Christianity in his blood can not have bad habits—to such a Christian bad habits would be not only an injustice to himself and a wrong to wife and children, but they would be an insult to the Master.

“What,” said Victor Hugo, “is the grandest thing in the world? The midst of the ocean on a cloudless night. And what is grander than that? The starry heavens. What is grander than the starry heavens? The soul of man.” And it is this soul of man, the noblest thing in all the universe, to which the Christian religion speaks. It is to lift ever upward the soul of man that all the world’s saints, statesmen, and heroes have prayed, and thought, and perished. It is to make free and give wings to the soul of man that this Christian civilization exists. That men and women shall be better, nobler, every day, that happiness shall be greater; that our country and the world shall steadily become a lovelier place to live in; that righteousness shall prevail is, after all, the purpose of all progress.

No agent for human upliftment is more vigorous than the Young Men’s Christian Association. It links arms with each one of us and gives us the human touch of clean-

handed, high-minded, pure-hearted men: and therefore the divine touch itself. Its work is personified in that natural leader of men and devoted servant of our Master, the secretary of the Indianapolis Association, Arthur H. Godard. With men like him to help us, let us go calmly, steadily forward, making the American people a nation whose God is the Lord—a nation which shall be the first power for righteousness.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Delivered in New York, April 30, 1789

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and of the House of Representatives:

Among the vicissitudes incident to life, no event could have filled me with greater anxieties than that of which the notification was transmitted by your order, and received on the fourth day of the present month. On the one hand, I was summoned by my country, whose voice I can never hear but with veneration and love, from a retreat which I had chosen with the fondest predilection, and, in my flattering hopes, with an immutable decision as the asylum of my declining years; a retreat which was rendered every day more necessary as well as more dear to me, by the addition of habit to inclination, and of frequent interruptions in my health to the gradual waste committed on it by time; on the other hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me being sufficient to awaken, a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies. In this conflict of emotions, all I dare aver is that it has been my faithful study to collect my duty from a just

appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected. All I dare hope is, that if, in executing this task, I have been too much swayed by a grateful remembrance of former instances, or by an affectionate sensibility to this transcendent proof of the confidence of my fellow citizens, and have thence too little consulted my incapacity as well as disinclination for the weighty and untried cares before me, my error will be palliated by the motives which misled me, and its consequences be judged by my country, with some share of the partiality in which they originated.

Such being the impression under which I have, in obedience to the public summons, repaired to the present station, it would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being, who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute, with success, the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own; nor those of my fellow citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. And, in the important revolution just accomplished, in the system of their united government, the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities, from which the event has resulted, can not be compared with the means by which most governments have been established, without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seems to presage. These

reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppress. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.

By the article establishing the Executive Department, it is made the duty of the President "to recommend to your consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." The circumstances under which I now meet you will acquit me from entering into that subject further than to refer you to the great constitutional charter under which we are assembled; and which, in defining your powers, designates the objects to which your attention is to be given. It will be more consistent with those circumstances, and far more congenial with the feelings which actuate me, to substitute, in place of a recommendation of particular measures, the tribute that is due to the talents, the rectitude, and the patriotism which adorn the characters selected to devise and adopt them. In these honorable qualifications, I behold the surest pledges, that as, on one side, no local prejudices or attachments, no separate views nor party animosities, will misdirect the comprehensive and equal eye which ought to watch over this great assemblage of communities and interests—so, on another, that the foundations of our national policy will be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality; and the preeminence of a free government be exemplified by all the attributes which can win the affections of its citizens and command the respect of the world.

I dwell on this prospect with every satisfaction which an ardent love for my country can inspire; since there is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists, in the economy and course of nature, an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness—between duty and advantage—between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity—since we ought to be no less persuaded that the propitious smiles of heaven can never be

expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which heaven itself has ordained—and since the preservation of the sacred fire of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government, are justly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally staked, on the experiment intrusted to the hands of the American people.

Besides the ordinary objects submitted to your care, it will remain with your judgment to decide how far an exercise of the occasional power delegated by the fifth article of the Constitution is rendered expedient, at the present juncture, by the nature of objections which have been urged against the system, or by the degree of inquietude which has given birth to them. Instead of undertaking particular recommendations on this subject, in which I could be guided by no lights derived from official opportunities, I shall again give way to my entire confidence in your discernment and pursuit of the public good. For I assure myself that, while you carefully avoided every alteration which might endanger the benefits of a united and effective government, or which ought to await the future lessons of experience, a reverence for the characteristic rights of freemen and a regard for the public harmony will sufficiently influence your deliberations on the question how far the former can be more impreguably fortified, or the latter be safely and more advantageously promoted.

To the preceding observations I have one to add, which will be most properly addrest to the House of Representatives. It concerns myself, and will, therefore, be as brief as possible.

When I was first honored with a call into the service of my country, then on the eve of an arduous struggle for its liberties, the light in which I contemplated my duty required that I should renounce every pecuniary compensation. From this resolution I have in no instance departed. And being still under the impressions which produced it, I must decline, as inapplicable to myself, any share in the personal emoluments which may be indispensably included in a permanent provision for the Executive

Department; and must accordingly pray that the pecuniary estimates for the station in which I am placed may, during my continuation in it, be limited to such actual expenditures as the public good may be thought to require.

Having thus imparted to you my sentiments, as they have been awakened by the occasion which brings us together, I shall take my present leave, but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that, since He has been pleased to favor the American people with opportunities for deliberating in perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity, on a form of government for the security of their union and the advancement of their happiness, so His divine blessing may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures on which the success of this government must depend.

A TALK TO GRADUATES*

One of the greatest figures of mythology, you remember, was Prometheus, who brought fire from heaven that men of skill and industry might begin their long journey toward truth and power. He was the fire-bringer. Every great or useful man and woman since his time has been a light-bearer; and the rank of a man depends on the clarity and power of light which shines from him on his fellows and his time. As we look back over the long course of history, we are able to see the way by which we have come, because so many men and women have lighted the darkness of ignorance. As you approach a great city, there is first a faint glow on the horizon, then a kindling brightness; then long lines of fire rise into view, and presently the splendor of the city is before you. Looking back from the brightness of to-day, we can trace the waxing light to its far beginnings, as the long lines recede and grow fainter

* By kind permission of *The Outlook*, New York.

against the darkness. We can see the lamps lighted in the valley of the Euphrates thousands of years ago; the kindling of the lights in the valley of the Nile; the glory of the Light of the World as it revealed itself in Judea; the splendor that streamed from Athens across half the globe, across our time, shining to the very end of the ages; the powerful ray that fell from Rome; the flaming of the torches of Florence and Venice; the lighting of the lamps at the earliest universities, at Salamanca, Salerno, Bologna, Paris, Oxford, Cambridge. The first intimation of the New World to its discoverer was a faint point of light on its shore; now, from Cambridge, on the Atlantic, to the University of California, at the Golden Gate, the torch of knowledge has passed until there is a line of fire across the continent.

These lights have been kindled with infinite toil and self-denial; they have been fed with sacrifice, aspiration, heroic work, with beautiful and unfailing courage. Many torches have been kindled by them, and in turn have augmented their splendor. This it is which gives the famous schools their hold on the imagination of the world, and makes lesser schools dear to our hearts—they are all homes of light. Every school is a torch from which other torches are to be fired. Generation after generation dips its torches in the fire and goes its way down to the future to make the highway brighter for those who come after.

To-day there are lamps in all our hands; but some are faint and intermittent, like the glowworms on a summer night, and others shine like the stars. The great and beautiful spirits have very radiant spirits. Dante was "a spiritual splendor;" and there are many over whose ashes might well be written that greatest of epitaphs which marks the grave of Fichte, in the cemetery at Berlin: "The wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever." The prophets, saints, martyrs, poets, and teachers, heroes of science, makers of states, men of genius and character in affairs, helpers of their kind—these are the torch-bearers of the past. You have been lighting and

feeding your lamps. Shall they flicker faintly in the wind of destiny, or shall they shine with a steady glow, fanned into a clearer flame by the adverse winds of the world? These lamps in your hands are not to be filled with knowledge alone; they are to be fed by the most precious things of life; and each age pours in its own oil, beaten out of its innermost life as the oil is beaten out of the olive.

Soft and clear shines the lamp of childhood, fed by obedience and joy, the one distilled from the other; for it is out of obedience that joy comes, not, as so many people think to their tragic loss, from doing as one chooses and having one's way. Every joy has its source in obedience. The greatest torch-bearer in the world of the last century was, perhaps, Charles Darwin; the light which he held aloft shone farther and brought more new fields of knowledge into view than any other light held by any other man. Charles Darwin was obedient to his task; a half-invalid, self-denyingly, with the utmost concentration, treading that lonely path of observation, meditation, and study which enabled him at last, feeding his torch with the very substance of his life, to hold it aloft until it became one of the splendid flames of the world. So Father Damien, one of the great company of priests who at the ends of the world are laying down their lives with gladness and joy, feeding the light with sacrifice, gave himself to the service of lepers, to become a leper himself; to whom fame came, as it always comes most beautifully to those who do not seek it. There is not an artist, a statesman, a preacher, or a prophet of our time who has not trod the pathway of obedience.

The lamp of obedience burns low to-day, and especially in this country. The noble movement toward freedom of the last century which has liberated half the world from political oppression, and is fast liberating the other half, has delivered us from slavery to unreal and superstitious ideas of God and nature, and has lifted from the race the shadow of that distorted image of the Infinite Father which rested like a cloud over so many generations, like every great movement, has been carried so far that some

of us have come to think that our will is the only law, and have forgotten that noble text of Tennyson's, "Our wills are ours to make them thine."

The old path of obedience and submission for the sake of the higher and finer things is the only pathway to joy. The lawbreakers who put their impulses in place of the will of the Infinite always make ready for some tragedy. Read the modern novel or the drama of the last twenty years, and you will see how the pursuit of happiness without regard to the higher law or to the rights of others always bears its fruits in tragedy! The other day a distinguished and venerable painter, in answer to the question whether he waited for the happy mood, said: "Never. I always keep at work, and when the impulse comes, it finds me ready and obedient." Ready and obedient! How many times it happens that a young man starting out in some profession feels that for the present he will give himself freedom from hard work, but that when the critical moment comes and his hand is on the door of opportunity, then he will make himself ready! A man's hand is never on the door of opportunity unless it is a hand already made strong to push back that door, and enter and take possession. Opportunity is never used save by the man who is ready and obedient. This is the secret of joy: Keep your wills in subjection to the higher will; subject yourselves to the law of self-sacrifice and self-control in order that out of that apprenticeship which we are all serving in this world there may be born that mastery the prophecy of which is on every faculty of man's nature. So far as genius brings out fully its wonderful treasures, it is always by obedience to the laws of health and life. So far as sweetness and strength flower in human character, it is always out of the soil of obedience.

THE TRAINING OF INTELLECT

BY WOODROW WILSON

MR. TOASTMASTER, MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN:—I must confess to you that I came here with very serious thoughts this evening; because I have been laboring under the conviction for a long time that the object of a university is to educate, and because I am disturbed by the fact that I have not seen the universities of this country achieving any remarkable or disconcerting success in that direction. I have found everywhere the note which, I must say, I have heard sounded again once or twice to-night—a note of apology for the intellectual side of the university. You hear it at all universities. Learning is on the defensive, is actually on the defensive, among college men; and they are being asked by way of concession to bring that also within the circle of their interests.

Is it not time we stopt asking indulgence for learning and proclaimed its sovereignty? Is it not time we reminded the college men of this country that they have no right to any distinctive place in any community, unless they can show that they have earned a right to take it by intellectual achievement? that if a university is a place for distinction at all, it must be distinguished by the conquests of the mind? I, for my part, tell you plainly that that is my motto, and I have entered the field to fight for that thesis, and that for that thesis only do I care to fight.

The toastmaster of the evening said, and said truly, that this is the season when, for me, it was most difficult to break away from the regular engagements in which I am necessarily involved at home. But when I was invited to a Phi Beta Kappa banquet, it had an unusual sound. I felt that that was the particular kind of invitation which it was my duty and privilege to accept. One of the problems of the American university now is how, among a great many other competing interests, to give a position of distinction to men who win distinction in the class-room. Why don't we give the first scholars of the college the 'varsity Y here

and the P at Princeton? Because, after all, you have done the particular thing which should distinguish Yale or Princeton. Not that other things are not worth doing, but they may be done anywhere. They may be done in athletic clubs, where there is no study; but this thing can be done only here. This is the distinctive mark of the place.

A good many years ago, just two weeks before the mid-year examinations, the faculty of Princeton was foolish enough to permit a very unwise evangelist to come to the place and to upset the town. And while an undergraduate enthusiast was going from room to room to get the men out to the meetings, he found one door securely fastened, and upon it this notice: "I am a Christian, and studying for examinations." Now, I want to say that that was exactly what a Christian undergraduate ought to have been doing at that time of the year. He ought not to have been attending religious meetings, no matter how beneficial that would be to him. He ought to have been studying for examinations, not merely for the purpose of passing them, but from a sense of bounden duty.

We get a good many men at Princeton from certain secondary schools, which say a great deal about their earnest desire to cultivate character among their students, and I hear a great deal about character being the object of education. I take leave to believe that a man who cultivates his character consciously will cultivate nothing except what will make him intolerable to his fellow men. If your object in life is to make a fine fellow of yourself, you will not succeed, and you will not be acceptable to really fine fellows. Character, gentlemen, is a by-product. It comes, whether you will or not, as a consequence of a life devoted to the nearest duty, and the place in which character is successfully cultivated, if it be a place of study, is a place where study is the object and character the result.

Not long ago a gentleman approached me in great excitement, just after the entrance examinations. He said we had made a great mistake in not taking in so and so

from a certain school which he named. "But," I said, "he did not pass the entrance examinations." He went over the boy's moral excellences again. "Pardon me," I said, "you do not understand. He did not pass the entrance examinations. I beg you to understand that if the Angel Gabriel applied for admission to Princeton University and could not pass the entrance examinations, he would not be admitted. He would be wasting his time." It seemed a new idea to him. The boy he spoke of had come from a school which cultivated character, and he was a fine, lovable fellow, with a presentable character. Therefore he ought to be admitted to any university? I fail to see it from that point of view, for a university is an institution of purpose. We have in some previous years had pity for young gentlemen who were not sufficiently acquainted with the elements of a preparatory course. They have been dropt at the mid-year examinations, and I have always felt that we had been guilty of an offense against good sense—that we have made their parents spend money to no avail and the youngsters themselves spend their time to no avail.

And so I think that all university men ought to rouse themselves now and understand what is the object of a university. The object of a university is intellectual training; as a university its only object is intellectual training. Among a body of young men there ought to be other things also; there ought to be diversions to release them from the constant strain of effort, there ought to be things that gladden the heart and many happy moments of leisure; but as a university, our only object is intellect.

The reason why I chose the subject that I am permitted to speak upon to-night—the function of scholarship—was that I wanted to point out the function of scholarship not merely in the university, but in the nation. In a country constituted as ours is, the relation in which education stands to the general life of the people is a very important one. Our whole theory of government has been based upon an enlightened citizenship, and therefore the function of scholarship must be for the nation as well as for the

university itself. I mean the function of such scholarship as undergraduates get. That is not a violent amount in any case. You can not make a scholar of a man, except by some largess of Providence in his make-up, by the time he is twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. There have been gentlemen who have made a reputation by twenty-one or twenty-two, but it is generally in some little province of knowledge, so small that a small effort can conquer it. You do not make scholars by that time; you do not often make scholars by seventy that are worth boasting of. The process of scholarship, so far as the real scholar is concerned, is an unending process, and knowledge is pushed forward only a very little by his best efforts. It is evident, of course, that the most you can contribute to a man in his undergraduate years is not the complete equipment in exact knowledge which is characteristic of the scholar, but the inspiration of the spirit of scholarship. The most that you can give a youngster is the spirit of the scholar.

Now, the spirit of the scholar in a country like ours must be a spirit related to the national life. It can not, therefore, be a spirit of pedantry. I suppose that it is a sufficient working conception of pedantry to say that it is knowledge divorced from life. It is knowledge so closeted, so desiccated, so stript of the significances of life, that it is a thing apart and not connected with the vital processes in the world about us. There is a great place in every nation for the spirit of scholarship, and it seems to me that there never was a time when the spirit of scholarship was more needed in affairs than it is in this country at this time. But there is no place for pedantry.

We are thinking just now with our emotions and not with our minds; we are moved by impulse, and not by judgment. We are drawing away from things with blind antipathy. The spirit of knowledge is this, that you must base your conclusions on adequate grounds. Make sure that you are going to the real sources of knowledge, discovering what the real facts are before you move forward to the next process, which is the process of clear thinking. By clear thinking I do not mean logical thinking. I do

not mean that life is based upon any logical system whatever. Life is essentially illogical. The world is governed by a tumultuous house of commons made up of the passions, and we should pray God that the good passions should outvote the bad passions. But the movement of impulse, of motive, is the stuff of passion, and therefore clear thinking about life is not logical, symmetrical thinking; it is interpretative thinking, thinking that sees the secret motive of things, thinking that penetrates to the deep places where are the pulses of life. Scholarship ought to lay these impulses bare, just as the physician can lay bare the seat of life in our bodies. That is not scholarship which goes to work upon the mere formal pedantry of logical reasoning, but that is scholarship which searches for the heart of a man.

The spirit of scholarship gives us also catholicity of thinking, the readiness to understand that there will constantly swing into our ken new items not dreamed of in our philosophy; the readiness not simply to draw our conclusion from the data that we have, but also to understand that all this is under constant mutation, and that therefore new phases of life will come upon us and a new adjustment of our conclusions will be necessary. Our thinking must be detached and disinterested thinking.

The particular objection that I have to the undergraduate's forming his course of study on his future profession is this—that from start to finish, from the time he enters the university until he finishes his career, his thought will be centered upon particular interests. He will be immersed in the things that touch his profit and loss, and a man is not free to think inside that territory. If his bread and butter are going to be affected, if he is always thinking in the terms of his own profession, he is not thinking for the nation. He is thinking of himself; and, whether he be conscious of it or not, he can never throw these trammels off. He will only think as a doctor, or as a lawyer, or as a banker. He will not be free in the world of knowledge and in the vast circle of interests which make up the great citizenship of the country. It is necessary that the

spirit of scholarship should be a detached, disinterested spirit, not immersed in a particular interest. That is the function of scholarship in a country like ours, to supply, not heat but light, to suffuse things with the calm radiance of reason, to see to it that men do not act hastily, but that they act considerately, that they obey the truth.

The fault of our age is the fault of hasty action, of premature judgments, of a preference for ill-considered action over no action at all. Men who insist upon standing still and doing a little thinking before they do any acting are called reactionaries. They want, in fact, merely to react to a state in which they can be allowed to think. They want for a little while to withdraw from the turmoil of party controversy and see where they stand before they commit themselves and their country to action from which it may not be possible to withdraw.

The whole fault of the modern age is that it applies to everything a false standard of efficiency. Efficiency with us is accomplishment, whether the accomplishment be by just and well-considered means or not; and this standard of achievement it is that is debasing the morals of our age, the intellectual morals of our age. We do not stop to do things thoroughly; we do not stop to know why we do things. We see an error and we hastily correct it by a greater error; and then go on to cry that the age is corrupt.

And so it is, gentlemen, that I try in my thought to join the function of the university with the great function of the national life. The life of this country is going to be revolutionized and purified only when the universities of this country wake up to the fact that their only reason for existing is intellectual, that the objects that I have set forth, so far as undergraduate life is concerned, are the only legitimate objects. And every man should crave for his university primacy in these things, primacy in other things also if they may be brought in without enmity to it, but the sacrifice of everything that stands in the way of these.

For my part, I do not believe that it is athleticism which

stands in the way. Athletics have been associated with the achievements of the mind in many a successful civilization. There is no difficulty in uniting vigor of body with achievement of mind, but there is a good deal of difficulty in uniting the achievement of the mind with a thousand distracting social influences, which take up all our ambitions, which absorb all our thoughts, which lead to all our arrangements of life, and leave the university authorities the residuum of our attention, after we are through with the things that we are really interested in. We absolutely changed the whole course of study at Princeton and revolutionized the methods of instruction without rousing a ripple on the surface of the body of the alumni. They said that those things were intellectual, were our business. But just so soon as we thought to touch the social part of the university, there was not only a ripple, but the whole body was torn to its depths. We had touched the real things. These lay in triumphal competition with the province of the mind, and men's attention was so absolutely absorbed in them that it was impossible for us to get their interest enlisted on the real undertakings of the university itself.

That is true of every university I know anything about in this country; and if the faculties in this country want to recapture the ground they have lost, they must begin pretty soon, and they must go into the battle with their bridges burned behind them, so that it will be of no avail to retreat. If I had a voice to which all the university men of this country would listen, that is the endeavor to which my ambition would lead me to call.

EULOGISTIC SPEECHES

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

You ask that which he found a piece of property and turned into a free American citizen—to speak to you to-night on Abraham Lincoln. I am not fitted by ancestry or training to be your teacher to-night, for, as I have stated, I was born a slave.

My first knowledge of Abraham Lincoln came in this way: I was awakened early one morning before the dawn of day, as I lay wrapt in a bundle of rags on the dirt floor of our slave cabin, by the prayers of my mother, just before leaving for her day's work, as she was kneeling over my body, earnestly praying that Abraham Lincoln might succeed, and that one day she and her boy might be free. You give me the opportunity here this evening to celebrate with you and the nation the answer to that prayer.

Says the Great Book somewhere, "Tho a man die, yet shall he live." If this is true of the ordinary man, how much more true is it of the hero of the hour and the hero of the century—Abraham Lincoln! One hundred years of the life and influence of Lincoln is the story of the struggles, the trials, ambitions, and triumphs of the people of our complex American civilization. Interwoven into the warp and woof of this human complexity is the moving story of men and women of nearly every race and color in their progress from slavery to freedom, from poverty to wealth, from weakness to power, from ignorance to intelligence. Knit into the life of Abraham Lincoln is the story and success of the nation in the blending of all tongues, religions, colors, races, into one composite nation, leaving each group and race free to live its own separate social life, and yet all a part of the great whole.

If a man die, shall he live? Answering this question as applied to our martyred President, perhaps you expect me to confine my words of appreciation to the great boon which, through him, was conferred upon my race. My undying gratitude and that of ten millions of my race for this and yet more! To have been the instrument used by Providence through which four millions of slaves, now grown into ten millions of free citizens, were made free, would bring eternal fame within itself, but this is not the only claim that Lincoln has upon our sense of gratitude and appreciation.

By the side of Armstrong and Garrison, Lincoln lives to-day. In the very highest sense he lives in the present more potently than fifty years ago, for that which is seen is temporal, that which is unseen is eternal. He lives in the 32,000 young men and women of the negro race learning trades and successful occupations; in the 200,000 farms acquired by those he freed; in the more than 400,000 homes built; in the forty-six banks established and 10,000 stores owned; in the \$550,000,000 worth of taxable property in hand; in the 28,000 public schools existing with 30,000 teachers; in the 170 industrial schools and colleges; in the 23,000 ministers and 26,000 churches. But, above all, this, he lives in the steady and unalterable determination of ten millions of black citizens to continue to climb year by year the ladder of the highest usefulness and to perfect themselves in strong, robust character. For making all this possible Lincoln lives.

But, again, for a higher reason he lives to-night in every corner of the Republic. To set the physical man free is much. To set the spiritual man free is more. So often the keeper is on the inside of the prison bars and the prisoner on the outside.

As an individual, grateful as I am to Lincoln for freedom of body, my gratitude is still greater for freedom of soul—the liberty which permits one to live up in that atmosphere where he refuses to permit sectional or racial hatred to drag down, to warp and narrow his soul.

The signing of the Emancipation Proclamation was a

great event, and yet it was but the symbol of another, still greater, and more momentous. We who celebrate this anniversary should not forget that that same pen which gave freedom to four millions of African slaves, at the same time struck the shackles from the souls of twenty-seven millions of Americans of another color.

In any country, regardless of what its laws say, wherever people act upon the idea that the disadvantage of one man is the good of another, there slavery exists. Wherever in any country the whole people feel that the happiness of all is dependent upon the happiness of the weakest, there freedom exists.

In abolishing slavery, Lincoln proclaimed the principle that, even in the case of the humblest and weakest of mankind, the welfare of each is still the good of all. In re-establishing in this country the principle that, at bottom, the interests of humanity and of the individual are one, he freed men's souls from spiritual bondage; he freed them to mutual helpfulness. Henceforth no man of any race, either in the North or in the South, need feel constrained to fear or hate his brother.

By the same token that Lincoln made America free, he pushed back the boundaries of freedom, and fair play will never cease to spread and grow in power till throughout the world all men shall know the truth, and the truth shall make them free.

Lincoln in his day was wise enough to recognize that which is true in the present, and for all time: that in a state of slavery and ignorance man renders the lowest and most costly form of service to his fellows. In a state of freedom and enlightenment he renders the highest and most helpful form of service.

The world is fast learning that of all forms of slavery there is none that is so hurtful and degrading as that form of slavery which tempts one human being to hate another by reason of his race or color. One man can not hold another man down in the ditch without remaining down in the ditch with him. One who goes through life with his eyes closed against all that is good in another race is weak-

ened and circumscribed, as one who fights in a battle with one hand tied behind him. Lincoln was in the truest sense great because he unfettered himself. He climbed up out of the valley, where his vision was narrowed and weakened by the fog and miasma, onto the mountain top, where in a pure and unclouded atmosphere he could see the truth which enabled him to rate all men at their true worth. Growing out of this anniversary season and atmosphere, may there crystallize a resolve throughout the nation that on such a mountain the American people will strive to live.

We owe, then, to Lincoln physical freedom, moral freedom, and yet this is not all. There is a debt of gratitude which we, as individuals, no matter of what race or nation, must recognize as due Abraham Lincoln—not for what he did as Chief Executive of the nation, but for what he did as a man. In this rise from the most abject poverty and ignorance to a position of high usefulness and power, he taught the world one of the greatest of all lessons. In fighting his own battle up from obscurity and squalor, he fought the battle of every other individual and race that is down, and so helped to pull up every human being who was down. People so often forget that by every inch that the lowest man crawls up, he makes it easier for every other man to get up. To-day, throughout the world, because Lincoln lived, struggled, and triumphed, every boy who is ignorant, is in poverty, is despised or discouraged, holds his head a little higher. His heart beats a little faster, his ambition to do something and be something is a little stronger, because Lincoln blazed the way.

To my race, the life of Abraham Lincoln has its special lesson at this point in our career. In so far as his life emphasizes dogged determination and courage; courage to avoid the superficial, courage to persistently seek the substance instead of the shadow, it points the road for my people to travel.

As a race we are learning, I believe, in an increasing degree, that the best way for us to honor the memory of our emancipation is by seeking to imitate him. Like Lin-

coln, the negro race should seek to be simple without bigotry, and without ostentation. There is great power in simplicity. We, as a race, should, like Lincoln, have moral courage to be what we are, and not pretend to be what we are not. We should keep in mind that no one can degrade us except ourselves; that if we are worthy, no influence can defeat us. Like other races, the negro will often meet obstacles, often be sorely tried and tempted; but we must keep in mind that freedom, in the broadest and highest sense, has never been a bequest; it has been a conquest.

In the final test, the success of our race will be in proportion to the service that it renders to the world. In the long run, the badge of service is the badge of sovereignty.

With all his other elements of strength, Abraham Lincoln possess in the highest degree patience and, as I have said, courage. The highest form of courage is not always that exhibited on the battle-field in the midst of the blare of trumpets and the waving of banners. The highest courage is of the Lincoln kind. It is the same kind of courage, made possible by the new life and the new possibilities furnished by Lincoln's Proclamation, displayed by thousands of men and women of my race every year who are going out from Tuskegee and other negro institutions in the South to lift up their fellows. When they go, often into lonely and secluded districts, with little thought of salary, with little thought of personal welfare, no drums beat, no banners fly, no friends stand by to cheer them on; but these brave young souls who are prolonging school terms, teaching the people to buy homes, build houses, and live decent lives, are fighting the battles of this country just as truly and bravely as any persons who go forth to fight battles against a foreign foe.

In paying my tribute of respect to the Great Emancipator of my race, I desire to say a word here and now in behalf of an element of brave and true white men of the South, who, tho they saw in Lincoln's policy the ruin of all they believe in and hope for, have loyally accepted the results of the Civil War, and are to-day working with a

courage few people in the North can understand, to uplift the negro in the South and complete the emancipation that Lincoln began.

And, finally, gathering inspiration and encouragement from ~~this hour and~~ Lincoln's life, I pledge to you and to the nation that my race, in so far as I can speak for it, which in the past, whether in ignorance or intelligence, whether in slavery or in freedom, has always been true to the Stars and Stripes and to the highest and best interests of this country, will strive to so deport itself that it shall reflect nothing but the highest credit upon the whole people in the North and in the South.

EULOGY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

Delivered before the Municipal Authorities of Boston,
April 18, 1884

Massachusetts is always rich in fitting voices to commemorate the virtues and services of her illustrious citizens, and in every strain of affectionate admiration and thoughtful discrimination, the legislature, the pulpit, and the press—his old associates, who saw the glory of his prime—the younger generation which cherishes the tradition of his devoted life—have spoken the praise of Wendell Phillips. But his native city has justly thought that the great work of his life was not local or limited; that it was as large as liberty and as broad as humanity, and that his name, therefore, is not the treasure of a State only, but a national possession. An orator whose consecrated eloquence, like the music of Amphion rising above the wall of Thebes, was a chief force in giving to the American Union the impregnable defense of freedom, is a common benefactor; the West may well answer to the East, the South to the

North, and Carolina and California, Minnesota and New York, mingle their sorrow with that of New England, and own in his death a common bereavement.

At other times, with every mournful ceremony of respect, the commonwealth and its chief city have lamented their dead sons, conspicuous party leaders, who, in high official place, and with the formal commission of the State, have worthily maintained the ancient renown and the lofty faith of Massachusetts. But it is a private citizen whom we commemorate to-day, yet a public leader; a man always foremost in political controversy, but who held no office, and belonged to no political party; who swayed votes, but who seldom voted, and never for a mere party purpose; and who, for the larger part of his life, spurned the Constitution as a bond of iniquity, and the Union as a yoke of oppression. Yet, the official authority which decrees this commemoration—this great assembly which honors his memory—the press, which from sea to sea has celebrated his name—and I, who at your summons stand here to speak his eulogy, are all loyal to party, all revere the Constitution and maintain the Union, all hold the ballot to be the most sacred trust, and voting to be the highest duty of the citizen.

As we recall the story of that life, the spectacle of to-day is one of the most significant in our history. This memorial rite is not a tribute to official service, to literary genius, to scientific distinction; it is homage to personal character. It is the solemn public declaration that a life of transcendent purity of purpose, blended with commanding powers, devoted with absolute unselfishness, and with amazing results, to the welfare of the country and of humanity, is, in the American republic, an example so inspiring, a patriotism so lofty, and a public service so beneficent, that, in contemplating them, discordant opinions, differing judgments, and the sharp sting of controversial speech, vanish like frost in a flood of sunshine.

It is not the Samuel Adams who was impatient of Washington, and who doubted the Constitution, but the Samuel Adams of Faneuil Hall, of the Committee of Correspondence, of Concord and Lexington—Samuel Adams, the

father of the Revolution, whom Massachusetts and America remember and revere.

The Revolutionary tradition was the native air of Wendell Phillips. When he was born in this city, seventy-three years ago last November, some of the chief Revolutionary figures still lingered. John Adams was living at Quincy, and Thomas Jefferson at Monticello; Elbridge Gerry was Governor of the State, James Madison was President, and the second war with England was at hand. Phillips was nine years old when, in 1820, the most important debate after the adoption of the Constitution, the debate of whose tumultuous culmination and triumphant close he was to be the great orator, began, and the second heroic epoch of our history, in which he was a master figure, opened in the long and threatening contest over the admission of Missouri. Unheeding the transactions which were shaking the land and settling the scene of his career, the young boy, of the best New England lineage and prospects, played upon Beacon Hill, and at the age of sixteen entered Harvard College. His classmates recall his manly pride and reserve, with the charming manner, the delightful conversation, and the affluence of kindly humor, which were never lost. He sauntered and gently studied; not a devoted student, not in the bent of his mind, nor in the special direction of sympathy, forecasting the reformer, but already the orator and the easy master of the college platform; and still, in the memory of his old companions, he walks those college paths in unfading youth, a figure of patrician port, of sovereign grace—a prince coming to his kingdom.

The tranquil years at the university ended, and he graduated in 1831, the year of Nat. Turner's insurrection in Virginia; the year, also, in which Mr. Garrison issued *The Liberator*, and, for unequivocally proclaiming the principle of the Declaration of Independence, was denounced as a public enemy. Like other gently nurtured Boston boys, Phillips began the study of law, and, as it proceeded, doubtless the sirens sang to him, as to the noble youth of every country and time.

If, musing over Coke and Blackstone, in the full consciousness of ample powers and of fortunate opportunities, he sometimes forecast the future, he doubtless saw himself succeeding Fisher Ames, and Harrison Gray Otis, and Daniel Webster, rising from the bar to the legislature, from the legislature to the Senate, from the Senate—who knew whither?—the idol of society, the applauded orator, the brilliant champion of the elegant repose and the cultivated conservatism of Massachusetts.

The delight of social ease, the refined enjoyment of taste in letters and art, opulent leisure, professional distinction, gratified ambition—all these came and whispered to the young student. And it is the force that can tranquilly put aside such blandishments with a smile, and accept alienation, outlawry, ignominy, and apparent defeat, if need be, no less than the courage which grapples with poverty and outward hardship, and climbs over them to wordly prosperity, which is the test of the finest manhood. Only he who fully knows the worth of what he renounces gains the true blessing of renunciation.

The time during which Phillips was studying law was the hour of the profoundest moral apathy in the history of this country. The fever of revolutionary feeling was long since spent, and that of the final anti-slavery contest was but just kindled. The question of slavery, indeed, had never been quite forgotten. There was always an anti-slavery sentiment in the country, but there was also a slavery interest, and the invention of the cotton-gin in 1789 gave slavery the most powerful and insidious impulse that it had ever received. At once commercial greed was allied with political advantage and social power, and the active anti-slavery sentiment rapidly declined.

Ten years after the invention of the cotton-gin, the General Convention of the Abolition Societies deplored the decay of public interest in emancipation. Forty years later, in 1833, while Phillips was still studying law, the veteran Pennsylvania Society lamented that since 1794 it had seen one after another of those societies disband, until it was left almost alone to mourn the universal apathy.

When Wendell Phillips was admitted to the bar in 1834, the slave interest in the United States, entrenched in the constitution, in trade, in the church, in society, in historic tradition, and in the prejudice of race, had already become, altho unconsciously to the country, one of the most powerful forces in the world. The English throne in 1625, the old French monarchy in 1780, the English aristocracy at the beginning of the century, were not so strong as slavery in this country fifty years ago. The grasp of England upon the American colonies before the Revolution was not so sure, and was never so menacing to liberty upon this continent, as the grasp of slavery upon the Union in the pleasant days when the young lawyer sat in his office careless of the anti-slavery agitation, and jesting with his old college comrades over the clients who did not come.

But on an October afternoon in 1835, while he was still sitting expectant in his office, the long-awaited client came, but in what an amazing form! The young lawyer was especially a Boston boy. He loved his native city with that lofty pride and intensity of local affection which are peculiar to her citizens. "I was born in Boston," he said long afterward, "and the good name of the old town is bound up with every fiber of my heart." In the mild afternoon his windows were open and the sound of unusual disturbance drew him from his office. He hastened along the street, and suddenly, a stone's throw from the scene of the Boston Massacre, in the very shadow of the old State House, he beheld in Boston a spectacle which Boston can not now conceive. He saw American women insulted for befriending their innocent sisters, whose children were sold from their arms. He saw an American citizen assailed by a furious mob in the city of James Otis for saying with James Otis that a man's right to liberty is inherent and inalienable.

Himself a citizen-soldier, he looked to see the majesty of the people maintaining the authority of law; but, to his own startled surprise, he saw that the rightful defenders of law against the mob were themselves the mob. The city whose dauntless free speech had taught a country how to be

independent he saw raising a parricidal hand against its parent—Liberty.

It was enough. As the jail doors closed upon Garrison to save his life, Garrison and his cause had won their most powerful and renowned ally. With the setting of that October sun, vanished forever the career of prosperous ease, the gratification of ordinary ambition, which the genius and the accomplishment of Wendell Phillips had seemed to foretell. Yes, the long-awaited client had come at last. Scarred, scorned, and forsaken, that cowering and friendless client was wronged and degraded humanity. The great soul saw and understood.

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.”

Already the Boston boy felt what he had afterward said: “I love inexpressibly these streets of Boston over which my mother led my baby feet, and if God grants me time enough I will make them too pure for the footsteps of a slave.”

And we, fellow citizens, who recall the life and the man, the untiring sacrifice, the complete surrender, do we not hear in the soft air of that long-vanished October day, far above the riot of the stormy street, the benediction that he could not hear, but whose influence breathed always from the ineffable sweetness of his smile and the gracious courtesy of his manner: “Inasmuch as thou hast done it to the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me.”

The scene of that day is an illustration of the time. As we look back upon it it is incredible. But it was not until Lovejoy fell, while defending his press at Alton, in November, 1837, that an American citizen was killed by a raging mob for declaring in a free State the right of innocent men and women to their personal liberty. This tragedy, like the deadly blow at Charles Sumner in the Senate chamber, twenty years afterward, awed the whole country with a sense of vast and momentous peril.

The country has just been startled by the terrible riot at Cincinnati, which sprang from the public consciousness that by crafty legal quibbling crime had become secure. But the outbreak was at once and universally condemned because, in this country, whatever the wrong may be, reform by riot is always worse than the wrong. The Alton riot, however, had no redeeming impulse. It was the very frenzy of lawlessness, a sudden and ghastly glimpse of the unquenchable fires of passion that were burning under the seeming peace and prosperity of the Union. How fierce and far-reaching those passions were, was seen not only in the riot itself, but in the refusal of Faneuil Hall for a public meeting to denounce the appalling wrong to American liberty which had been done in Illinois, lest the patriotic protest of the meeting should be interpreted by the country as the voice of Boston.

But the refusal was considered, and never since the people of Boston thronged Faneuil Hall on the day after the massacre in State Street had that ancient hall seen a more solemn and dignified assembly. It was the more solemn, the more significant, because the excited multitude was no longer, as in the Revolutionary day, inspired by one unanimous and overwhelming purpose to assert and maintain liberty of speech as the bulwark of all other liberty. It was an unwonted and foreboding scene. An evil spirit was in the air.

When the seemly protest against the monstrous crime had been spoken, and the proper duty of the day was done, a voice was heard, the voice of the high officer solemnly sworn to prosecute in the name of Massachusetts every violation of law, declaring, in Faneuil Hall, sixty years after the battle of Bunker Hill, and amid a howling storm of applause, that an American citizen who was put to death by a mad crowd of his fellow citizens for defending his right of free speech died as the fool dieth.

Boston has seen dark days, but never a moment so dark as that. Seven years before Webster had said, in the famous words that Massachusetts binds as frontlets between her eyes, "There are Boston and Concord, and Lexing-

ton and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever." Had they already vanished? Was the spirit of the Revolution quite extinct? In the very cradle of liberty did no son survive to awake its slumbering echoes? By the grace of God such a son there was. He had come with the multitude, and he had heard with sympathy and approval the speeches that condemned the wrong; but when the cruel voice justified the murderers of Lovejoy, the heart of the young man burned within him. This speech, he said to himself, must be answered. As the malign strain proceeded, the Boston boy, all on fire, with Concord and Lexington tugging at his heart, unconsciously murmured, "Such a speech in Faneuil Hall must be answered in Faneuil Hall."

"Why not answer it yourself?" whispered a neighbor who overheard him. "Help me to the platform and I will"; and pushing and struggling through the dense and threatening crowd the young man reached the platform, was lifted upon it, and, advancing to speak, was greeted with a roar of hostile cries. But riding the whirlwind undismayed, as for many a year afterward he directed the same wild storm, he stood upon the platform in all the beauty and grace of imperial youth—the Greeks would have said a god descended—and in words that touched the mind and heart and conscience of that vast multitude, as with fire from heaven, recalling Boston to herself, he saved his native city and her cradle of liberty from the damning disgrace of stoning the first martyr in the great struggle for personal freedom.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which placed the rioters, incendiaries, and murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, and Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into a voice to rebuke the recreant American—the slanderer of the dead."

And even as he spoke the vision was fulfilled. Once more its native music rang through Faneuil Hall. In the orator's own burning words those pictured lips did break into immortal rebuke. In Wendell Phillips, glowing with holy indignation at the insult to America and to

man, John Adams and James Otis, Josiah Quincy and Samuel Adams, tho dead, yet spake.

In the annals of American speech there had been no such scene since Patrick Henry's electrical warning to George III. It was that greatest of oratorical triumphs when a supreme emotion, a sentiment which is to mold a people anew, lifted the orator to adequate expression.

Three such scenes are illustrious in our history. That of the speech of Patrick Henry at Williamsburg, of Wendell Phillips in Faneuil Hall, of Abraham Lincoln in Gettysburg—three, and there is no fourth. They transmit, unextinguished, the torch of an eloquence which has aroused nations and changed the course of history, and which Webster called "noble, sublime, God-like action." The tremendous controversy, indeed, inspired universal eloquence. As the cause passed from the moral appeal of the Abolitionists to the political action of the Liberty party, of the Conscience Whigs and Free-soil Democrats, and finally of the Republican party, the sound of speech, which in its variety and excellence had never been heard upon the continent, filled the air.

But supreme over it all was the eloquence of Phillips, as over the harmonious tumult of a good orchestra; one clear voice, like a lark high-poised in heaven, steadily carried the melody. As Demosthenes was the orator of Greece against Philip, and Cicero of Rome against Catiline, and John Pym of England against the Stuart despotism, Wendell Phillips was distinctively the orator, as others were the statesmen, of the anti-slavery cause.

When he first spoke at Faneuil Hall, some of the most renowned American orators were still in their prime. Webster and Clay were in the Senate, Choate at the bar, Edward Everett upon the academic platform. From all these orators Phillips differed more than they differed from each other. Behind Webster and Everett and Clay there was always a great organized party or an entrenched conservatism of feeling and opinion.

They spoke accepted views. They moved with masses of men, and were sure of the applause of party spirit, of

political tradition, and of established institutions. Phillips stood alone. He was not a Whig, nor a Democrat, nor the graceful panegyrist of an undisputed situation. Both parties denounced him. He must recruit a new party. Public opinion condemned him. He must win public opinion to achieve his purpose. The tone, the method, of the new orator announced a new spirit. It was not a heroic story of the last century, nor the contention of contemporary politics; it was the unsuspected heroism of a mightier controversy that breathed and burned in his words. With no party behind him, and denouncing established order and acknowledged tradition, his speech was necessarily a popular appeal for a strange and unwelcome cause, and the condition of its success was that it should both charm and rouse the hearer, while, under cover of the fascination, the orator unfolded his argument and urged his plea. This condition the genius of the orator instinctively perceived, and it determined the character of his discourse.

He faced his audience with a tranquil mien and a beaming aspect that was never dimmed. He spoke, and in the measured cadence of his quiet voice there was intense feeling, but no declamation, no passionate appeal, no superficial and feigned emotion. It was simple colloquy—a gentleman conversing. Unconsciously and surely the ear and heart were charmed. How was it done?—Ah! how did Mozart do it, how Raffael?

The secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstasy, of the sunset's glory—that is the secret of genius and of eloquence. What was heard, what was seen, was the form of noble manhood, the courteous and self-possessed tone, the flow of modulated speech, sparkling with matchless richness of illustration, with apt allusion and happy anecdote and historic parallel, with wit and pitiless invective, with melodious pathos, with stinging satire, with crackling epigram and limpid humor, the bright ripples that play around the sure and steady prow of the resistless ship. Like an illuminated vase of odors, he glowed with concentrated and perfumed fire. The divine energy of his conviction utterly possessed him, and his.

"Pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say his body thought."

Was it Pericles swaying the Athenian multitude? Was it Apollo breathing the music of the morning from his lips?—No, no! It was an American patriot, a modern son of liberty, with a soul as firm and as true as was ever consecrated to unselfish duty, pleading with the American conscience for the chained and speechless victims of American inhumanity.

How terribly earnest was the anti-slavery contest this generation little knows. But to understand Phillips, we must recall the situation of the country. When he joined the Abolitionists, and for more than twenty years afterward, slavery sat supreme in the White House and made laws in the capital. Courts of justice were its ministers and legislatures its lackeys.

It silenced the preacher in the pulpit, it muzzled the editor at his desk, and the professor in his lecture-room. It set a price upon the head of the peaceful citizens, robbed the mails, and denounced the vital principle of the Declaration of Independence as treason. In States whose laws did not tolerate slavery, slavery ruled the club and the drawing-room, the factory and the office, swaggered at the dinner table, and scourged with scorn a cowardly society.

It tore the golden rule from the school-books, and from the prayer-book the pictured benignity of Christ. It prohibited in the free States schools for the hated race, and hunted women who taught children to read. It forbade a free people to communicate with their representatives, seized territory to extend its area and confirm its sovereignty, and plotted to steal more to make its empire impregnable and the free Republic of the United States impossible. Scholars, divines, men and women in every church, in every party, raised individual voices in earnest protest. They sighed against a hurricane. There had been such protest in the country for two centuries—colonial pro-

visions and restrictions—the fiery voice of Whitfield in the South—the calm persuasion of Woolman in the middle colonies—the heroism of Hopkins in Rhode Island—the eloquence of Rush in Pennsylvania. There had been emancipation societies at the North and at the South, arguments and appeals and threats in the congress of the confederation, in the constitutional convention, in the Congress of the Union; there had been the words and the will of Washington, the warning of Jefferson, the consenting testimony of the revered fathers of the government; always the national conscience somewhere silently pleading, always the finger of the world steadily pointing in scorn.

But here, after all the protest and the rebuke and the endeavor, was the malign power, which, when the Constitution was formed, had been but the shrinking Afrite bound in the casket, now towering and resistless. He had kicked his casket into the sea, and, haughtily defying the conscience of the country and the moral sentiment of mankind, demanded absolute control of the Republic as the price of union—the Republic, anxious only to submit and to call submission statesmanship.

If, then, the work of the Revolution was to be saved, and independent America was to become free America, the first and paramount necessity was to arouse the country. Agitation was the duty of the hour. Garrison was certainly not the first Abolitionist; no, nor was Luther the first Protestant. But Luther brought all the wandering and separate rays of protest to a focus, and kindled the contest for religious freedom. So, when Garrison flung full in the face of slavery the defiance, of immediate and complete abolition, slavery, instinctively foreseeing its doom, sprang to its feet and joined with the heroism of despair in the death-grapple with liberty, from which, after a generation, liberty arose unbruised and victorious.

It is hard for the survivors of a generation to which Abolitionist was a word suggesting the most odious fanaticism—a curious declamation at once nonsensical and dangerous, a grotesque and sanctimonious playing with fire in a powder magazine—to believe that the names of the

representative Abolitionists will be written with a sunbeam, as Phillips says of Toussaint, high over many an honored name. But history, looking before and after, readjusts contemporary judgments of men and events. In all the essential qualities of heroic action Luther, nailing his challenge to the church upon the church's own door, when the church was supreme in Europe, William Tell, in the romantic legend, serenely scorning to bow to the cap of Gessler, when Gessler's troops held all the market-place, are not nobler figures than Garrison and Phillips, in the hour of the complete possession of the country by the power of slavery, demanding immediate and unconditional emancipation.

A tone of apology, of deprecation or regret, no more becomes an American in speaking of the Abolitionists than in speaking of the Sons of Liberty in the Revolution, and every tribute of honor and respect which we gladly pay to the illustrious fathers of American independence is paid as worthily to their sons, the pioneers of American freedom.

That freedom was secured, indeed, by the union of many forces. The abolition movement was moral agitation. It was a voice crying in the wilderness. As an American movement it was reproached for holding aloof from the American political method. But in the order of time the moral awakening precedes political action. Politics are founded in compromise and expediency, and had the abolition leaders paused to parley with prejudice and interest and personal ambition, in order to smooth and conciliate and persuade, their duty would have been undone. When the alarm-bell at night has brought the aroused citizens to the street they will organize their action.

But the ringer of the bell betrays his trust when he ceases to startle. To vote was to acknowledge the Constitution. To acknowledge the Constitution was to offer a premium upon slavery by granting more political power for every slave. It was to own an obligation to return innocent men to unspeakable degradation and to shoot them down if, with a thousandfold greater reason than our fathers, they resisted oppression. Could Americans do

this? Could honest men do this? Could a great country do this and not learn, sooner or later, by ghastly experience, the truth which George Mason proclaimed—that Providence punishes national sins by national calamities? The Union, said Wendell Phillips, with a calmness that enchanted while it appalled—the Union is called the very ark of the American covenant; but has not idolatry of the Union been the chief bulwark of slavery, and in the words and deeds and spirit of the most vehement “Union saviors” who denounce agitation, can any hope of emancipation be described?

If, then, under the sacred charter of the Union, slavery has grown to this stupendous height, throwing the shadow of death over the land, is not the Union as it exists, the foe of liberty, and can we honestly affirm that it is the sole surviving hope of freedom in the world? Long ago the great leaders of our parties hushed their voices and whispered that even to speak of slavery was to endanger the Union. Is not this enough? Sons of Otis and Adams, of Franklin and of Jay, are we ready for union upon the ruins of freedom? *Delenda Carthago! Delenda Carthago!*

Even while he spoke there sprang up around him the marshaled host of an organized political party which, raising the Constitution as a banner of freedom, marched to the polls to make the Union the citadel of liberty. He, indeed, had rejected the Constitution and the Union as the bulwark of slavery. But he and the political host, widely differing, had yet a common purpose, and were confounded in a common condemnation. And who shall count the voters in that political army, and who the generous heroes of the actual war, in whose young hearts his relentless denunciation of the Union had bred the high resolve that under the protection of the Constitution and by its own lawful power, the slave Union which he denounced should be dissolved in the fervid glory of a new Union of freedom?

His plea, indeed, did not persuade his friends, and was furiously spurned by his foes. “Hang Phillips and Yancey together, hang the Abolitionist and the fire-eater and we shall have peace,” cried mingled wrath and terror as the

absorbing debate deepened toward civil war. But still, through the startling flash and over the thunder-peal with which the tempest burst, that cry rang out undismayed, *Delenda Carthago!* The awful storm has rolled away. The warning voice is stilled forever. But the slave Union whose destruction he sought to dissolve, and the glorious Union of freedom and equal rights which his soul desired, is the blest Union of to-day.

When the war ended, and the specific purpose of his relentless agitation was accomplished, Phillips was still in the prime of his life. Had his mind recurred to the dreams of earlier years, had he desired, in the fulness of his fame and the maturity of his powers, to turn to the political career which the hopes of the friends of his youth had forecast, I do not doubt that the Massachusetts of Sumner and of Andrew, proud of his genius and owning his immense service to the triumphant cause, altho a service beyond the party line, and often apparently directed against the party itself, would have gladly summoned him to duty. It would, indeed, have been a kind of peerage for this great Commoner. But not to repose and peaceful honor did this earnest soul incline. "Now that the field is won," he said gaily to a friend, "do you sit by the camp-fire, but I will put out into the underbrush." The slave, indeed, was free, but emancipation did not free the agitator from his task. The client that suddenly appeared before him on that memorable October day was not an oppressed race alone: it was wronged humanity; it was the victim of unjust systems and unequal laws; it was the poor man, the weak man, the unfortunate man, whoever and whatever he might be. This was the cause that he would still plead in the forum of public opinion. "Let it not be said," he wrote to a meeting of his old Abolition friends, two months before his death, "that the old Abolitionist stopt with the negro, and was never able to see that the same principles claimed his utmost effort to protect all labor, white and black, and to further the discussion of every claim of humanity."

Was this the habit of mere agitation, the restless discontent that followed great achievement? There were those

who thought so. But they were critics of a temperament which did not note that with Phillips agitation was a principle and a deliberately chosen method to definite ends. There were still vast questions springing from the same root of selfishness and injustice as the question of slavery. They must force a hearing in the same way. He would not adopt in middle life the career of politics, which he had renounced in youth, however seductive that career might be, whatever its opportunities and rewards, because the purpose had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, to form public opinion rather than to represent it, in making or in executing the laws. To form public opinion upon vital public questions by public discussion, but by public discussion absolutely fearless and sincere, and conducted with honest faith in the people to whom the argument was address—this was the service which he had long performed, and this he would still perform, and in the familiar way.

His comprehensive philanthropy had made him, even during the anti-slavery contest, the untiring advocate of other great reforms. His powerful presentation of the justice and reason of the political equality of women, at Worcester, in 1857, more than any other single impulse, launched that question upon the sea of popular controversy. In the general statement of principle, nothing has been added to that discourse. In vivid and effective eloquence of advocacy it has never been surpassed. All the arguments for independence echoed John Adams in the Continental Congress; all the pleas for applying the American principle of representation to the wives and mothers of American citizens echo the eloquence of Wendell Phillips at Worcester. His, also, was the voice that summoned the temperance voters of the commonwealth to stand up and be counted; the voice which resolutely and definitely exposed the crime to which the busy American mind and conscience are at last turning—the American crime against the Indians. Through him the sorrow of Crete, the tragedy of Ireland, pleaded with America. In the terrible experience of the early anti-slavery debate, when the church and

refined society seemed to be the rampart of slavery, he had learned profound distrust of that conservatism of prosperity which chills human sympathy and narrows the conscience. So the vast combinations of capital, in these later days, with their immense monopolies and imperial power, seemed to him sure to corrupt the Government and to obstruct and threaten the real welfare of the people. He felt, therefore, that what is called the respectable class is often really, but unconsciously and with a generous purpose, not justly estimating its own tendency, the dangerous class. He was not a party politician; he cared little for party or party leaders. But any political party which in his judgment represented the dangerous tendency was a party to be defeated in the interest of the peace and progress of all the people.

But his judgment, always profoundly sincere, was it not sometimes profoundly mistaken? No nobler friend of freedom and of man than Wendell Phillips ever breathed upon this continent, and no man's service to freedom surpasses his. But before the war he demanded peaceful disunion—yet it was the Union in arms that saved liberty. During the war he would have superseded Lincoln—but it was Lincoln who freed the slaves. He pleaded for Ireland, tortured by centuries of misrule, and while every generous heart followed with sympathy the pathos and the power of his appeal, the just mind recoiled from the sharp arraignment of the truest friends in England that Ireland ever had. I know it all, but I know also, and history will remember, that the slave Union which he denounced is dissolved; that it was the heart and conscience of the nation, exalted by his moral appeal of agitation, as well as by the enthusiasm of patriotic war, which held up the hands of Lincoln, and upon which Lincoln leaned in emancipating the slaves, and that only by indignant and aggressive appeals like his, has the heart of England ever opened to Irish wrong.

No man, I say, can take a preeminent and effective part in contentions that shake nations, or in the discussion of great national politics, of foreign relations, of domestic

economy and finance, without keen reproach and fierce misconception. "But death," says Bacon, "bringeth good fame." Then, if formal integrity remain unsoiled, the purpose pure, blameless the life, and patriotism as shining as the sun, conflicting views and differing counsels disappear, and, firmly fixt upon character and actual achievement, good fame rests secure. Eighty years ago, in this city, how unsparing was the denunciation of John Adams for betraying and ruining his party, for his dogmatism, his vanity, and ambition, for his exasperating impracticability—he, the Colossus of the Revolution! And Thomas Jefferson? I may truly say what the historian says of the Saracen mothers and Richard Cœur de Lion, that the mothers of Boston hushed their children with fear of the political devil incarnate of Virginia. But, when the drapery of mourning shrouded the columns and overhung the arches of Faneuil Hall, Daniel Webster did not remember that sometimes John Adams was imprudent, and Thomas Jefferson sometimes unwise. He remembered only that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were two of the greatest American patriots—and their fellow citizens of every party bowed their heads and said, Amen. I am not here to declare that the judgment of Wendell Phillips was always sound, nor his estimate of men always just, nor his policy always approved by the event. He would have scorned such praise. I am not here to eulogize the mortal, but the immortal. He, too, was a great American patriot; and no American life—no, not one—offers to future generations of his countrymen a more priceless example of inflexible fidelity to conscience and to public duty; and no American more truly than he purged the national name of its shame, and made the American flag the flag of hope for mankind.

Among her noblest children his native city will cherish him, and gratefully recall the unbending Puritan soul that dwelt in a form so gracious and urbane. The plain house in which he lived—severely plain, because the welfare of the suffering and the slave were preferred to books and pictures, and every fair device of art; the house to which the North Star led the trembling fugitive, and which the

unfortunate and the friendless knew; the radiant figure passing swiftly through these streets, plain as the house from which it came, regal with a royalty of kings; the ceaseless charity untold; the strong sustaining heart of private friendship; the sacred domestic affections that must not here be named; the eloquence which, like the song of Orpheus, will fade from living memory into a doubtful tale, that great scene of his youth in Faneuil Hall; the surrender of ambition; the mighty agitation and the mighty triumph with which his name is forever blended; the consecration of life hidden with God in sympathy with man—these, all these, will live among your immortal traditions, heroic even in your heroic story. But not yours alone! As years go by, and only the large outlines of lofty American characters and careers remain, the wide Republic will confess the benediction of a life like this, and gladly own that if with perfect faith and hope assured, America would still stand and “bid the distant generations hail,” the inspiration of her national life must be the sublime moral courage, the all-embracing humanity, the spotless integrity, the absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends, which were the glory of Wendell Phillips.

ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER

BY RUFUS CHOATE

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONORS:—I have been requested by the members of the Bar of this Court to add a few words to the resolutions just read, in which they have embodied, as they were able, their sorrow for the death of their beloved and illustrious member and countryman, Mr. Webster; their estimation of his character, life, and genius; their sense of the bereavement—to the country as to his friends—incapable of repair; the pride, the fondness—the filial and the patriotic pride and fondness—with which they

cherish, and would consign to history to cherish, the memory of a great and good man.

And yet I could earnestly have desired to be excused from this duty. He must have known Mr. Webster less, and loved him less, than your honors, or than I have known and loved him, who can quite yet—quite yet—before we can comprehend that we have lost him forever—before the first paleness with which the news of his death overspread our cheeks has passed away—before we have been down to lay him in the Pilgrim soil he loved so well, till the heavens be no more—he must have known and loved him less than we have done, who can come here quite yet, to recount the series of his services, to display with psychological exactness the traits of his nature and mind, to ponder and speculate on the secrets—on the marvelous secrets—and source of that vast power, which we shall see no more in action, nor aught in any degree resembling it, among men. These first moments should be given to grief. It may employ, it may promote a calmer mood, to construct a more elaborate and less unworthy memorial!

For the purposes of this moment and place, indeed, no more is needed. What is there for this Court or for this Bar to learn from me, here and now, of him? The year and the day of his birth; that birthplace on the frontier, yet bleak and waste; the well, of which his childhood drank, dug by that father of whom he has said, "That through the fire and blood of seven years of Revolutionary War he shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country; and to raise his children to a condition better than his own;" the elm-tree that father planted, fallen now, as father and son have fallen; that training of the giant infancy on catechism and Bible, and Watts' version of the Psalms, and the traditions of Plymouth, and Fort William Henry, and the Revolution, and the age of Washington and Franklin, on the banks of the Merrimac, flowing sometimes in flood and anger, from its secret springs in the crystal hills; the two district schoolmasters, Chase and Tappan; the village library; the dawning of the love and ambition of letters; the few months at Exeter and Boscawen; the

life of college, the probationary season of school-teaching; the clerkship in the Fryeburg Registry of Deeds; his admission to the Bar presided over by judges like Smith, illustrated by practisers such as Mason, where, by the studies in the contentions of nine years, he laid the foundation of the professional mind; his irresistible attraction to public life; the oration on commerce; the Rockingham resolutions; his first term of four years' service in Congress, when, by one bound, he sprang to his place by the side of the foremost of the rising American statesmen; his removal to this State; and then the double and parallel current in which his life, studies, thoughts, cares, have since flowed, bearing him to the leadership of the Bar by universal acclaim, bearing him to the leadership of public life—last of that surpassing triumvirate, shall we say the greatest, the most widely known and admired?—all these things, to their minutest details, are known and rehearsed familiarly. Happier than the younger Pliny, happier than Cicero, he has found his historian, unsolicited, in his lifetime, and his countrymen have him all by heart!

There is, then, nothing to tell you, nothing to bring to mind. And then, if I may borrow the language of one of his historians and friends—one of those through whose beautiful pathos the common sorrow uttered itself yesterday, in Faneuil Hall—"I dare not come here and dismiss in a few summary paragraphs the character of one who has filled such a space in the history, one who holds such a place in the heart, of his country. It would be a disrespectful familiarity to a man of his lofty spirit, his great soul, his rich endowments, his long and honorable life, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them"—a half-hour of words, a handful of earth, for fifty years of great deeds on high places!

But, altho the time does not require anything elaborated and adequate—forbids it, rather—some broken sentences of veneration and love may be indulged to the sorrow which oppresses us.

There presents itself, on the first and to any observation of Mr. Webster's life and character, a twofold eminence—

eminence of the very highest rank—in a twofold field of intellectual and public display—the profession of the law and the profession of statesmanship—of which it would not be easy to recall any parallel in the biography of illustrious men.

Without seeking for parallels, and without asserting that they do not exist, consider that he was, by universal designation, the leader of the general American Bar; and that he was, also, by an equally universal designation, foremost of her statesmen living at his death; inferior to not one who has lived and acted since the opening of his own public life. Look at these aspects of his greatness separately, and from opposite sides of the surpassing elevation. Consider that his single career at the Bar may seem to have been enough to employ the largest faculties, without repose, for a lifetime; and that, if then and thus the "*infinitus forensium rerum labor*" should have conducted him to a mere professional reward—a bench of chancery or law, the crown of the first of advocates, *jurisperitorum eloquentissimus*—to the pure and mere honors of a great magistrate—that that would be as much as is allotted to the ablest in the distribution of fame. Even that half, if I may say so, of his illustrious reputation—how long the labor to win it, how worthy of all that labor! He was bred first in the severest school of the common law, in which its doctrines were expounded by Smith, and its administration shaped and directed by Mason, and its foundation principles, its historical sources and illustrations, its connection with the parallel series of statutory enactments, its modes of reasoning, and the evidence of its truths, he grasped easily and completely; and I have myself heard him say, that for many years while still at the bar, he tried more causes, and argued more questions of fact to the jury than perhaps any other member of the profession anywhere. I have heard from others how, even then, he exemplified the same direct, clear, and forcible exhibition of proofs, and the reasonings appropriate to proofs, as well as the same marvelous power of discerning instantly what we call the decisive points of the cause in law and fact, by which he was later more widely

celebrated. This was the first epoch in his professional training.

With the commencement of his public life, or with his later removal to this State, began the second epoch of his professional training, conducting him through the gradation of the national tribunals to the study and practise of the more flexible, elegant, and scientific jurisprudence of commerce and of chancery, and to the grander and less fettered investigations of international, prize, and constitutional law, and giving him to breathe the air of a more famous forum, in a more public presence, with more variety of competition, altho he never met abler men, as I have heard him say, than some of those who initiated him in the rugged discipline of the courts of New Hampshire; and thus, at length, by these studies, these labors, this contention, continued without repose, he came, now many years ago, to stand *omnium assensu* at the summit of the American Bar.

It is common and it is easy in the case of all in such position, to point out other lawyers, here and there, as possessing some special qualification or attainment more remarkable, perhaps, because more exclusively—to say of one that he has more cases in his recollection at any given moment, or that he was earlier grounded in equity, or has gathered more black letter or civil law, or knowledge of Spanish or of Western titles—and these comparisons were sometimes made with him. But when you sought a counsel of the first rate for the great cause, who would most surely discern and most powerfully expound the exact law, required by the controversy, in season for use; who would most skilfully encounter the opposing law; under whose powers of analysis, persuasion, and display the asserted right would assume the most probable aspect before the intelligence of the judge; who, if the inquiry became blended with or resolved into facts, could most completely develop and most irresistibly expose them; one “the law’s whole thunder born to wield”—when you sought such a counsel, and could have the choice, I think the universal profession would have turned to him. And this would

be so in nearly every description of cause, in any department. Some able men wield civil inquiries with a peculiar ability; some criminal. How lucidly and how deeply he elucidated a question of property, you all know. But, then, with what address, feeling, pathos, and prudence he defended, with what dignity and crushing power, *accusatorio spiritu*, he prosecuted the accused of crime, whom he believed to have been guilty, few have seen; but none who have seen can ever forget it.

Some scenes there are, some Alpine eminences rising above the high table-land of such a professional life, to which, in the briefest tribute, we should love to follow him. We recall that day, for instance, when he first announced, with decisive display, what manner of man he was, to the Supreme Court of the nation. It was in 1818, and it was the argument of the case of Dartmouth College. William Pinkney was recruiting his great faculties, and replenishing that reservoir of professional and elegant acquisition, in Europe. Samuel Dexter, "the honorable man, and the counsellor, and the eloquent orator," was in his grave. The boundless old-school learning of Luther Martin; the silver voice and infinite analytical ingenuity and resources of Jones; the fervid genius of Emmett pouring itself along *immenso oro*; the ripe and beautiful culture of Wirt and Hopkinson—the steel point, unseen, not unfelt, beneath the foliage; Harper himself, statesman as well as lawyer—these, and such as these, were left of that noble Bar. That day Mr. Webster opened the cause of Dartmouth College to a tribunal unsurpassed on earth in all that gives illustration to a bench of law, not one of whom any longer survives.

One would love to linger on the scene, when, after a masterly argument of the law, carrying, as we may now know, conviction to the general mind of the court, and vindicating and settling for his lifetime his place in that forum, he paused to enter, with an altered feeling, tone, and manner, with these words on his peroration: "I have brought my Alma Mater to this presence, that, if she must fall, she may fall in her robes, and with dignity"; and

then broke forth in that strain of sublime and pathetic eloquence, of which we know not much more than that, in its progress, Marshall—the intellectual, the self-controlled, the unemotional—announced, visibly, the presence of the unaccustomed enchantment.

Other forensic triumphs crowd on us, in other competition, with other issues. But I must commit them to the historian of constitutional jurisprudence.

And now, if this transcendent professional reputation were all of Mr. Webster, it might be practicable, tho not easy, to find its parallel elsewhere, in our own, or in European or classical biography.

But, when you consider that, side by side with this, there was growing up that other reputation—that of the first American statesman; that, for thirty-three years, and those embracing his most Herculean works at the Bar, he was engaged as a member of either House, or in the highest of the executive departments, in the conduct of the largest national affairs, in the treatment of the largest national questions, in debate with the highest abilities of American public life, conducting diplomatic intercourse in delicate relations with all manner of foreign powers, investigating whole classes of truths, totally unlike the truths of the law, and resting on principles totally distinct—and that here, too, he was wise, safe, controlling, trusted, the foremost man; that Europe had come to see in his life a guaranty for justice, for peace, for the best hopes of civilization, and America to feel surer of her glory and her safety as his great arm enfolded her—you see how rare, how solitary, almost, was the actual greatness! Who, anywhere, has won, as he had, the double fame, and worn the double wreath of Murray and Chatham, of Dunning and Fox, of Erskine and Pitt, of William Pinkney and Rufus King, in one blended and transcendent superiority?

I can not attempt to grasp and sum up the aggregate of the service of his public life at such a moment as this; and it is needless. That life comprized a term of more than thirty-three years. It produced a body of performance, of which, I may say, generally, it was all which the first

abilities of the country and time, employed with unexampled toil, stimulated by the noblest patriotism, in the highest places of the State, in the fear of God, in the presence of nations, could possibly compass.

He came into Congress after the War of 1812 had begun, and tho probably deeming it unnecessary, according to the highest standards of public necessity, in his private character, and objecting, in his public character, to some of the details of the policy by which it was prosecuted, and standing by party ties in general opposition to the administration, he never breathed a sentiment calculated to depress the tone of the public mind, to aid or comfort the enemy, to check or chill the stirrings of that new, passionate, unquenchable spirit of nationality, which then was revealed, or kindled to burn till we go down to the tombs of States.

With the peace of 1815 his more cherished public labors began; and thenceforward he devoted himself—the ardor of his civil youth, the energies of his maturest manhood, the autumnal wisdom of the ripened year—to the offices of legislation and diplomacy; of preserving the peace, keeping the honor, establishing the boundaries, and vindicating the neutral rights of his country; restoring a sound currency, and laying its foundation sure and deep; in upholding public credit; in promoting foreign commerce and domestic industry; in developing our uncounted material resources—giving the lake and the river to trade—and vindicating and interpreting the constitution and the law. On all these subjects—on all measures practically in any degree affecting them—he has inscribed opinions and left the traces of his hand. Everywhere the philosophical and patriot statesman and thinker will find that he has been before him, lighting the way, sounding the abyss. His weighty language, his sagacious warnings, his great maxims of empire, will be raised to view, and live to be deciphered when the final catastrophe shall lift the granite foundation in fragments from its bed.

In this connection I can not but remark to how extraordinary an extent had Mr. Webster by his acts, words,

thoughts, or the events of his life, associated himself forever in the memory of all of us with every historical incident, or, at least, with every historical epoch, with every policy, with every glory, with every great name and fundamental institution, and grand or beautiful image, which are peculiarly and properly American. Look backward to the planting of Plymouth and Jamestown; to the various scenes of colonial life in peace and war; to the opening and march and close of the Revolutionary drama; to the age of the Constitution; to Washington and Franklin and Adams and Jefferson; to the whole train of causes, from the Reformation downward, which prepared us to be republicans; to that other train of causes which led us to be unionists—look around on field, workshop, and deck, and hear the music of labor rewarded, fed, and protected; look on the bright sisterhood of the States, each singing as a seraph in her motion, yet blending in a common harmony—and there is nothing which does not bring him by some tie to the memory of America. We seem to see his form and hear his deep, grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word, spoken or written; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others; it has come to pass that “our granite hills, our inland seas, and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilderness,” our encircling ocean, the Rock of the Pilgrims, our new-born sister of the Pacific, our popular assemblies, our free schools, all our cherished doctrines of education, and of the influence of religion, and material policy, and the law, and the Constitution, give us back his name. What American landscape will you look on, what subject of American interest will you study, what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge, that does not recall him!

I shall not venture, in this rapid and general recollection of Mr. Webster, to attempt to analyze that intellectual power which all admit to have been so extraordinary, or to compare or contrast it with the mental greatness of others, in variety or degree, of the living or the dead; or even to attempt to appreciate exactly, and in reference to

canors of art, his single attribute of eloquence. Consider, however, the remarkable phenomenon of excellence in three unkindred, one might have thought, incompatible forms of public speech—that of the forum, with its double audience of bench and jury, of the halls of legislation, and of the most thronged and tumultuous assemblies of the people.

Consider further, that this multiform eloquence, exactly as his words fell, became at once so much accession to permanent literature, in the strictest sense, solid, attractive and rich, and ask how often in the history of public life such a thing has been exemplified. Recall what pervaded all these forms of display, and every effort in every form—that union of naked intellect, in its largest measure, which penetrates to the exact truth of the matter in hand, by intuition or by inference, and discerns everything which may make it intelligible, probable, or credible to another, with an emotional and moral nature profound, passionate, and ready to kindle, and with an imagination enough to supply a hundredfold more of to accept; that union of greatness of soul with depth of heart which made his speaking almost more an exhibition of character than of mere genius; the style, not merely pure, clear Saxon, but so constructed, so numerous as far as becomes prose, so forcible, so abounding in unlabored felicities; the words so choice; the epithet so pictured; the matter absolute truth, or the most exact and specious resemblance the human wit can devise; the treatment of the subject, if you have regard to the kind of truth he had to handle—political, ethical, legal—as deep, as complete as Paley's, or Locke's, or Butler's, or Alexander Hamilton's, of their subjects; yet that depth and that completeness of sense made transparent as through crystal waters, all embodied in harmonious or well-composed periods, raised on winged language, vivified, fused, and poured along in a tide of emotion, fervid, and incapable to be withstood; recall the form, the eye, the brow, the tone of voice, the presence of the intellectual king of men,—recall him thus, and, in the language of Mr. Justice Story, commemorating Samuel Dexter, we may well “rejoice that

we have lived in the same age, that we have listened to his eloquence, and been instructed by his wisdom.”

I can not leave the subject of his eloquence without returning to a thought I have advanced already. All that he has left, or the larger portion of all, is the record of spoken words. His works, as already collected, extend to many volumes—a library of reason and eloquence, as Gibbon has said of Cicero’s—but they are volumes of speeches only, or mainly; and yet who does not rank him as a great American author? an author as truly expounding, and as characteristically exemplifying, in a pure, genuine, and harmonious English style, the mind, thought, point of view of objects, and essential nationality of his country as any other of our authors, professedly so denominated? Against the maxim of Mr. Fox, his speeches read well, and yet were good speeches—great speeches—in the delivery. For so grave were they, so thoughtful and true, so much the eloquence of reason at last, so strikingly always they contrived to link the immediate topic with other and broader principles, ascending easily to widest generalizations, so happy was the reconciliation of the qualities which engage the attention of hearers, yet reward the perusal of students, so critically did they keep the right side of the line which parts eloquence from rhetoric, and so far do they rise above the penury of mere debate, that the general reason of the country has enshrined them at once and forever among our classics.

It is a common belief that Mr. Webster was a various reader; and I think it is true, even to a greater degree than has been believed. In his profession of politics, nothing, I think, worthy of attention had escaped him; nothing of the ancient or modern prudence; nothing which Greek or Roman or European speculation in that walk had explored, or Greek or Roman or European or universal history or public biography exemplified. I shall not soon forget with what admiration he spoke, at an interview to which he admitted me, while in the Law School at Cambridge, of the politics and ethics of Aristotle, and of the mighty mind which, as he said, seemed to have “thought through” so

many of the great problems which form the discipline of social man. American history and American political literature he had by heart—the long series of influences which trained us for representative and free government; that other series of influences which molded us into a united government; the Colonial era; the age of controversy before the Revolution; every scene and every person in that great tragic action; every question which has successively engaged our politics, and every name which has figured in them—the whole stream of our time was open, clear, and present ever to his eye.

Beyond his profession of politics, so to call it, he had been a diligent and choice reader, as his extraordinary style in part reveals; and I think the love of reading would have gone with him to a later and riper age if to such an age it had been the will of God to preserve him. This is no place or time to appreciate this branch of his acquisitions; but there is an interest inexpressible in knowing who were any of the chosen from among the great dead in the library of such a man. Others may correct me, but I should say of that interior and narrower circle were Cicero, Vergil, Shakespeare—whom he knew as familiarly as the Constitution—Bacon, Milton, Burke, Johnson—to whom I hope it is not pedantic nor fanciful to say, I often thought his nature presented some resemblance; the same abundance of the general propositions required for explaining a difficulty and refuting a sophism copiously and promptly occurring to him; the same kindness of heart and wealth of sensibility, under a manner, of course, more courteous and gracious, yet more sovereign; the same sufficient, yet not predominant, imagination, stooping ever to truth, and giving affluence, vivacity, and attraction to a powerful, correct, and weighty style of prose.

I can not leave this life and character without selecting and dwelling a moment on one or two of his traits, or virtues, or felicities, a little longer. There is a collective impression made by the whole of an eminent person's life, beyond, and other than, and apart from, that which the mere general biographer would afford the means of explaining.

There is an influence of a great man derived from things indescribable, almost, or incapable of enumeration, or singly insufficient to account for it, but through which his spirit transpires, and his individuality goes forth on the contemporary generation. And thus, I should say, one grand tendency of his life and character was to elevate the whole tone of the public mind. He did this, indeed, not merely by example. He did it by dealing, as he thought, truly and in manly fashion with that public mind. He evinced his love of the people, not so much by honeyed phrases as by good counsels and useful service, *vera pro gratis*. He showed how he appreciated them by submitting sound arguments to their understandings, and right motives to their free will. He came before them, less with flattery than with instruction; less with a vocabulary larded with the words humanity and philanthropy, and progress and brotherhood, than with a scheme of politics, an educational, social and governmental system, which would have made them prosperous, happy and great.

What was the greatest of the Greek historians said of Pericles, we all feel might be said of him: "He did not so much follow as lead the people, because he framed not his words to please them, like one who is gaining power by unworthy means, but was able and dared, on the strength of his character, even to brave their anger by contradicting their will."

I should indicate it as another influence of his life, acts, and opinions, that it was, in an extraordinary degree, uniformly and liberally conservative. He saw with vision as of a prophet, that if our system of united government can be maintained till a nationality shall be generated, of due intensity and due comprehension, a glory indeed millennial, a progress without end, a triumph of humanity hitherto unseen, were ours; and, therefore, he address himself to maintain that united government.

Standing on the Rock of Plymouth, he bade distant generations hail, and saw them rising, "demanding life, impatient for the skies," from what then were "fresh, unbounded, magnificent wildernesses"; from the shore of the

great, tranquil sea, not yet become ours. But observe to what he welcomes them; by what he would bless them. "It is to good government." It is to "treasures of science and delights of learning." It is to the "sweets of domestic life, the immeasurable good of rational existence, the immortal hopes of Christianity, the light of everlasting truth."

It will be happy if the wisdom and temper of his administration of our foreign affairs shall preside in the time which is at hand. Sobered, instructed by the examples and warnings of all the past, he yet gathered from the study and comparison of all the eras that there is a silent progress of the race—without pause, without haste, without return—to which the counselings of history are to be accommodated by a wise philosophy. More than, or as much as, that of any of our public characters, his statesmanship was one which recognized a Europe, an old world, but yet grasped the capital idea of the American position, and deduced from it the whole fashion and color of its policy; which discerned that we are to play a high part in human affairs, but discerned, also, what part it is—peculiar, distant, distinct, and grand as our hemisphere; an influence, not a contact—the stage, the drama, the catastrophe, all but the audience, all our own—and if ever he felt himself at a loss, he consulted, reverently, the genius of Washington.

In bringing these memories to a conclusion—for I omit many things because I dare not trust myself to speak them—I shall not be misunderstood, or give offense, if I hope that one other trait in his public character, one doctrine, rather, of his political creed, may be remembered and be appreciated. It is one of the two fundamental precepts in which Plato, as expounded by the great master of Latin eloquence and reason and morals, comprehends the duty of those who share in the conduct of the State—that they comprize in their care the whole body of the Republic, nor keep one part and desert another." He gives the reason—one reason—of the precept: "The patriotism which embraces less than the whole induces sedition and discord, the last evil of the State."

How profoundly he had comprehended this truth; with what persistency, with what passion, from the first hour he became a public man to the last beat of the great heart, he cherished it; how little he accounted the good, the praise, the blame of this locality or that, in comparison of the larger good and the general and thoughtful approval of his own, and our, whole America—she this day feels and announces. Wheresoever a drop of her blood flows in the veins of men, this trait is felt and appreciated. The hunter beyond Superior; the fisherman on the deck of the nigh night-foundered skiff; the sailor on the uttermost sea—will feel, as he hears these tidings, that the protection of a sleepless, all-embracing, parental care is withdrawn from him for a space, and that his pathway henceforward is more solitary and less safe than before.

But I can not pursue these thoughts. Among the eulogists who have just uttered the eloquent sorrow of England at the death of the great Duke, one has employed an image and an idea which I venture to modify and appropriate. "The Northmen's image of death is finer than that of other climes; no skeleton, but a gigantic figure that envelops men within the massive folds of his dark garment." Webster seems so unshrouded from us, as the last of the mighty three, themselves following a mighty series—the greatest closing procession. The robe draws round him, and the era is past.

Yet how much there is which that all-ample fold shall not hide, the recorded wisdom, the great example, the assured immortality. They speak of monuments!

"Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memories
But the eternal substance of his greatness;
To which I leave him."

LAFAYETTE

BY SARGEANT S. PRENTISS

Death, who knocks with equal hand at the door of the cottage and the palace gate, has been busy at his appointed work. Mourning prevails throughout the land, and the countenances of all are shrouded in the mantle of regret. Far across the wild Atlantic, amid the pleasant vineyards in the sunny land of France, there, too, is mourning; and the weeds of sorrow are alike worn by prince and peasant. Against whom has the monarch of the tomb turned his remorseless dart that such widespread sorrow prevails? Hark, and the agonized voice of Freedom, weeping for her favorite son, will tell you in strains sadder than those with which she "shrieked when Kosciusko fell" that Lafayette—the gallant and the good—has ceased to live.

The friend and companion of Washington is no more. He who taught the eagle of our country, while yet unfledged, to plume his young wing and mate his talons with the lion's strength, has taken his flight far beyond the stars, beneath whose influence he fought so well. Lafayette is dead! The gallant ship, whose pennon has so often bravely streamed above the roar of battle and the tempest's rage, has at length gone slowly down in the still and quiet waters. Well mightest thou, O, Death, now recline beneath the laurels thou hast won; for never since, as the grim messenger of Almighty Vengeance, thou camest into the world, did a more generous heart cease to heave beneath thy chilling touch, and never will thy insatiate dart be hurled against a nobler breast! Who does not feel at the mournful intelligence, as if he had lost something cheering from his own path through life; as if some bright star, at which he had been accustomed frequently and fondly to gaze, had been suddenly extinguished in the firmament?

History's page abounds with those who have struggled forth from the nameless crowd, and, standing forward in the front ranks, challenged the notice of their fellow men;

but when, in obedience to their bold demands, we examine their claims to our admiration, how seldom do we find aught that excites our respect or commands our veneration. With what pleasure do we turn from the contemplation of the Cæsars and Napoleons of the human race to meditate upon the character of Lafayette! We feel proud that we belong to the same species; we feel proud that we live in the same age; and we feel still more proud that our country drew forth and nurtured those generous virtues which went to form a character that for love of liberty, romantic chivalry, unbounded generosity and unwavering devotion, has never had a parallel.

The history of this wonderful man is engraved upon the memory of every American, and I shall only advert to such portions of it as will best tend to illustrate his character. In 1777 our fathers were engaged in rescuing from the fangs of the British lion the rights which their sons are now enjoying. It was the gloomiest period of the Revolutionary struggle. Our army was feeble; an insolent and victorious enemy was pressing hard upon it; despondency had spread through its ranks. It seemed as if the last hope of Freedom was gone. Deep gloom had settled over the whole country; and men looked with a despairing aspect upon the future of a contest which their best wishes could not flatter them was doubtful. It was at this critical period that their hopes were renovated and their spirits roused by the cheering intelligence that at Charleston, in the State of South Carolina, there had just arrived a gallant French nobleman of high rank and immense wealth, eager to embark his person and his fortunes in the sacred cause of Liberty! New impulse was given to the energies of our dispirited troops. As the first ray of morning breaks upon the benighted and tempest-tossed mariner, so did this timely assistance cheer the hearts of the war-worn and almost despairing soldiers of Freedom. The enthusiastic Frenchman, tho but a beardless youth, was immediately taken into the affections and the confidence of Washington. Soon, too, did he flash his maiden sword upon his hereditary foes and proved, upon the field of Brandywine, that his blood

flowed as freely as his treasure in the cause he had espoused. That blood was the blood of the young Lafayette. But nineteen summers had passed over his brow, when he was thus found fighting side by side with the veteran warriors of Bunker Hill.

How came he here? Born to a high name and a rich inheritance; educated at a dissipated and voluptuous court; married to a young and beautiful woman—how came he to break through the blandishments of love and the temptations of pleasure and thus be found fighting the battle of strangers, far away in the wilds of America? It was because, from his infancy, there had grown up in his bosom a passion more potent than all others: the love of liberty. Upon his heart a spark from the very altar of Freedom had fallen and he watched and cherished it with more than vestal vigilance. This passionate love of liberty; this fire which was thenceforth to glow unquenched and undimmed, impelled him to break asunder the ties both of pleasure and of affection. He had heard that a gallant people had raised the standard of revolt against oppression, and he hastened to join them. It was to him the Crusade of Liberty; and, like a Knight of the Holy Cross, he had enlisted in the ranks of those who had sworn to rescue her altars from the profane touch of the tyrant.

More congenial to him by far were the hardships, the dangers, and the freedom of the American wilds than the ease, the luxury, and the slavery of his native court. He had exchanged the voice of love for the savage yell and the hostile shout; the gentle strains of the harp and lute for the trumpet and drum and the still more terrible music of clashing arms. Nor did he come alone or empty-handed. The people in whose cause he was about to peril his life and his fortune were too poor to afford him even the means of conveyance, and his own court threw every obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of his wishes. Did this dampen his ardor? Did this chill his generous aspiration? No; it added new vigor to each. "I will fit out a vessel myself," exclaimed the enthusiastic youth; and in spite of the sneers of the young

and the cautions of the old, the gallant boy redeemed his pledge. Soon a proud ship was seen flying fast and falcon-like across the wide Atlantic. She landed on our shores like a bird of promise; and by her present aid and hopes of future succor infused new vigor into our almost palsied arms.

Such was the commencement of a career destined to be more brilliant than any of which we read in tale or history, realizing the wildest wishes of youthful enthusiasm, and showing how the romance of real life often exceeds the strangest fictions of the imagination. From the moment of joining our ranks the young hero became the pride and the boast of the army. He won the affections of the stern-browed and iron-souled warriors of New England, and was received with open arms by the warm-hearted and chivalrous sons of the South. Tho the down of manhood had scarcely begun to spring upon his cheek, yet were his counsels eagerly listened to by the hoary leaders and the scarred veterans of the war. On the field of battle he was impetuous and brave; in the council the wisdom of Nestor flowed from his lips. But it is not my intention to go into a detailed account of the services rendered by Lafayette to the country of his adoption. Suffice it to say that, throughout the Revolutionary struggle, with unchanged fidelity and undeviating devotion, he continued to pour forth his blood and his treasure in the sacred cause he had espoused; and when at length, full of honors, without one single stain upon his bright escutcheon, he returned to his native land, the voices of millions of freemen were united in invoking the blessing of heaven upon his head. Thenceforth a halo of glory surrounded him, and he was hailed by all the world as the Apostle of Liberty! Full well did he deserve the title! For not more truly does the needle point to the pole than did all his feelings point to the great principles of civil freedom.

During the sanguinary scenes of the French Revolution, when the people had quaffed so deeply at the fountain of liberty that they became drunk and frenzied with the unusual drafts, Lafayette alone lost not his equanimity.

He alone dared to oppose the wild excesses of the Jacobins; and tho he was unable entirely to stem the maddened torrent, which seemed let loose from hell itself, yet many are the thanks due to his unwearied exertions to restrain it within the banks of law and order. Throughout those troublesome times he was found at his post, by the side of the Constitution and the laws; and when at length the whole foundations of society were broken up and the wild current of licentiousness and crime swept him an exile into a foreign land, still did he hold fast his integrity of soul. In the gloomy dungeons of Olmutz, the flame of patriotism glowed as brightly and as warmly in his breast as ever it did when fanned by the free breezes of the mountains. The dungeons of Olmutz! What associations are connected with the name! They form a part of the romance of history. For five long years was the Friend of Liberty immured in the prison of the tyrant. In vain did the civilized world demand his release. But what nations could not effect, came near being accomplished by the devoted exertions of two chivalric young men; and one of them was a South Carolinian whose father had extended the hospitality of his house to Lafayette, when on his first visit to America he landed in the city of Charleston. Strange, that, after the lapse of so many years, the little child who had then climbed upon his knee should now be periling his life for his rescue! There is nothing in history to compare with this romantic episode of real life, unless, perhaps, the story of the minstrel friend of the lion-hearted Richard, wandering through those very dominions tuning his harp beneath every fortress, till at length his strains were answered and the prison of the royal Crusader discovered. But the doors of the Austrian were at length thrown open and Lafayette returned to France. Great changes, however, had taken place in his absence. The flood of the Revolution had subsided. The tempest of popular commotion had blown over, leaving many and fearful evidences of its fury; and the star of the Child of Destiny had now become lord of the ascendant. Small was the sympathy between the selfish and ambitious Napoleon and Lafayette, the pa-

triot and philanthropist. They could no more mingle than the pure lights of heaven and the unholy fires of hell. Lafayette refused with scorn the dignities proffered by the First Consul. Filled with virtuous indignation at his country's fate, he retired from the capital; and, devoting himself awhile to the pursuits of private life, awaited the return of better times.

Here we can not but pause to contemplate these two wonderful men, belonging to the same age and to the same nation; Napoleon and Lafayette. Their names excite no kindred emotions; their fates no kindred sympathies. Napoleon—the Child of Destiny—the thunderbolt of war—the victor in a hundred battles—the dispenser of thrones and dominions; he who scaled the Alps and reclined beneath the pyramids, whose word was fate and whose wish was law. Lafayette—the volunteer of Freedom—the advocate of human rights—the defender of civil liberty—the patriot and the philanthropist—the beloved of the good and the free. Napoleon—the vanquished warrior, ignobly flying from the field of Waterloo, the wild beast, ravaging all Europe in his wrath, hunted down by the banded and affrighted nations and caged far away upon an ocean-girded rock. Lafayette, a watchword by which men excite each other to deeds of worth and noble daring; whose home had become the Mecca of freedom, toward which the pilgrims of Liberty turn their eyes from every quarter of the globe. Napoleon was the red and fiery comet, shooting wildly through the realms of space and scattering pestilence and terror among the nations. Lafayette was the pure and brilliant planet, beneath whose grateful beams the mariner directs his bark and the shepherd tends his flocks—Napoleon died and a few old warriors—the scattered relics of Marengo and of Austerlitz—bewailed their chief. Lafayette is dead and the tears of a civilized world attest how deep is the mourning for his loss. Such is, and always will be, the difference of feeling toward a benefactor and a conqueror of the human race.

In 1824, on Sunday, a single ship furled her snowy sails in the harbor of New York. Scarcely had her prow touched

the shore, when a murmur was heard among the multitudes which gradually deepened into a mighty shout of joy. Again and again were the heavens rent with the inspiring sound. Nor did it cease; for the loud strain was carried from city to city and from State to State, till not a tongue was silent throughout this wild Republic from the lisping infant to the tremulous old man. All were united in one wild shout of gratulation. The voices of more than ten million freemen gushed up toward the sky and broke the stillness of its depths. But one note and one tone went to form this acclamation. Up in those pure regions clearly and sweetly did it sound: "Honor to Lafayette!" "Welcome to the Nation's Guest!" It was Lafayette, the war-worn veteran, whose arrival on our shores had caused this widespread, this universal joy. He came among us to behold the independence and the freedom which his young arm had so well assisted in achieving; and never before did eye behold or heart of man conceive, such homage paid to virtue. Every day's march was an ovation. The United States became for months one great festive hall. People forgot the usual occupations of life and crowded to behold the benefactor of mankind. The iron-hearted, gray-haired veterans of the Revolution thronged around him to touch his hand, to behold his face, and to call down heaven's benisons upon their old companion-in-arms. Lispering infancy and garrulous old age, beauty, talents, wealth, and power, all, for a while forsook their usual pursuits and united to pay a tribute of gratitude and welcome to the nation's guest. The name of Lafayette was upon every lip, and wherever his name was, there, too, was an invocation for blessings upon his head. What were the triumphs of the classic ages, compared with this unbought love and homage of a mighty people? Take them in Rome's best days, when the invincible generals of the Eternal City returned from their foreign conquests, with captive kings bound to their chariot wheels and the spoils of nations in their train; followed by their stern and bearded warriors and surrounded by the endless multitudes of the seven-hilled city, shouting a fierce welcome home;

what was such a triumph compared with Lafayette's? Not a single city, but a whole nation riding as one man and greeting him with an affectionate embrace! One single day of such spontaneous homage were worth whole years of courtly adulation; one hour might well reward a man for a whole life of danger and of toil. Then, too, the joy with which he must have viewed the prosperity of the people for whom he had so heroically struggled! To behold the nation, which he left a little child, now grown up in the full proportions of lusty manhood! To see the tender sapling, which he had left with hardly shade enough to cover its own roots, now waxing into the sturdy and unwedgable oak, beneath whose grateful umbrage the oppressed of all nations find shelter and protection! That oak still grows on its majestic strength, and wider and wider still extend its mighty branches. But the hand that watered it and nourished it while yet a tender plant is now cold; the heart that watched with strong affection its early growth has ceased to beat.

Virtue forms no shield to ward off the arrows of death. Could it have availed even when joined with the prayers of a whole civilized world, then, indeed, this mournful occasion would never have occurred, and the life of Lafayette would have been as immortal as his fame. Yet, tho he has passed from among us; tho that countenance will no more be seen that used to lighten upon the van of Freedom's battles as he led her eaglets to their feast; still has he left behind his better part: the legacy of his bright example, the memory of his deeds. The lisping infant will learn to speak his venerated name. The youth of every country will be taught to look upon his career and to follow in its footsteps. When, hereafter, a gallant people are fighting for freedom against the oppressor, and their cause begins to wane before the mercenary bands of tyranny, then will the name of Lafayette become a watchword that will strike with terror on the tyrant's ear and nerve with redoubled vigor the freeman's arm. At that name many a heart before unmoved will wake in the glorious cause; and many a sword, rustling ingloriously in its scabbard, will

leap forth to battle. But even amid the mourning with which our souls are shrouded, is there not some room for gratulation? Our departed friend and benefactor has gone down to the grave peacefully and quietly at a good, old age. He had performed his appointed work. His virtues were ripe. He had done nothing to sully his fair fame. No blot or soil of envy or calumny can now affect him. His character will stand upon the pages of history, pure and unsullied as the lily emblem on his country's banner. He has departed from among us; but he has become again the companion of Washington. He has but left the friends of his old age to associate with the friends of his youth. Peace be to his ashes! Calm and quiet may they rest upon some vine-clad hill of his own beloved land! And it shall be called the Mount Vernon of France. And let no cunning sculpture, no monumental marble, deface with its mock dignity the patriot's grave; but rather let the unpruned vine, the wild flower and the free song of the uncaged bird, all that speaks of freedom and of peace be gathered round it. Lafayette needs no mausoleum. His fame is mingled with the nation's history. His epitaph is engraved upon the hearts of men.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON

BY EDWARD EVERETT

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—We are assembled beneath the canopy of the weeping heavens, under the influence of feelings in which the whole family of Americans unites with us. We meet to pay a tribute of respect to the revered memory of those to whom the whole country looks up as to its benefactors; to whom it ascribes the merit of unnumbered public services, and especially of the inestimable service of having led in the councils of the Revolution.

It is natural that these feelings, which pervade the whole American people, should rise into peculiar strength and

earnestness in your hearts. In meditating upon these great men, your minds are unavoidably carried back to those scenes of their arduous and honored career, this town and its citizens were so deeply plunged. You can not but remember that your fathers offered their bosoms to the sword, and their dwellings to the flames, from the same spirit which animated the venerable patriarchs whom we now deplore. The cause they espoused was the same which strewed your streets with ashes, and drenched your hill-tops with blood. And while Providence, in the astonishing circumstances of their departure, seems to have appointed that the Revolutionary age of America should be closed up by a scene as illustriously affecting as its commencement was disastrous and terrific, you have justly felt it your duty—it has been the prompt dictate of your feelings—to pay, within these hallowed precincts, a well-deserved tribute to the great and good men to whose counsels, under God, it is in no small degree owing that your dwellings have risen from their ashes, and that the sacred dusts of those who fell rests in the bosom of a free and happy land.

It was the custom of the primitive Romans to preserve in the halls of their houses the images of all the illustrious men whom their families had produced. These images are supposed to have consisted of a mask exactly representing the countenance of each deceased individual, accompanied with habiliments of like fashion with those worn in his time, and with the armor, badges, and insignia of his offices and exploits; all so disposed around the sides of the hall as to present, in the attitude of living men, the long succession of the departed; and thus to set before the Roman citizen, whenever he entered or left his house, the venerable array of his ancestors revised in this imposing similitude. Whenever, by a death in the family, another distinguished member of it was gathered to his fathers, a strange and awful procession was formed. The ancestral masks, including that of the newly deceased, were fitted upon the servants of the family, selected of the size and appearance of those whom they were intended to represent, and drawn up in

solemn array to follow the funeral train of the living mourners, first to the market-place, where the public eulogium was pronounced, and then to the tomb. As he thus moved along, with all the great fathers of his name quickening, as it were, from their urns, to enkindle his emulation, the virtuous Roman renewed his vows of respect to their memory, and his resolution to imitate their fortitude, frugality, and patriotism.

Fellow citizens, the great heads of the American family are fast passing away; of the last, of the most honored, two are now no more. We are assembled, not to gaze with awe on the artificial and theatric images of their features, but to contemplate their venerated characters, to call to mind their invaluable services, and to lay up the image of their virtues in our hearts. The two men who stood in a relation in which no others now stand to the whole Union, have fallen. The men whom Providence marked out among the first of the favored instruments to lead this chosen people into the holy land of liberty, have discharged their high office, and are no more. The men whose ardent minds prompted them to take up their country's cause, when there was nothing else to prompt and everything to deter them; the men who afterward, when the ranks were filled with the brave and resolute, were yet in the front of those brave and resolute ranks; the men who were called to the helm when the wisest and most sagacious were needed to steer the newly-launched vessel through the broken waves of the unknown sea; the men, who in their country's happier days, were found most worthy to preside over the Union they had so powerfully contributed to rear into greatness—these men are now no more.

They have not left us singly and in the sad but accustomed succession appointed by the order of nature; but having lived, acted, and counseled, and risked all, and triumphed and enjoyed together, they have gone together to their great reward. In the morning of life—without previous concert, but with a kindred spirit—they plunged together into a conflict which put to hazard all which makes life precious. When the storm of war and revolution

raged, they stood side by side, on such perilous ground that, had the American cause failed, tho all else had been forgiven, they were of the few whom an incensed empire's vengeance would have pursued to the ends of the earth. When they had served through their long career of duty, forgetting the little that had divided them, and cherishing the great communion of service, and peril, and success, which had united them, they walked in honorable friendship along the declining pathway of age; and now they have sunk down together in peace. Time, and their country's service, a like fortune and a like reward, united them, and the last great scene confirmed the union. They were useful, honored, prosperous, and lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

Happiest at the last, they were permitted almost to choose the hour of their departure; to die on that day on which those who loved them best could have wished they might die. It is related as a singular happiness of Plato that he died in a good old age at a banquet amid flowers and perfumes and festal songs, upon his birthday. Our Adams and Jefferson died on the birthday of the nation; the day which their own deed had immortalized, which their own prophetic spirit had marked out as the great festival of the land; amid the triumphal anthems of a whole grateful people, throughout a country that hailed them as among the first and boldest of her champions in the times that tried men's souls.

Our jubilee, like that of old, is turned into sorrow. Among the ruins of Rome there is a shattered arch, erected by the Emperor Vespasian, when his son Titus returned from the destruction of Jerusalem. On its broken panels and falling frieze are still to be seen, represented as borne aloft in the triumphal procession of Titus, the well-known spoils of the second temple—the sacred vessels of the holy place, the candlestick with seven branches, and in front of all, the silver trumpets of the jubilee, in the hands of captive priests, proclaiming not now the liberty, but the humiliation and the sorrows of Judah. From this mournful spectacle, it is said, the pious and heart-stricken Hebrew, even

to the present day, turns aside in sorrow. He will not enter Rome through the gate of the arch of Titus, but winds his way through the by-paths of the Palatine, over the broken columns of the palace of the Cæsars, that he may not behold these sad memorials.

The jubilee of America is turned into mourning. Its joy is mingled with sadness; its silver trumpet breathes a mingled strain. Henceforward, while America exists among the nations of the earth, the first emotion on the Fourth of July will be of joy and triumph in the great event which immortalizes the day; the second will be one of chastened and tender recollection of the venerable men who departed on the morning of the jubilee. This mingled emotion of triumph and sadness has sealed the beauty and sublimity of our great anniversary. In the simple commemoration of a victorious political achievement there seems not enough to occupy our purest and best feelings. The Fourth of July was before a day of triumph, exultation, and national pride; but the angel of death has mingled in the glorious pageant to teach us we are men. Had our venerated fathers left us on any other day, it would have been henceforward a day of mournful recollection. But now the whole nation feels, as with one heart, that since it must sooner or later have been bereaved of its revered fathers, it could not have wished that any other had been the day of their decease. Our anniversary festival was before triumphant; it is now triumphant and sacred. It before called out the young and ardent to join in the republic rejoicing; it now also speaks in a touching voice, to the retired, to the gray-headed, to the mild and peaceful spirits, to the whole family of sober freemen. It is henceforward, what the dying Adams pronounced it, "a great and a good day." It is full of greatness and full of goodness. It is absolute and complete. The death of the men who declared our independence—their death on the day of the jubilee—was all that was wanting to the Fourth of July. To die on that day, and to die together, was all that was wanting to Jefferson and Adams. Think not, fellow citizens, that, in the mere formal discharge of my duty this day, I would overrate the

melancholy interest of the great occasion ; I do anything but intentionally overrate it. I labor only for words to do justice to your feelings and mine. I can say nothing which does not sound as cold and inadequate to myself as to you. The theme is too great and too surprizing, the men are too great and good, to be spoken of in this cursory manner. There is too much in the contemplation of their united characters, their services, the day and coincidence of their death, to be properly described, or to be fully felt at once. I dare not come here and dismiss, in a few summary paragraphs, the characters of men who have filled such a space in the history of their age. It would be a disrespectful familiarity with men of their lofty spirits, their rich endowments, their long and honorable lives, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them. I leave that arduous task to the genius of kindred elevation by whom to-morrow it will be discharged. [Daniel Webster, whose eulogy on Adams and Jefferson was delivered on the following day in Faneuil Hall, Boston.] I feel the mournful contrast in the fortunes even of the first and best of men, that, after a life in the highest walks of usefulness ; after conferring benefits, not merely on a neighborhood, a city, or even a State, but on a whole continent, and a posterity of kindred men ; after having stood in the first estimation for talents, services, and influence, among millions of fellow citizens—a day must come, which closes all up ; pronounces a brief blessing on their memory ; gives an hour to the actions of a crowded life ; describes in a sentence what it took years to bring to pass, and what is destined for years and ages to operate on posterity ; passes forgetfully over many traits of character, many counsels and measures, which it cost, perhaps, years of discipline and effort to mature ; utters a funeral prayer ; chants a mournful anthem ; and then dismisses all into the dark chambers of death and forgetfulness.

But no, fellow citizens, we dismiss them not to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, can never be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live ; to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame,

of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. They were of the select few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their physical existence; whose hearts have watched, while their senses have slept; whose souls have grown up into a higher being; whose pleasure is to be useful; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation; who respire the breath of honorable fame; who have deliberately and consciously put what is called life to hazard, that they may live in the hearts of those who come after. Such men do not, can not die. To be cold and breathless; to feel and speak not; this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, can not die. The hand that traced the charter of independence, is, indeed, motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," these can not expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

This is their life, and this their eulogy. In these our feeble services of commemoration, we set forth not their worth, but our own gratitude. The eulogy of those who

declared our independence is written in the whole history of independent America. I do not mean that they alone achieved our liberties; nor should we bring a grateful offering to their tombs, in sacrificing at them the merits of their contemporaries. But in one, surely, who considers the history of the times, the state of opinions, and the obstacles that actually stood in the way of success, can doubt that if John Adams and Thomas Jefferson had thrown their talents and influence into the scale of submission, the effect would have been felt to the cost of America, for ages. No, it is not too much to say that ages on ages may pass, and the population of the United States may overflow the uttermost regions of this continent, but never can there be an American citizen who will not bear in his condition and in his welfare some trace of what was counseled, and said, and done by these great men.

This is their undying praise; a praise which knows no limits but those of America, and which is uttered not merely in these our eulogies, but in the thousand inarticulate voices of art and nature. It sounds from the woodman's ax, in the distant forests of the west; for what was it that unbarred to him the gates of the mountains? The busy water-wheel echoes back the strain; for what was it that released the industry of the country from the fetters of colonial restriction? Their praise is borne on the swelling canvas of America to distant oceans, where the rumor of acts of trade never came, for what was it that sent our canvas there? And it glistens at home, in the eyes of a prosperous and grateful people. Yes, the people, the people rise up and call them blest. They invoke eternal blessings on the men who could be good as well as great; whose ambition was their country's welfare; who did not ask to be rewarded by being allowed to oppress the country which they redeemed from oppression.

I shall not, fellow citizens, on this occasion, attempt a detailed narrative of the lives of these distinguished men. To relate their history at length would be to relate that of the country, from their first entrance on public life to

their final retirement. Even to dwell minutely on the more conspicuous incidents of their career would cause me to trespass too far on the proper limits of the occasion. Let us only enumerate those few leading points in their lives and characters which will best guide us to the reflections we ought to make, while we stand at the tombs of these excellent and honored men.

Mr. Adams was born on the 30th of October, 1735, and Mr. Jefferson on the 13th of April, 1743. One of them rose from the undistinguished mass of the community, while the other, born in higher circumstances, voluntarily descended to its level. Altho, happily, in this country it can not be said of any one, that he owes much to birth or family, yet it sometimes happens, even under the equality which prevails among us, that a certain degree of deference follows in the train of family connections, apart from all personal merit. Mr. Adams was the son of a New England farmer, and in this alone the frugality and moderation of his bringing up are sufficiently related. Mr. Jefferson owed more to birth. He inherited a good estate from his respectable father; but instead of associating himself with the opulent interest in Virginia—at that time, in consequence of the mode in which their estates were held and transmitted, an exclusive and powerful class, and of which he might have become a powerful leader—he threw himself into the ranks of the people.

It was a propitious coincidence, that of these two eminent statesmen, one was from the North, and the other from the South; as if, in the happy effects of their joint action, to give us the first lesson of union. The enemies of our independence, at home and abroad, relied on the difficulty of uniting the colonies in one harmonious system. They knew the difference in our local origin; they exaggerated the points of dissimilarity in our sectional character! It was therefore most auspicious that, in the outset of the Revolution, while the North and the South had each its great rallying point in Virginia and Massachusetts, the wise and good men, whose influence was most felt in each, moved forward in brotherhood and concert. Mr. Quincy, in a visit to the

Southern colonies, had entered into an extensive correspondence with the friends of liberty in that part of the country. Richard Henry Lee and his brother Arthur maintained a constant intercourse with Samuel Adams. Dr. Franklin, tho a citizen of Pennsylvania, was a native of Boston; and from the first moment of their meeting at Philadelphia, Jefferson and Adams began to cooperate cordially in the great work of independence. While theoretical politicians, at home and abroad, were speculating on our local peculiarities, and the British ministry were building their hopes upon the maxim, Divide and conquer, they might well have been astonished to see the Declaration of Independence reported into Congress, by the joint labor of the son of a Virginia planter and of a New England yeoman.

Adams and Jefferson received their academical education at the colleges of their native states, the former at Cambridge, the latter at William and Mary. At these institutions, they severally laid the foundation of very distinguished attainments as scholars, and formed a taste for letters which was fresh and craving to the last. They were both familiar with the ancient languages and their literature. Their range in the various branches of general reading was perhaps equally wide, and was uncommonly extensive; and it is, I believe, doing no injustice to any other honored name, to say that, in this respect, they stood at the head of the great men of the Revolution.

Their first writings were devoted to the cause of their country. Mr. Adams, in 1765, published his essay on the Canon and Feudal Law, which two years afterward was republished in London, and was then pronounced one of the ablest performances which had crossed the Atlantic. It expresses the boldest and most elevated sentiments in the most vigorous language; and might have taught in its tone what it taught in its doctrine, that America must be unoppressed, or must become independent. Among Mr. Jefferson's first productions was, in like manner, a political essay, entitled, "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." It contains a near approach to the ideas and

language of the Declaration of Independence; and its bold spirit, and polished, but at the same time, powerful execution, are known to have had their effect in causing its author to be designated for the high trusts confided to him in the Continental Congress. At a later period of life, Mr. Jefferson became the author of "Notes on Virginia," a work equally admired in Europe and America; and Mr. Adams, of the "Defense of the American Constitution," a performance that would do honor to the political literature of any country. But in enumerating their literary productions, it must be remembered that they were both employed, the greater part of their lives, in the active duties of public service, and that the fruits of their intellect is not to be sought in the systematic volumes of learned leisure, but in the archives of state, and in a most extensive public and private correspondence.

The professional education of these distinguished statesmen had been in the law, and was therefore such as peculiarly fitted them for the contest in which they were to act as leaders. The law of England, then the law of America, is closely connected with the history of the liberty of England. Many of the questions at issue between the Parliament of Great Britain and the colonies were questions of constitutional, if not of common law. For the discussion of these questions, the legal profession, of course, furnished the best preparation. In general, the contest was, happily for the colonies, at first forensic; a contest of discussion and debate; affording time and opportunity to diffuse throughout the people, and stamp deeply on their minds, the great principles which, having first been triumphantly sustained in the argument, were then to be confirmed in the field. This required the training of the patriot lawyer, and this was the office which, in that capacity, was eminently discharged by Jefferson and Adams, to the doubtful liberties of their country. The cause in which they were engaged abundantly repaid the service and the hazard. It gave them precisely that breadth of view and elevation of feeling which the technical routine of the profession is too apt to destroy. Their practise of the law

soon passed from the narrow litigation of the courts to the great forum of contending empires. It was not nice legal fictions they were there employed to balance, but sober realities of indescribable weight. The life and death of their country was the all-important issue. Nor did the service of their country afterward afford them leisure for the ordinary practise of their profession. Mr. Jefferson, indeed, in 1776 and 1777, was employed with Wythe and Pendleton, in an entire revision of the code of Virginia; and Mr. Adams was offered, about the same time, the first seat on the bench of the Superior Court of his native State. But each was shortly afterward called to a foreign mission, and spent the rest of the active years of his life, with scarcely an interval, in the political service of his country.

Such was the education and quality of these men, when the Revolutionary contest came on. In 1774, and on June 7th—a day destined to be in every way illustrious—Mr. Adams was elected a member of the Continental Congress, of which body he was from the first a distinguished leader. In the month of June in the following year, when a commander-in-chief was to be chosen for the American armies, and when that appointment seemed in course to belong to the commanding general of the army from Massachusetts and the neighboring States which had rushed to the field, Mr. Adams recommended George Washington to that all-important post, and was thus far the means of securing his guidance to the American armies. In August, 1775, Mr. Jefferson took his seat in the Continental Congress, preceded by the fame of being one of the most accomplished and powerful champions of the cause, tho among the youngest members of that body. It was the wish of Mr. Adams, and probably of Mr. Jefferson, that independence should be declared in the fall of 1775; but the country seemed not then ripe for the measure.

At length the accepted time arrived. In May, 1776, the colonies, on the proposition of Mr. Adams, were invited by the General Congress to establish their several State governments. On June 7th the resolution of independence was moved by Richard Henry Lee. On the 11th, a com-

mittee of five was chosen to announce this resolution to the world, and Thomas Jefferson and John Adams stood at the head of this committee. From their designation by ballot to this most honorable duty, their prominent standing in the Congress might alone be inferred. In their amicable contention and deference each to the other of the great trust of composing the all-important document, we witness their patriotic disinterestedness and their mutual respect. This trust devolved on Jefferson, and with it rests on him the imperishable renown of having penned the Declaration of Independence. To have been the instrument of expressing, in one brief, decisive act, the concentrated will and resolution of a whole family of States; of unfolding, in one all-important manifesto, the causes, the motives, and the justification of this great movement in human affairs; to have been permitted to give the impress and peculiarity of his own mind to a character of public right, destined, or rather, let me say already elevated, to an importance, in the estimation of men, equal to anything human ever borne on parchment or express in the visible signs of thought—this is the glory of Thomas Jefferson. To have been among the first of those who foresaw and broke the way for this great consummation; to have been the mover of numerous decisive acts, its undoubted precursors; to have been among many able and generous spirits united in this perilous adventure, by acknowledgment unsurpassed in zeal, and unequaled in ability; to have been exclusively associated with the author of the Declaration; and then, with a fervid and overwhelming eloquence, to have taken the lead in inspiring the Congress to adopt and proclaim it—this is the glory of John Adams.

Nor was it among common and inferior minds that these men were preeminent. In the body that elected Mr. Jefferson to draft the Declaration of Independence, there were other men of great ability. Franklin was a member of it, a statesman of the highest reputation in Europe and America, and especially master of a most pure, effective English style of writing. And Mr. Adams was pronounced by Mr. Jefferson himself the ablest advocate on independ-

ence, in a Congress which could boast among its members such men as Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and our own Samuel Adams. They were great and among great men; mightiest among the mighty; and enjoyed their lofty standing in a body of which half the members might with honor have presided over the deliberative councils of a nation.

Glorious as their standing in this council of sages has proved, they beheld the glory only in distant vision, while the prospect before them was shrouded in darkness and terror. "I am not transported with enthusiasm," is the language of Mr. Adams, the day after the resolution was adopted. "I am well aware of the toil, the treasure, and the blood it will cost, to maintain this declaration, to support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see a ray of light and glory. I can see that the end is worth more than all the means." Nor was it the rash adventure of uneasy spirits, who had everything to gain, and nothing to risk, by their enterprise. They left all for their country's sake. Who does not see that Adams and Jefferson might have risen to any station in the British empire open to natives of a colony? They might have stood within the shadow of the throne which they shook to its base. It was in the full understanding of their all but desperate choice that they chose for their country. Many were the inducements which called them to another choice. The voice of authority; the array of an empire's power, the pleadings of friendship; the yearning of their hearts toward the land of their father's sepulchers—the land which the great champions of constitutional liberty still made venerable; the ghastly vision of the gibbet, if they failed—all the feelings which grew from these sources were to be stifled and kept down, for a dearer treasure was at stake. They were anything but adventurers, anything but malcontents. They loved peace, order, and law; they loved a manly obedience to constitutional authority; but they loved freedom and their country more.

How shall I attempt to follow them through the succession of great events which a rare and kind Providence

crowded into their lives? How shall I attempt to enumerate the posts they filled and the trusts they discharged, both in the councils of their native States and of the confederation, both before and after the adoption of the federal Constitution; the codes of law and systems of government they aided in organizing; the foreign embassies they sustained; the alliances with powerful states they contracted, when America was weak; the loans and subsidies they procured from foreign powers, when America was poor; the treaties of peace and commerce which they negotiated; their participation in the Federal Government on its organization, Mr. Adams as the first Vice-President, Mr. Jefferson as the first Secretary of State; their mutual possession of the confidence of the only man to whom his country accorded a higher place; and their successive administration of the government, after his retirement? These are all laid up in the annals of the country; her archives are filled with the productions of their fertile and cultivated minds; the pages of her history are bright with their achievements; and the welfare and happiness of America pronounce, in one general eulogy, the just encomium of their services.

Nor need we fear to speak of their political dissensions. If they who opposed each other and arrayed the nation, in their arduous contention, were able in the bosom of private life to forget their former struggles; we surely may contemplate them, even in this relation, with calmness. Of the counsels adopted, and the measures pursued, in the storm of political warfare, I presume not to speak. I knew these great men, not as opponents, but as friends to each other, not in the keen prosecution of a political controversy, but in the cultivation of a friendly correspondence. As they respected and honored each other, I respect and honor both. Time, too, has removed the foundation of their dissensions. The principles on which they contended are settled, some in favor of one, and some in favor of the other. The great foreign interests which lent ardor to the struggle have happily lost their hold on the American people; and the politics of the country now turn on ques-

tions not agitated in their days. Meantime, I know not whether, if we had in our power to choose between the recollection of these reverend men as they were, and what they would have been without their great struggle, we could wish them to have been different, even in this respect. Twenty years of friendship succeeding ten of rivalry appear to me a more amiable, and certainly a more instructive, spectacle, even than a life of unbroken concert. As a friend to both their respected memories, I would not willingly spare the attestation which they took pleasure in rendering to each other's characters. We are taught, in the valedictory lessons of Washington, that "the spirit of party is the worst enemy of a popular government." Shall we not rejoice that we are taught in the lives of Adams and Jefferson that the most embittered contentions which as yet have divided us furnished no ground for lasting disunion?

The declining period of their lives presents their characters in the most delightful aspect, and furnishes the happiest illustration of the perfection of our political system. We behold a new spectacle of a moral sublimity; the peaceful old age of the retired chiefs of the Republic; an evening of learned, useful, and honored leisure, following upon a youth and manhood of hazard and service, and a whole life of alternate trial and success. We behold them, indeed, active and untiring, even to the last. At the advanced age of eighty-five years, our venerable fellow citizen and neighbor was still competent to take a part in the convention for revising the State constitution, to whose original formation, forty years before, he so essentially contributed; and Mr. Jefferson, at the same protracted age, was able to project, and carry on to their completion, the extensive establishments of the University of Virginia.

But it is the great and closing scene which appears to crown their long and exalted career with a consummation almost miraculous. Having done so much and so happily for themselves, so much and so beneficially for their country, at that last moment, when man can no more do anything for his country or for himself, it pleased a

kind Providence to do that for both of them which, to the end of time, will cause them to be deemed not more happy in the renown of their lives than in the opportunity of their death.

I could give neither force nor interest to the account of these sublime and touching scenes by anything beyond the simple recital of the facts already familiar to the public. Their deaths were nearly simultaneous. For several weeks the strength of Mr. Jefferson had been gradually failing, tho the vigor of his mind remained unimpaired. As he drew nearer to the last, and no expectation remained that his term could be much prolonged, he exprest no other wish than that he might live to breathe the air of the fiftieth anniversary of independence. This he was graciously permitted to do. But it was evident, on the morning of the fourth, that Providence intended that this day, consecrated by his deed, should be solemnized by his death. On some momentary revival of his wasting strength, the friends around would have soothed him with the hope of continuing; but he answered their encouragements only by saying he did not fear to die. Once, as he drew nearer to his close, he lifted up his head, and murmured with a smile, "It is the fourth of July"; while his repeated exclamation on the last great day was, "*Nunc dimittis, Domine*"—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." He departed in peace, a little before one o'clock of this memorable day; unconscious that his compatriot, who fifty years before had shared its efforts and perils, was now the partner of its glory.

Mr. Adams's mind had also wandered back, over the long line of great things with which his life was filled, and found rest on the thought of independence. When the discharges of the artillery proclaimed the triumphant anniversary, he pronounced it "a great and a good day." The thrilling word of independence, which, fifty years before, in the ardor of his manly strength, he had sounded out to the nations from the hall of the Revolutionary Congress, was now among the last that dwelt on his lips! and when, toward the hour of noon, he felt his

noble heart growing cold within him, the last emotion which warmed it was, that "Jefferson still survives!" But he survives not; he is gone. They are gone together!

Friends, fellow citizens, free, prosperous, happy Americans! The men who did so much to make you so are no more. The men who gave nothing to pleasure in youth, nothing to repose in age, but all to that country whose beloved name filled their hearts, as it does ours, with joy, can now do no more for us; nor we for them. But their memory remains, we will cherish it; their bright example remains, we will strive to imitate it; the fruit of their wise counsels and noble acts remains, we will gratefully enjoy it.

They have gone to the companions of their cares, of their dangers, and their toils. It is well with them. The treasures of America are now in heaven. How long the list of our good, and wise, and brave, assembled there! How few remain with us! There is our Washington; and those who followed him in their country's confidence are now met together with him, and all that illustrious company.

The faithful marble may preserve their image: the engraven brass may proclaim their worth; but the humblest sod of independent America, with nothing but the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder mausoleum than kings or conquerors can boast. The country is their monument. Its independence is their epitaph. But not to their country is their praise limited. The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men. Whenever an agonizing people shall perish, in a generous convulsion, for want of a valiant arm and a fearless heart, they will cry, in the last accents of despair, O, for a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson! Wherever a regenerated nation, starting up in its might, shall burst the links of steel that enchain it, the praise of our venerated fathers shall be remembered in their triumphal song!

The contemporary and successive generations of men will despair, and in the long lapse of ages, the races of America, like those of Greece and Rome, may pass away. The fabric of American freedom, like all things human, however firm and fair, may crumble into dust. But the

cause in which these, our fathers, shone, is immortal. They did that to which no age, no people of civilized men, can be indifferent. Their eulogy will be uttered in other languages when those we speak, like us who speak them, shall be all forgotten. And when the great account of humanity shall be closed, in the bright list of those who have best adorned and served it, shall be found the names of our Adams and our Jefferson.

INAUGURAL SPEECHES

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

Among his other wise sayings, Aristotle remarked that man is by nature a social animal; and it is in order to develop his powers as a social being that American colleges exist. The object of the undergraduate department is not to produce hermits, each imprisoned in the cell of his own intellectual pursuits, but men fitted to take their places in the community and live in contact with their fellow men.

The college of the old type possess a solidarity which enabled it to fulfil that purpose well enough in its time, altho on a narrow scale and a lower plane than we aspire to at the present day. It was so small that the students were all well acquainted with one another, or at least with their classmates. They were constantly thrown together, in chapel, in the classroom, in the dining hall, in the college dormitories, in their simple forms of recreation; and they were constantly measuring themselves by one standard in their common occupations. The curriculum, consisting mainly of the classics, with a little mathematics, philosophy, and history, was the same for them all; designed, as it was, not only as a preparation for the professions of the ministry and the law, but also as the universal foundation of liberal education.

In the course of time these simple methods were outgrown. President Eliot pointed out, with unanswerable force, that the field of human knowledge had long been too vast for any man to compass; and that now subjects must be admitted to the scheme of instruction, which became thereby so large that no student could follow it all. Before the end of the nineteenth century this was generally recognized, and election in some form was introduced into all our colleges. But the new methods brought a divergence in the courses of study pursued by individual students, an

intellectual isolation, which broke down the old solidarity. In the larger institutions the process has been hastened by the great increase in numbers, and in many cases by an abandonment of the policy of housing the bulk of the students in college dormitories; with the result that college life has shown a marked tendency to disintegrate, both intellectually and socially. To that disintegration the overshadowing interest in athletic games appears to be partly due. I believe strongly in the physical and moral value of athletic sports, and of intercollegiate contests conducted in a spirit of generous rivalry; and I do not believe that their exaggerated prominence at the present day is to be attributed to a conviction on the part of the undergraduates, or of the public, that physical is more valuable than mental force. It is due rather to the fact that such contests offer to students the one common interest, the only striking occasion for a display of college solidarity.

If the changes wrought in the college have weakened the old solidarity and unity of aim, they have let in light and air. They have given us a freedom of movement needed for further progress. May we not say of the extreme elective system what Edmond Sherer said of Democracy: that it is but one stage in an irresistible march toward an unknown goal. Progress means change, and every kind of growth is a transitional era; but in a peculiar degree the present state of the American college bears the marks of a period of transition. This is seen in the comparatively small estimation in which high proficiency in college studies is held, both by undergraduates and by the public at large; for if college education were now closely adapted to the needs of the community, excellence of achievement therein ought to be generally recognized as of great value. The transitional nature of existing conditions is seen again in the absence, among instructors as well as students, of fixed principles by which the choice of courses of study ought to be guided. It is seen, more markedly still, in lack of any accepted view of the ultimate object of a college education.

On this last subject the ears of the college world have of late been assailed by many discordant voices, all of them earnest, most of them well-informed, and speaking in every case with a tone of confidence in the possession of the true solution. One theory, often broached under different forms, and more or less logically held, is that the main object of the college should be to prepare for the study of a definite profession, or the practise of a distinct occupation; and that the subjects pursued should, for the most part, be such as will furnish the knowledge immediately for that end. But if so, would it not be better to transfer all instruction of this kind to the professional schools, reducing the age of entrance thereto, and leaving the general studies for a college course of diminished length, or perhaps surrendering them altogether to the secondary schools? If we accept the professional object of college education, there is much to be said for a readjustment of that nature, because we all know the comparative disadvantage under which technical instruction is given in college, and we are not less aware of the great difficulty of teaching cultural and vocational subjects at the same time.

The logical result would be the policy of Germany, where the university is in effect a collection of professional schools, and the underlying general education is given in the *gymnasium*. Such a course has, indeed, been suggested; for it has been proposed to transfer, so far as possible, to the secondary schools the first two years of college instruction, and to make the essential work of the university professional in character. But that requires a far higher and better type of secondary school than we possess, or are likely to possess for many years. Moreover, excellent as the German system is for Germany, it is not wholly suited to our Republic, which can not, in my opinion, afford to lose the substantial, if intangible, benefits the nation has derived from its colleges. Surely, the colleges can give a freedom of thought, a breadth of outlook, a training for citizenship, which neither the secondary nor the professional school in this country can equal.

Even persons who do not share this view of a profes-

sional aim have often urged that, in order to save college education in the conditions that confront us, we must reduce its length. May we not feel that the most vital measure for saving the college is not to shorten its duration, but to ensure that it shall be worth saving? Institutions are rarely murdered; they meet their end by suicide. They are not strangled by their natural environment while vigorous; they die because they have outlived their usefulness, or fail to do the work that the world wants done; and we are justified in believing that the college of the future has a great work to do for the American people.

If, then, the college is passing through a transitional period, and is not to be absorbed between the secondary school on the one side, and the professional school on the other, we must construct a new solidarity to replace that which is gone. The task before us is to frame a system which, without sacrificing individual variation too much, or neglecting the pursuit of different scholarly interests, shall produce an intellectual and social cohesion, at least among large groups of students, and points of contact among them all. This task is not confined to any one college, altho more urgent in the case of those that have grown the largest, and have been moving most rapidly. A number of colleges are feeling their way toward a more definite structure; and since the problem before them is in many cases essentially the same, it is fortunate that they are assisting one another by approaching it from somewhat different directions. What I have to say upon the subject here is, therefore, intended mainly for the conditions we are called upon to face at Harvard.

It is worth our while to consider the nature of an ideal college as an integral part of our university; ideal, in the sense not of something to be exactly reproduced, but of a type to which we should conform as closely as circumstances will permit. It would contemplate the highest development of the individual student—which involves the best equipment of the graduate. It would contemplate also the proper connection of the college with the professional schools; and it would adjust the relation of the students to one an-

other. Let me take up these matters briefly in their order. The individual student ought clearly to be developed, so far as possible, both in his strong and in his weak points, for the college ought to produce, not defective specialists, but men intellectually well-rounded, of wide sympathies and unfettered judgment. At the same time they ought to be trained to hard and accurate thought, and this will not come merely by surveying the elementary principles of many subjects. It requires a mastery of something, acquired by continuous application. Every student ought to know in some subject what the ultimate sources of opinion are, and how they are handled by those who profess it. Only in this way is he likely to gain the solidity of thought that begets sound thinking. In short, he ought so far as in him lies, to be both broad and profound.

In speaking of the training of the student, or the equipment of the graduate, we are prone to think of the knowledge acquired; but are we not inclined to lay too much stress upon knowledge alone. Taken by itself, it is a part, and not the most vital part, of education, surely the essence of a liberal education consists in an attitude of mind, a familiarity with methods of thought, an ability to use information; rather than in a memory stocked with facts, however valuable such a storehouse may be. In his farewell address to the alumni of Dartmouth, President Tucker remarked that "the college is in the educational system to represent the spirit of amateur scholarship. College students are amateurs, not professionals." Or, as President Hadley is fond of putting it, "The ideal college education seems to me to be one where a student learns things that he is not going to use in after life, by methods that he is going to use. The former element gives the breadth, the latter element gives the training."

But if this be true, no method of ascertaining truth, and therefore no department of human thought, ought to be wholly a sealed book to an educated man. It has been truly said that few men are capable of learning a new subject after the period of youth has passed, and hence the graduate ought to be so equipped that he can grasp effec-

tively any problem with which his duties or his interest may impel him to deal. An undergraduate, addicted mainly to the classics, recently spoke to his adviser in an apologetic tone of having elected a course in natural science, which he feared was narrowing. Such a state of mind is certainly deplorable, for in the present age some knowledge of the laws of nature is an essential part of the mental outfit which no cultivated man should lack. He need not know much, but he ought to know enough to learn more. To him the forces of nature ought not to be an occult mystery, but a chain of causes and effects with which, if not wholly familiar, he can at least claim acquaintance; and the same principle applies to every other leading branch of knowledge.

I speak of the equipment, rather than the education, of a college graduate, because, as we are often reminded, his education ought to cease only with his life, and hence his equipment ought to lay a strong foundation for that education. It ought to teach him what it means to master a subject, and it ought to enable him to seize and retain information of every kind from that unending stream that flows past every man who has the eyes to see it. Moreover, it ought to be such that he will be capable of turning his mind effectively to direct preparation for his life-work, whatever the profession or occupation he may select.

This brings us to the relation of the college to the professional school. If every college graduate ought to be equipped to enter any professional school, as the *abiturient* of a German *gymnasium* is qualified to study under any of the faculties of the university, then it would seem that the professional schools ought to be so ordered that they are adapted to receive him. But let us not be dogmatic in this matter, for it is one on which great divergence of opinion exists. The instructors in the various professional schools are by no means of one mind in regard to it, and their views are, of course, based largely upon experience. Our law school lays great stress upon native ability and scholarly aptitude, and comparatively little upon the particular branches of learning a student has pursued in col-

lege. Any young man who has brains, and has learned to use them, can master the law, whatever his intellectual interests may have been; and the same thing is true of the curriculum in the divinity school. Many professors of medicine, on the other hand, feel strongly that a student should enter their school with at least a rudimentary knowledge of those sciences, like chemistry, biology, and physiology, which are interwoven with medical studies; and they appear to attach greater weight to this than to his natural capacity or general attainments. Now that we have established graduate schools of engineering and business administration, we must examine this question carefully in the immediate future. If the college courses are strictly untechnical, the requirement of a small number of electives in certain subjects, as a condition for entering a graduate professional school, is not inconsistent with a liberal education. But I will acknowledge a prejudice that, for a man who is destined to reach the top of his profession, a broad education, and a firm grasp of some subject lying outside of his vocation, is a vast advantage; and we must not forget that in substantially confining the professional schools at Harvard to college graduates, we are aiming at a higher strata in the professions.

The last of the aspects under which I proposed to consider the college is that of the relation of undergraduates to one another; and first on the intellectual side. We have heard much of the benefit obtained merely by breathing the college atmosphere, or rubbing against the college walls. I fear the walls about us have little of the virtue of Aladdin's lamp when rubbed. What we mean is that daily association with other young men whose minds are alert is in itself a large part of a liberal education. But to what extent do undergraduates talk over things intellectual, and especially matters brought before them by their courses of study? It is the ambition of every earnest teacher so to stimulate his pupils that they will discuss outside the classroom the problems he has presented to them. The students in the law school talk law interminably. They take a fierce pleasure in debating legal points in season

and out. This is not wholly with a prospect of bread and butter in the years to come; nor because law is intrinsically more interesting than other things. Much must, no doubt, be ascribed to the skill of the faculty of the law school in awakening a keen competitive delight in solving legal problems; but there is also the vital fact that all these young men are tilling the same field. They have their stock of knowledge in common. Seeds cast by one of them fall into a congenial soil, and like dragon's teeth, engender an immediate combat.

Now, no sensible man would propose to-day to set up a fixt curriculum in order that all undergraduates might be joint tenants of the same scholastic property; but the intellectual estrangement need not be so wide as it is. There is no greater pleasure in mature life than hearing a specialist talk, if one has knowledge enough of the subject to understand him, and that is one of the things an educated man ought so far as possible to possess. Might there not be more points of intellectual contact among the undergraduates, and might not considerable numbers of them have much in common?

A discussion of the ideal college training from these three different aspects—the highest development of the individual student, the proper relation of the college to the professional school, and the relation of the students to one another—would appear to lead, in each case, to the same conclusion; that the best type of liberal education in our complex modern world aims at producing men who know a little of everything and something well. Nor, if this be taken in a rational, rather than extreme, sense, is it impossible to achieve within the limits of college life? That a student of ability can learn one subject well is shown by the experience of Oxford and Cambridge. The educational problems arising from the extension of human knowledge are not confined to this country; and our institutions of higher learning were not the first to seek a solution for them in some form of election on the part of the student. It is almost exactly a hundred years ago that the English universities began to award honors upon examination in

special subjects; for altho the mathematical tripos at Cambridge was instituted sixty years earlier, the modern system of honor schools, which has stimulated a vast amount of competitive activity among undergraduates, may be said to date from the establishment of the examinations in *Literis Humanioribus*, and in mathematics and physics at Oxford in 1807. The most popular of the subjects in which honors are awarded are not technical, that is, they are not intended primarily as part of a professional training; nor are they narrow in their scope; but they are in general confined to one field. In short, they are designed to insure that the candidate knows something well: that he has worked hard and intelligently on one subject until he has a substantial grounding in it.

For us this alone would not be enough, because our preparatory schools do not give the same training as the English, and because the whole structure of English society is very different from ours. American college students ought also to study a little of everything; for if not, there is no certainty that they will be broadly cultivated, especially in view of the omnipresent impulse in the community driving them to devote their chief attention to the subjects bearing upon their future career. The wise policy for them would appear to be that of devoting a considerable portion of their time to some one subject, and taking in addition a number of general courses in wholly unrelated fields. But instruction that imparts a little knowledge of everything is more difficult to provide well than any other. To furnish it there ought to be in every considerable field a general course designed to give to men who do not intend to pursue the subject further a comprehension of its underlying principles or methods of thought; and this is by no means the same thing as an introductory course, altho the two can often be effectively combined. A serious obstacle lies in the fact that many professors who have reaped fame, prefer to teach advanced courses, and recoil from elementary—an aversion inherited from the time when scholars of international reputation were called upon to waste their powers on the drudgery of drilling beginners.

But while nothing can ever take the place of the great teacher, it is nevertheless true that almost any man possess of the requisite knowledge can at least impart it to students who have already made notable progress in the subject; whereas effective instruction in fundamental principles requires the forest over the tops of the trees. It demands unusual clearness of thought, force of statement, and enthusiasm of expression. These qualities have no necessary connection with creative imagination, but they are more common among men who have achieved some measure of success: and, what is not less to the point, the students ascribe them more readily to a man whose position is recognized than to a young instructor who has not yet won his spurs. Wherever possible, therefore, the general course ought to be under the charge of one of the leading men in the department, and his teaching ought to be supplemented by instruction, discussion, and constant examination in smaller groups, conducted by younger men well equipped for their work. Such a policy brings the student, at the gateway of a subject, into contact with strong and ripe minds, while it saves the professor from needless drudgery. It has been pursued at Harvard for a number of years, but it can be carried out even more completely.

We have considered the intellectual relation of the students to one another, and its bearing on the curriculum, but that is not the only side of college life. The social relations of the undergraduates among themselves are quite as important; and here again we may observe forces at work which tend to break up the old college solidarity. The boy comes here, sometimes from a large school, with many friends, sometimes from a great distance, and almost alone. He is plunged at once into a life wholly strange to him, amid a crowd so large that he can not claim acquaintance with its members. Unless endowed with an uncommon temperament, he is liable to fall into a clique of associates with antecedents and characteristics similar to his own; or perhaps, if shy and unknown, he fails to make friends at all; and in either case he misses the bordering

influence of contact with a great variety of other young men. Under such conditions the college itself comes short of its national mission of throwing together youths of promise of every kind, from every part of the country. It will, no doubt, be argued that a university must reflect the state of the world about it; and that the tendency of the times is toward specialization of functions, and social segregation on the basis of wealth. But this is not wholly true, because there is, happily, in the country a tendency also toward social solidarity and social service. A still more conclusive answer is, that one object of a university is to counteract, rather than copy, the defects in civilization of the day. Would a prevalence of spoils, favoritism, or corruption, in the politics of the country, be a reason for their adoption by universities?

A large college ought to give its students a wide horizon, and it fails therein unless it mixes them together so thoroughly that the friendships they form are based on natural affinities, rather on similarity of origin. Now, these ties are formed most rapidly at the threshold of college life, and the set in which a man shall move is mainly determined in his freshman year. It is obviously desirable, therefore, that the freshmen should be thrown together more than they are now.

Moreover, the change from the life of school to that of college is too abrupt at the present day. Taken gradually, liberty is a powerful stimulant, but taken suddenly, in large doses, it is liable to act as an intoxicant or an opiate.

No doubt, every boy ought to learn to paddle his own canoe; but we do not begin the process by tossing him into a canoe, and setting him adrift in deep water, with a caution that he would do well to look for the paddle. Many a well-intentioned youth comes to college, enjoys innocently enough the pleasures of freedom for a season; but, released from the discipline to which he has been accustomed, and looking on the examinations as remote, falls into indolent habits. Presently he finds himself on probation for neglect of his studies. He has become submerged, and has a hard, perhaps unsuccessful, struggle to get his head

above water. Of late years we have improved the diligence of freshmen by frequent tests; but this alone is not enough. In his luminous Phi Beta Kappa oration, delivered here three months ago, President Wilson dwelt upon the chasm that has opened between college studies and college life. The instructors believe that the object of the college is study, many students fancy that it is mainly enjoyment, and the confusion of aims breed irretrievable waste of opportunity. The undergraduate should be led to feel, from the moment of his arrival, that college life is a serious and many-sided thing, whereof mental discipline is a vital part.

It would seem that all these difficulties could be much lessened if the freshmen were brought together in a group of dormitories and dining-halls, under the comradeship of older men, who appreciated the possibilities of a college life, and took a keen interest in their work and their pleasures. Such a plan would enable us also to recruit our students younger, for the present age of entrance here appears to be due less to the difficulty of preparing for the examination earlier, than to the nature of the life the freshman leads. Complaints of the age of graduation cause a pressure to reduce the length of the college course, and with it the standard of the college degree. There would seem to be no intrinsic reason that our schoolboys should be more backward than those of other civilized countries, any more than that our undergraduates should esteem excellence in scholarship less highly than do the men in English universities.

The last point is one that requires a word of comment, because it touches the most painful defect in the American college at the present time. President Prichett has declared that "it is a serious indictment of the standards of any organization when the conditions within it are such that success in the things for which the organization stands no longer appeal effectively to the imaginations of those in it." We may add that even in these days, indictment is sometimes followed by sentence of execution. No one will deny that in our colleges high scholarship is little admired

now, either by the undergraduates or by the public. We do not make our students enjoy the sense of power that flows from mastery of a difficult subject and on a higher plane we do not make them feel the romance of scholarly discovery. Every one follows the travels of a Columbus or a Livingston with a keen delight which researches in chemistry or biology rarely stir. The mass of mankind can, no doubt, comprehend more readily geographical than scientific discovery; but for the explorer himself it would be pitiful if the joy of the search depended on the number of spectators, rather than on zeal in his quest.

America has not yet contributed her share to scholarly creation; and the fault lies in part at the doors of our universities. They do not strive enough in the impressionable years of early manhood to stimulate intellectual appetite and ambition; nor do they foster productive scholarship enough among those members of their staffs who are capable thereof. Too often a professor of original power explains to docile pupils the process of mining intellectual gold, without seeking nuggets himself, or, when found, showing them to mankind. Productive scholarship is the shyest of all flowers. It cometh not with observation, and may not bloom even under the most careful nurture. American universities must do their utmost to cultivate it, by planting the best seed, letting the sun shine upon it, and taking care that, in our land of rank growth, it is not choked by the thorns of administrative routine.

If I have dwelt upon only a small part of the problems of the university, if I have said nothing of the professional and graduate schools, of the library, the observatory, the laboratories, the museums, the gardens, and the various forms of extension work, it is not because they are of less importance, but because the time is too short to take up more than two or three pressing questions of general interest. The university touches the community at many points, and as time goes on it ought to serve the public through ever-increasing channels. But all its activities are more or less connected with, and most of them are based upon, the college. It is there that character ought to be shaped, that aspirations

ought to be formed, that citizens ought to be trained, and scholarly tastes implanted. If the mass of undergraduates could be brought to respect, nay, to admire, intellectual achievement on the part of their comrades, in at all the measure that they do athletic victory; if those among them of natural ability could be led to put forth their strength on the objects which the college is supposed to represent, the professional schools would find their tasks lightened, and their success enhanced. A greater solidarity in college, more earnestness of purpose and intellectual enthusiasm, would mean much for our nation. It is said that if the temperature of the ocean were raised, the water would expand until the floods covered the dry land; and if we can increase the intellectual ambition of college students, the whole face of our country will be changed. When the young men shall see visions, the dreams of old men will come true.

INAUGURAL DISCOURSE

BY LORD BROUGHAM

It now becomes me to return my very sincere and respectable thanks for the kindness which has placed me in a chair filled at former times by so many great men, whose names might well make any comparison formidable to a far more worthy successor.

While I wish you to accept this unexaggerated expression of gratitude, I am anxious to address you rather in the form which I now adopt, than in the more usual one of an unpremeditated discourse. I shall thus at least prove that the remarks which I deem it my duty to make are the fruit of mature reflections, and that I am unwilling to discharge an important office in a perfunctory manner.

I feel very sensibly that if I shall now urge you by general exhortations to be instant in the pursuit of the learning which, in all its branches, flourishes under the kindly shelter of these roofs, I may weary you with the unprofitable

repetition of a thrice-told tale; and if I presume to offer my advice touching the conduct of your studies, I may seem to trespass upon the province of those venerable persons under whose care you have the singular happiness to be placed. But I would, nevertheless, expose myself to either charge, for the sake of joining my voice with theirs in anxiously entreating you to believe how incomparably the present season is, verily and indeed, the most precious of your whole lives. It is not the less true, because it has been oftentimes said, that the period of youth is by far the best fitted for the improvement of the mind, and the retirement of a college almost exclusively adapted to much study. At your enviable age everything has the lively interest of novelty and freshness; attention is perpetually sharpened by curiosity; and the memory is tenacious of the deep impressions it thus receives, to a degree unknown in after life; while the distracting cares of the world, or its beguiling pleasures, cross not the threshold of these calm retreats; its distant noise and bustle are faintly heard, making the shelter you enjoy more grateful; and the struggles of anxious mortals embarked upon that troublous sea are viewed from an eminence, the security of which is rendered more sweet by the prospect of the scene below. Yet a little while, and you, too, will be plunged into those waters of bitterness; and will cast an eye of regret, as now I do, upon the peaceful regions you have quitted forever. Such is your lot as members of society; but it will be your own fault if you look back on this place with repentance or with shame; and be well assured that, whatever time—ay, every hour—you squander here on unprofitable idling, will then rise up against you, and be paid for by years of bitter, but unavailing, regrets. Study, then, I beseech you, so to store your minds with the exquisite learning of former ages, that you may always possess within yourself sources of rational and refined enjoyment, which will enable you to set at naught the grosser pleasures of sense whereof other men are slaves; and so imbue yourselves with the sound philosophy of later days, forming yourselves to the virtuous habits which

are its legitimate offspring, that you may walk unhurt through the trials which await you, and may look down upon the ignorance and error that surround you, not with lofty and supercilious contempt, as the sages of old times, but with the vehement desire of enlightening those who wander in darkness, and who are by so much the more endeared to us by how much they want our assistance.

Assuming the improvement of his own mind, and of the lot of his fellow creatures to be the great end of every man's existence, who is removed above the care of providing for his sustenance, and to be the indispensable duty of every man, as far as his own immediate wants leave him any portion of time unemployed, our attention is naturally directed to the means by which so great and urgent a work may best be performed; and as in the limited time allotted to this discourse, I can not hope to occupy more than a small portion of so wide a field, I shall confine myself to two subjects, or rather to a few observations upon two subjects, both of them appropriate to this place, but either of them affording ample materials for an entire course of lectures—the study of the rhetorical art, by which useful truths are promulgated with effect, and the purposes to which a proficiency in this art should be made subservient.

It is an extremely common error among young persons, impatient of academical discipline, to turn from the painful study of ancient and particularly of Attic composition, and solace themselves with work rendered easy by the familiarity of their own tongue. They plausibly contend, that as powerful or captivating dictation in a pure English style is, after all, the attainment they are in search of, the study of the best English models afford the shortest point to this point; and even admitting the ancient examples to have been the great fountains from which all eloquence is drawn, they would rather profit, as it were, by the classical labors of their English predecessors, than toil over the same path themselves. In a word, they would treat the perishable results of those labors as the standard, and give themselves no care about the immortal originals. This

argument, the thin covering which indolence weaves for herself, would speedily sink all the fine arts into barrenness and insignificance. Why, according to such reasoners, should a sculptor or painter encounter the toil of a journey to Athens or to Rome? Far better work at home, and profit by the labor of those who have resorted to the Vatican and the Parthenon, and founded an English school adapted to the taste of our own country. Be you assured that the works of the English chisel fall not more short of the wonders of the Acropolis, than the best productions of modern pens fall short of the chaste, finished, nervous, and overwhelming compositions of them that “resistless fulminated over Greece.” Be equally sure that, with hardly any exception, the great things of poetry and of eloquence have been done by men who cultivated the mighty exemplars of Athenian genius with daily and with nightly devotion. Among poets there is hardly an exception to this rule, unless Shakespeare, an exception to all rules, may be so deemed; and Dante, familiar as a contemporary with the works of Roman art, composed in his mother tongue, having taken not so much for his guide as for his “master,” Vergil, himself almost a translator from the Greeks. But among orators I know of none among the Romans, and scarcely any of our own times. Cicero honored the Greek masters with such singular observance, that he not only repaired to Athens for the sake of finishing his rhetorical education, but afterward continued to practise the art of declaiming in Greek; and altho he afterward fell into a less pure manner through the corrupt blandishments of the Asian taste, yet do we find him ever prone to extol the noble perfections of his first masters, as something placed beyond the reach of all imitation. Nay, at a mature period of his life, he occupied himself in translating the greater orations of the Greeks which composed almost exclusively his treatise “*De optimo genere Oratoris*”; as if to write a discourse on oratorical perfection were merely to present the reader with the two immortal speeches upon the crown. Sometimes we find him imitating, even to a literal version, the beauties of those divine originals—as the beautiful

passage of Æschines, in the Timarchus, upon the torments of the guilty, which the Roman orator has twice made use of, almost word for word; once in the oration for Sextus Roscius, the earliest he delivered, and again in a more mature effort of his genius, the oration against L. Piso.

I have dwelt the rather upon the authority of M. Tullius, because it enables us at once to answer the question, whether a study of the Roman orators be not sufficient for refining the taste? If the Greeks were the models of an excellence which the first of Roman orators never attained, altho ever aspiring after it—nay, if so far from being satisfied with his own success, he even in his masters found something which his ears desiderated—he either fell short while copying them, or he failed by diverting his worship to the false gods of the Asian school. In the one case, were we to rest satisfied with studying the Roman, we should only be imitating the imperfect copy, instead of the pure original—like him who should endeavor to catch a glimpse of some beauty by her reflection in a glass, that weakened her tints, if it did not distort her features. In the other case, we should not be imitating the same, but some less perfect original, and looking at the wrong beauty; not her whose chaste and simple attractions commanded the adoration of all Greece, but some garish damsel from Rhodes or Chios, just brilliant and languishing enough to captivate the less pure taste of half-civilized Rome. But there are other reasons too weighty to be passed over, which justify the same decided preference. Not to mention the incomparable beauty and power of the Greek language, the study of which alone affords the means of enriching our own, the compositions of Cicero, exquisite as they are for beauty of diction, often remarkable for ingenious argument and brilliant wit, not seldom excelling in deep pathos, are nevertheless so extremely rhetorical, fashioned by an art so little concealed, and sacrificing the subject to a display of the speaker's powers, admirable as those are, that nothing can be less adapted to the genius of modern elocution, which requires a constant and almost exclusive attention to the business in hand. In all his orations which

were spoken (for, singular as it may seem, the remark applies less to those which were only written, as all the *Verine*, except the first, all the *Philippics*, except the first and ninth, and the *Pro Milone*), hardly two pages can be found which a modern assembly would bear. Some admirable arguments on evidence, and the credit of witnesses, might be urged to a jury; several passages, given by him on the merits of the case, and in defense against the charge, might be spoken in mitigation of punishment after a conviction or confession of guilt; but, whether we regard the political or forensic orations, the style, both in respect of the reasoning and the ornaments, is wholly unfit for the more severe and less trifling nature of modern affairs in the Senate or at the bar. Now it is altogether otherwise with the Greek masters. Changing a few phrases, which the differences of religion and of manners might render objectionable—moderating, in some degree, the virulence of invective, especially against private character, to suit the chivalrous courtesy of modern hostility—there is hardly one of the political or forensic orations of the Greeks that might not be delivered in similar circumstances before our Senate or tribunals; while their funeral and other panegyrical discourses are much less inflated and unsubstantial than those of the most approved masters of the epideictic style, the French preachers and academicians. Whence the difference between the masterpieces of Greek and Roman eloquence? Whence but from the rigid steadiness with which the Greek orator keeps the object of all the eloquence perpetually in view, never speaking for mere speaking's sake; while the Latin rhetorician, "too fond of his own ingenuity," and, as tho he deemed his occupation a trial of skill or display of accomplishments, seems ever and anon to lose sight of the subject matter in the attempt to illustrate and adorn it; and pours forth passages sweet indeed, but unprofitable—fitted to tickle the ear, without reaching the heart. Where, in all the orations of Cicero, or of him who almost equals him, Livy, "admirable for his command of language," shall we find anything like those thick successions of short questions in which Demosthenes often-

times forges, as it were, with a few rapidly following strokes, the whole massive chain of his argument; as in the Chersonese, "Let this force be once destroyed or scattered, and what are we to do if Philip marches on the Chersonese? Put Diopeithes on his trail? But how will that better our condition? And how shall we send them succor if prevented by the winds? But, by Jupiter, he *will not march!* And who is our surety for that," or, comprising all of a long narrative that suits his argument in a single sentence, presenting a lengthened series of events at a single glance; as, "There were only five days in which this man (Æschines, who had been sent as an ambassador), brought back those lies—you believed—the Phocians listened—gave themselves up—*perished.*"

But tho the more business-like manner of modern debate approaches much nearer the style of the Greek than the Latin compositions, it must be admitted that it falls short of the great originals in the closeness, and, as it were, density, of the argument; in the habitual sacrifice of all ornament to use, or rather in the constant union of the two; so that, while a modern orator too frequently has his speech parceled out into compartments, one devoted to argument, another to declamation, a third to mere ornament, as if he should say, "Now your reason shall be convinced; now I am going to rouse your passions; and now you shall see how I can amuse your fancy," the more vigorous ancient argued in declaiming, and made his very boldest figures subservient to, or rather an integral part of, his reasoning. The most figurative and highly wrought passage in all antiquity is the famous oath of Demosthenes; yet, in the most pathetic part of it, and when he seems to have left the furthest behind him the immediate subject of his speech, led away by the prodigious interest of the recollections he has excited; when he is naming the very tombs where the heroes of Marathon lie buried, he instantly, not abruptly, but by a most felicitous and easy transition, returns into the midst of the main argument of his whole defense—that the merits of public servants, not the success of their councils, should be the measure of

the public gratitude toward them—a position that runs through the whole speech, and to which he makes the funeral honors bestowed alike on all the heroes, serve as a striking and appropriate support. With the same ease does Vergil manage his celebrated transition in the *Georgics*; where, in the midst of the Thracian war, and where at an immeasurable distance from agricultural topics, the magician strikes the ground on the field of battle, where helmets are buried, and suddenly raises before us the lonely husbandman, in a remote age, peacefully tilling its soil, and driving his plow among the rusty armor and moldering remains of the warrior.

But if a further reason is required for giving the preference to the Greek orators, we may find it in the greater diversity and importance of the subjects upon which their speeches were delivered. Besides the number of admirable orations and of written arguments upon causes merely forensic, we have every subject of public policy, all the great affairs of state, successfully forming the topics of the discussion. Compare them with Cicero in this particular, and the contrast is striking. His finest oration for matter and diction together is in defense of an individual charged with murder, and there is nothing in the case to give it public interest, except that the parties were of opposite factions in the state, and the deceased a personal as well as political adversary of the speaker. His most exquisite performance in point of diction, perhaps the most perfect prose composition in the language, was addrest to one man, in palliation of another's having borne arms against him in a war with a personal rival. Even the Catilinarians, his most splendid declamations, are principally denunciations of a single conspirator; the *Philippics*, his most brilliant invectives, abuse of a profligate leader; and the *Verrine orations*, charges against an individual governor. Many, indeed almost all the subjects of his speeches, rise to the rank of what the French term *Causes célèbres*; but they seldom rise higher. Of Demosthenes, on the other hand, we have not only many arguments upon cases strictly private, and relating to pecuniary matters, and

many upon interesting subjects, more nearly approaching public questions; as the speech against Midias, which relates to an assault on the speaker, but excels in spirit and vehemence, perhaps, all his other efforts; and some which, tho personal, involve high considerations of public policy, as that most beautiful and energetic speech against Aristocrates; but we have all his immortal orations upon the state affairs of Greece—embracing the history of a twenty years' administration during the most critical period of Grecian story; and the Philippics, discussing every question of foreign policy, and of the stand to be made by the civilized world against the encroachments of the barbarians. Those speeches were delivered upon subjects the most important and affecting that could be conceived to the whole community; the topics handled in them were of universal application, and of perpetual interest. To introduce a general observation, the Latin orator must quit the immediate course of his argument; he must for a moment lose sight of the object in view. But the Athenian can hardly hold too lofty a tone, or carry his view too extensively over the map of human affairs, for the vast range of his subject—the fates of the whole commonwealth of Greece, and the stand to be made by free and polished nations against barbaric tyrants.

After forming and chastening the taste by a diligent study of those perfect models, it is necessary to acquire correct habits of composition in our own language, first by studying the best writers, and next by translating copiously into it from the Greek. This is by far the best exercise that I am acquainted with for at once attaining a pure English diction, and avoiding the tameness and regularity of modern composition. But the English writers who really unlock the rich sources of the language are those who flourished from the end of Elizabeth's to the end of Queen Anne's reign; who used a good Saxon dialect with ease, but correctness and perspicuity—learned in the ancient classics, but only enriching their mother tongue when the Attic could supply its defects—not overlaying it with a profuse pedantic coinage of foreign words—

well practised in the old rules of composition, or rather collocation which unite natural ease and variety with absolute harmony, and give the author's ideas to develop themselves with the more truth and simplicity when clothed in the ample folds of inversion, or run from the exuberant to the elliptical without ever being either redunant or obscure. Those great wits had no foreknowledge of such times as succeeded their brilliant age, when styles should arise, and for a season prevail over both purity, and nature, and antique recollections—now meretriciously ornamented, more than half French in the phrase, and to mere figures fantastically sacrificing the sense—now heavily and regularly fashioned as if by the plumb and rule, and by the eye rather than the ear, with a needless profusion of ancient words and flexions, to displace those of our own Saxon, instead of temperately supplying its defects. Least of all could those lights of English eloquence have imagined that men should appear among us professing to each composition, and ignorant of the whole of its rules, and incapable of relishing the beauties, or indeed apprehending the very genius of the language, should treat its peculiar terms of expression and flexion as so many inaccuracies, and practise their pupils in correcting the faulty English of Addison, and training down to the mechanical rhythm of Johnson the lively and inimitable measures of Bolingbroke.

But in exhorting you deeply to meditate on the beauties of our old English authors, the poets, the moralists, and perhaps more than all these, the preachers of the Augustan age of English letters, do not imagine that I would pass over their great defects when compared with the renowned standards of severe taste in ancient times. Addison may have been pure and elegant; Dryden, airy and nervous; Taylor, witty and fanciful; Hooker, weighty and various; but none of them united force with beauty—the perfection of matter with the most refined and chastened style; and to one charge, all, even the most faultless, are exposed—the offense unknown in ancient times, but the besetting sin of later days—they always overdid—never knowing or feeling when they had done enough. In nothing, not even in

beauty of collocation and harmony of rhythm, is the vast superiority of the chaste, vigorous, manly style of the Greek orators and writers more conspicuous than in the abstinent use of their prodigious faculties of expression. A single phrase—sometimes a word—and the work is done—the desired impression is made, as it were, with one stroke, there being nothing superfluous interposed to weaken the blow or break its fall. The commanding idea is singled out; it is made to stand forward; all auxiliaries are rejected; as the Emperor Napoleon selected one point in the heart of his adversary's strength, and brought all his power to bear upon that, careless of the other points, which he was sure to carry if he won the center, as sure to have carried in vain if he left the center unsubdued. Far otherwise do modern writers make their onset; they resemble, rather, those campaigners, who fit out twenty little expeditions at a time to be a laughing-stock if they fail, and useless if they succeed; or if they do attack in the right place, so divide their forces, from the dread of leaving any one point unassailed, that they can make no sensible impression where alone it avails them to be felt. It seems the principle of such authors never to leave anything unsaid that can be said on any one topic; to run down every idea they start; to let nothing pass; and leave nothing to the reader, but harass him with anticipating everything that could possibly strike his mind. Compare with this effeminate laxity of speech the manly severity of ancient eloquence, or of him who approached it, by the happy union of natural genius with learned meditation; or of him who so marvelously approached still nearer with only the familiar knowledge of its least perfect ensamples. Mark, I do beseech you, the severe simplicity, the subdued tone of the diction, in the most touching parts of the "old man Eloquent's" loftiest passages. In the oath, when he comes to the burial place where they repose by whom he is swearing, if ever a grand epithet were allowable, it is here. When he would compare the effects of Theban treaty in dispelling the dangers that compassed the state round about to the swift passing away of a *stormy* cloud, he satisfies himself with two

words, the theme of just admiration to succeeding ages; and when he would paint the sudden approach of overwhelming peril to beset the state, he does it by a stroke, the picturesque effect of which has not, perhaps, been enough noted—likening it to a *whirlwind* or a *winter torrent*, it is worthy of remark, that in by far the finest of all Mr. Burke's orations, the passage which is, I believe, universally allowed to be the most striking, owes its effect to a figure twice introduced in close resemblance to these two great expressions, altho certainly not in imitation of either; for the original is to be found in Livy's description of Fabius's appearance to Hannibal. Hyder's vengeance is likened to "a black cloud, that hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains," and the people who suffered under its devastations are described as "enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry." Whoever reads the whole passage will, I think, admit that the effect is almost entirely produced by those two strokes; that the amplifications which accompany them, as the "blackening of the horizon"—the "menacing meteor"—the "storm of unusual fire," rather disarm than augment the terrors of the original *black cloud*; and that the "goading spears of the drivers," and "the trampling of pursuing horses," somewhat abate the fury of the *whirlwind of cavalry*. They are slaves—*lashed and racked*, says the Grecian master, to describe the wretched lot of those who had yielded to the wiles of the conqueror, in the vain hope of securing their liberties in safety. Compare this with the choicest of Mr. Burke's invectives of derision and pity upon the same subject—the sufferings of those who made peace with regicide France—and acknowledge the mighty effect of relying upon a single stroke to produce a great effect—if you had the master-hand to give it. "The King of Prussia has hypothecated in trust to the regicides his rich and fertile territories on the Rhine, as a pledge of his zeal and affection to the cause of liberty and equality. He has been robbed with unbounded liberty, and with the most leveling quality. The woods are wasted; the country is ravaged; property is confiscated; and the people are put to bear a

double yoke, in the exactions of a tyrannical government, and in the contributions of a hostile conscription." "The Grand Duke of Tuscany, for his early sincerity, for his love of peace, and for his entire confidence in the amity of the assassins of his family, has been complimented with the name of the '*wisest sovereign in Europe.*' This pacific Solomon, or his philosophic cudgeled ministry, cudgeled by English and by French, whose wisdom and philosophy between them have placed Leghorn in the hands of the enemy of the Austrian family, and driven the only profitable commerce of Tuscany from its only port." Turn now for refreshment to the Athenian artist—"Much, forsooth, did the Oreitoe gain when they yielded to the friends of Philip, and thrust out Euphræus; and much the people of Eretria, when they drove off your ambassadors, and gave themselves up to Kleitarchus! They are now slaves—*lashed and racked.*"—Phil.

Upon some very rare occasions, indeed, the orator, not content with a single blow, pours himself forth in a single torrent of invective, and then we recognize the man who was said of old to eat *shields and steel*. But, still, the effect is produced without repetition or diffuseness. I am not aware of any such expanded passage as the invective against those who had betrayed the various states of Greece to Philip. It is, indeed, a noble passage; one of the most brilliant, perhaps the most highly colored, of any in Demosthenes; but it is as condensed and rapid as it is rich and varied: "Base and fawning creatures, wretches who have mutilated the glory each of his own native land—toasting away their liberties to the health first of Philip, then of Alexander; measuring their happiness by their gluttony and debauchery, but utterly overthrowing those rights of freemen, and that independence of any master, which the Greeks of former days regarded as the test and the summit of all felicity." This requires no contrast to make its merit shine forth; but compare it with any of Cicero's invectives—that, for instance, in the third Catilinarian, against the conspirators, where he attacks them regularly under six different heads and in above twenty

times as many words; and ends with the known and very moderate jest of their commander keeping "Scortorum cohortem Prætoriam."

The great poet of modern Italy, Dante, approached nearest to the ancients in the quality of which I have been speaking. In his finest passages you rarely find an epithet; hardly ever more than one; and never two efforts to embody one idea. "*A guisa di Leon quando si posa.*" (Like the lion when he lays himself down), is the single trait by which he compares the dignified air of a stern personage to the expression of the lion slowly laying himself down. It is remarkable that Tasso copies the verse entire, but he destroys its whole effect by filling up the majestic idea, adding this line, "*Girando gli occhi e non movendo il passo*" (Casting around his eyes, but not hastening his pace). A better illustration could not easily be found of the difference between the ancient and the modern style. Another is furnished by a later imitator of the same great master. I know no passage of the *Divina Commedia* more excursive than the description of evening in the Purgatorio; yet the poet is content with somewhat enlarging on a single thought—the tender recollections which that hour of meditation gives the traveler, at the fall of the first night he is to pass away from home, when he hears the distant knell of the expiring day. Gray adopts the idea of the knell in nearly the words of the original, and adds eight other circumstances to it, presenting a kind of ground plan, or at least a catalog, an accurate enumeration (like a natural historian's), of every one particular belonging to nightfall, so as wholly to exhaust the subject, and leave nothing to the imagination of the reader. Dante's six verses, too, have but one epithet, *dolci*, applied to *amici*. Gray has thirteen or fourteen; some of them mere repetitions of the same idea which the verb or the substantive conveys—as *drowsy tinkling lulls*—the *moping owl complains*—the *plowman plods his weary way*. Surely, when we contrast the simple and commanding majesty of the ancient writers with the superabundance and diffusion of the exhaustive method, we may be tempted to feel that there

lurks some alloy of bitterness in the excess of sweets. This was so fully recognized by the wise ancients, that it became a proverb among them, as we learn from an epigram still preserved.

All excess is inappropriate; hence the proverb,
Too much even of honey turns to gall.

In forming the taste by much contemplation of those antique models, and acquiring the habits of easy and chaste composition, it must not be imagined that all the labor of the orator is ended, or that he may then, dauntless and fluent, enter upon his office in the public assembly. Much preparation is still required before each exertion, if rhetorical excellence is aimed at. I should lay down as a rule, admitting of no exception, that a man will speak well in proportion as he has written much; and that with equal talents, he will be the finest extempore speaker, when no time for preparing is allowed, who has prepared himself the most sedulously when he had an opportunity of delivering a premeditated speech. All the exceptions which I have ever heard cited to this principle are apparent ones only; proving nothing more than that some few men of rare genius have become great speakers without preparation; in no wise showing that with preparation they would not have reached a much higher pitch of excellence. The admitted superiority of the ancients in all oratorical accomplishments is the best proof of my position; for their careful preparation is undeniable; nay, in Demosthenes (of whom Quintilian says that his style indicates more premeditation—*plus curae*—than Cicero's), we can trace by the recurrence of the same passage, with progressive improvements in different speeches, how nicely he polished the more exquisite parts of his compositions. I could point out favorite passages, occurring as often as three several times with variations, and manifest amendment.

I am now requiring not merely great preparation while the speaker is learning his art, but after he has accomplished his education. The most splendid effort of the most

mature orator will be always finer for being previously elaborated with much care. There is, no doubt, a charm in extemporaneous elocution, derived from the appearance of artless, unpremeditated effusion, called forth by the occasion, and so adapting itself to its exigencies, which may compensate the manifold defects incident to this kind of composition: that which is inspired by the unforeseen circumstances of the moment, will be of necessity suited to those circumstances in the choice of the topics, and pitched in the tone of the execution, to the feelings upon which it is to operate. These are great virtues: it is another to avoid the besetting vice of modern oratory—the overdoing everything—the exhaustive method—which an off-hand speaker has no time to fall into, and he accordingly will take only the grand and effective view; nevertheless, in oratorical merit, such effusions must needs be very inferior; much of the pleasure they produce depends upon the hearer's surprize that in such circumstances anything can be delivered at all, rather than upon his deliberate judgment, that he has heard anything very excellent in itself. We may rest assured that the highest reaches of the art, and without any necessary sacrifice of natural effect, can only be attained by him who well considers, and maturely prepares, and oftentimes sedulously corrects and refines his oration. Such preparation is quite consistent with the introduction of passages prompted by the occasion, nor will the transition from the one to the other be perceptible in the execution of a practised master. I have known attentive and skilful hearers completely deceived in this matter, and taking for extemporaneous, passages which previously existed in manuscript, and were pronounced without the variation of a particle or pause. Thus, too, we are told by Cicero, in one of his epistles, that having to make, in Pompey's presence, a speech, after Crassus had very unexpectedly taken a particular line of argument, he exerted himself, and it appears successfully, in a marvelous manner, mightily assisted in what he said extempore by his habit of rhetorical preparation, and introducing skilfully, as the inspiration of the moment, all his favorite common-

places, with some of which, as we gather from a good-humored joke at his own expense, Crassus had interfered.

If, from contemplating the means of acquiring eloquence, we turn to the noble purposes to which it may be made subservient, we at once perceive its prodigious importance to the best interests of mankind. The greatest masters of the art have concurred, and upon the greatest occasion of its display, in pronouncing that its estimation depends on the virtuous and rational use made of it. Let their sentiments be engraved on your memory in their own pure and appropriate diction. *Æschines* says: "It is well that the intellect should choose the best objects, and that the education and eloquence of the orator should obtain the assent of his hearers; but if not, that sound judgment should be preferred to mere speech." Says his illustrious antagonist: "It is not the language of the orator, or the modulation of his voice that deserves your praise, but his seeking the same interests and objects with the body of the people."

It is but reciting the ordinary praises of the art of persuasion, to remind you how sacred truths may be most ardently promulgated at the altar—the cause of oppressed innocence be most powerfully defended—the march of wicked rulers be most triumphantly resisted—defiance, the most terrible be hurled at the oppressor's head. In great convulsions of public affairs, or in bringing about salutary changes, every one confesses how important an ally eloquence must be. But in peaceful times, when the progress of events is slow and even, as the silent and unheeded pace of time, and the jars of a mighty tumult in the foreign and domestic concerns can no longer be heard, then, too, she flourishes—protectress of liberty—patroness of improvement—guardian of all the blessings that can be showered upon the mass of human kind; nor is her form ever seen but on ground consecrated to free institutions. "Eloquence is the companion of peace and the associate of leisure; it is trained up under the auspices of a well-established republic." To me, calmly revolving these things, such pursuits seem far more noble objects of ambition than any upon which the vulgar herd of busy men

lavish prodigal their restless exertions. To diffuse useful information—to further intellectual refinement, sure forerunner of moral improvement—to hasten the coming of the bright day when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy, lingering mists, even from the base of the great social pyramid—this indeed is a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward, eager to bear a part. I know that I speak in a place consecrated by the pious wisdom of ancient times to the instruction of but a select portion of the community. Yet from this classic ground have gone forth those whose genius, not their ancestry, ennobled them, whose incredible merits have opened to all ranks the temple of science; whose illustrious example has made the humblest emulous to climb steps no longer inaccessible, and enter the unfolded gates, burning in the sun. I speak in that city where Black having once taught, and Watt learned, the grand experiment was afterward made in our day, and with entire success; to demonstrate that the highest intellectual cultivation is perfectly compatible with the daily cares and toils of workingmen; to show by thousands of living examples that a keen relish for the most sublime truths of science belongs alike to every class of mankind.

To promote this, of all objects the most important, men of talents and of influence I rejoice to behold pressing forward in every part of the empire; but I wait with impatient anxiety to see the same course pursued by men of high station in society, and by men of rank in the world of letters. It should seem as if these felt some little lurking jealousy, and those were somewhat scared by feelings of alarm—the one and the other surely alike groundless. No man of science needs fear to see the day when scientific excellence shall be too vulgar a commodity to bear a high price. The more widely knowledge is spread, the more will they be prized whose happy lot it is to extend its bounds by discovering new truths, or multiply its uses by inventing new modes of applying it in practise. Their numbers will need be increased, and among them more Watts and more Franklins will be enrolled among the lights of the

world, in proportion as more thousands of the working classes, to which Franklin and Watt belonged, have their thoughts turned toward philosophy; but the order of discoverers and inventors will still be a select few, and the only material variation in their proportion to the bulk of mankind will be, that the mass of the ignorant multitude being progressively diminished, the body of those will be incalculably increased who are worthy to admire genius, and able to bestow upon its possessors an immortal fame.

To those, too, who feel alarmed as statesmen, and friends of existing establishments, I would address a few words of comfort. Real knowledge never promoted either turbulence or unbelief; but its progress is the forerunner of liberality and enlightened toleration. Whoso dreads these, let him tremble; for he may be well assured that their day is at length come, and must put to sudden flight the evil spirits of tyranny and prosecution which haunted the long night now gone down the sky. As men will no longer suffer themselves to be led blindfolded in ignorance, so will they no more yield to the vile principle of judging and treating their fellow creatures, not according to the intrinsic merit of their actions, but according to the accidental and involuntary coincidence of their opinions. The great truth has finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth, *that man shall no more render account to man for his belief, over which he has himself no control.* Henceforward, nothing shall prevail upon us to praise or to blame any one for that which he can no more change than he can the hue of his skin or the height of his stature. Henceforward, treating with entire respect those who conscientiously differ from ourselves, the only practical effect of the difference will be, to make us enlighten the ignorance on one side or the other from which it springs, by instructing them, if it be theirs; ourselves if it be our own, to the end that the only kind of unanimity may be produced which is desirable among rational beings—the agreement proceeding from full conviction after the freest discussion. Far then, very far, from the universal spread of knowledge being the object of just apprehension to those who watch over the

peace of the country, or have a deep interest in the permanence of her institutions, its sure effect will be the removal of the only dangers that threaten the public tranquillity, and the addition of all that is wanting to confirm her internal strength.

Let me, therefore, indulge in the hope that among the illustrious youths whom this ancient kingdom, famed alike for its nobility and its learning, has produced, to continue its fame through after ages, possibly among those I now address, there may be found some one—I ask no more—willing to give a bright example to other nations in a path yet untrodden, by taking the lead of his fellow citizens, not in frivolous amusements, nor in the degrading pursuits of the ambitious vulgar, but in the truly noble task of enlightening the mass of his countrymen, and leaving his own name no longer encircled, as heretofore, with barbaric splendor, or attached to courtly gewgaws, but illustrated by the honors most worthy of our national nature—coupled with the diffusion of knowledge—and gratefully pronounced through all ages by millions whom his wise beneficence has rescued from ignorance and vice. To him I will say, “In nothing do men approach more nearly to the divinity than in ministering to the safety of their fellow men; so that fortune can not give you anything greater than the ability, or nature anything better than the desire, to extend relief to the greatest possible number.” This is the true mark for the aim of all who either prize the enjoyment of pure happiness, or set a right value upon a high and unsullied renown. And if the benefactors of mankind, when they rest from their pious labors, shall be permitted to enjoy hereafter, as an appropriate reward of their virtue, the privilege of looking down upon the blessings with which their toils and sufferings have clothed the scene of their former existence, do not vainly imagine that, in a state of exalted purity and wisdom, the founders of mighty dynasties, the conquerors of new empires, or the more vulgar crowd of evil-doers, who have sacrificed to their own aggrandizement the good of their fellow creatures, will be gratified by contemplating the monuments of their in-

glorious fame—theirs will be the delight—theirs the triumph—who can trace the remote effects of their enlightened benevolence in the improved condition of their species, and exult in the reflection that the prodigious change they now survey, with eyes that age and sorrow can make dim no more—of knowledge become power—virtue sharing in the dominion—superstition trampled under foot—tyranny driven from the world—are the fruits, precious, tho costly, and tho late reaped, yet long-enduring, of all the hardships and all the hazards they encountered here below!

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

BY THOMAS JEFFERSON

Delivered March 4, 1801, on assuming the Presidency of the United States

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—Called upon to undertake the duties of the first executive office of our country, I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow citizens which is here assembled, to express my grateful thanks for the favor with which they have been pleased to look toward me, to declare a sincere consciousness, that the task is above my talents, and that I approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments which the greatness of the charge, and the weakness of my powers, so justly inspire. A rising nation, spread over a wide and fruitful land, traversing all the seas with the rich productions of their industry, engaged in commerce with nations who feel power and forget right, advancing rapidly to destinies beyond the reach of mortal eye; when I contemplate these transcendent objects, and see the honor, the happiness, and the hopes of this beloved country committed to the issue and the auspices of this day, I shrink from the contemplation, and humble myself before the magnitude of the undertaking. Utterly, indeed, should I despair, did not the presence of many whom I see here, remind me, in the other high authorities

provided by our constitution, I shall find resources of wisdom, of virtue, and of zeal, on which to rely under all difficulties. To you, then, gentlemen, who are charged with the sovereign functions of legislation, and to those associated with you, I look with encouragement for that guidance and support which may enable us to steer with safety the vessel in which we are all embarked, amid the conflicting elements of a troubled world.

During the contest of opinion through which we have passed, the animation of discussions and of exertions has sometimes worn an aspect which might impose on strangers unused to think freely, and to speak and to write what they think; but this being now decided by the voice of the nation, announced according to the rules of the constitution, all will, of course, arrange themselves under the will of the law, and unite in common efforts for the common good. And, too, will bear in mind this sacred principle, that tho the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which would be oppression. Let us, then, fellow citizens, unite with one heart and one mind, let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things.

And let us reflect, that having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance, as despotic, as wicked, and as capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions. During the throes and convulsions of the ancient world, during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking through blood and slaughter his long-lost liberty, it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety; but every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are

all Republicans; we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government can not be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man can not be trusted with the government of himself. Can he then be trusted with the government of others? Or, have we found angels in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles; our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one-quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradation of the others, possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation, entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisition of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them, enlightened by a benign religion, profest indeed and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man, acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter; with all these blessings,

what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow citizens, a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

About to enter, fellow citizens, upon the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently, those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations. Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; the support of the State governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people, a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace, and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened; the honest payment of our debts, and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information, and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion, freedom of the press, and free-

dom of person, under the protection of the *habeas corpus*, and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages, and blood of our heroes, have been devoted to their attainment; they should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps, and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety.

I repair, then, fellow citizens, to the post you have assigned me. With experience enough in subordinate offices to have seen the difficulties of this, the greatest of all, I have learned to expect that it will rarely fall to the lot of imperfect man, to retire from this station with the reputation and the favor which bring him into it. Without pretensions to that high confidence you reposed in our first and greatest revolutionary character, whose preeminent services had entitled him to the first place in his country's love, and destined for him the fairest page in the volume of faithful history, I ask so much confidence only as may give firmness and effect to the legal administration of your affairs. I shall often go wrong through defect of judgment.

When right, I shall often be thought wrong by those whose positions will not command a view of the whole ground. I ask your indulgence for my own errors, which will never be intentional; and your support against the errors of others, who may condemn what they would not, if seen in all its parts. The approbation implied by your suffrage, is a great consolation to me for the past; and my future solicitude will be to retain the good opinion of those who have bestowed it in advance, to conciliate that of others, by doing them all the good in my power, and to be instrumental to the happiness and freedom of all.

Relying, then, on the patronage of your good-will, I advance with obedience to the work, ready to retire from

it whenever you become sensible how much better choices it is in your power to make. And may that infinite power which rules the destinies of the universe, lead our councils to what is best, and give them a favorable issue for your peace and prosperity.

POLITICAL SPEECHES

"A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF CAN NOT STAND"

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION :—
If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object, and confident promise, of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself can not stand." I believe this government can not endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new—North as well as South.

Have we no tendency to the latter condition? Let any one who doubts, carefully contemplate that now almost complete legal combination—piece of machinery, so to speak—compounded of the Nebraska doctrine and the Dred Scott decision. Let him consider not only what work the machinery is adapted to do, and how well adapted; but also, let him study the history of its construction, and trace, if he can, or rather fail, if he can, to trace the evidences of design, and concert of action, among its chief architects, from the beginning.

The new year of 1854 found slavery excluded from more than half the States by State constitutions, and from most of the national territory by congressional prohibition. Four days later, commenced the struggle which ended in repealing that congressional prohibition. This opened all the national territory to slavery, and was the first point gained.

But so far Congress only had acted; and an endorsement by the people, real or apparent, was indispensable, to save the point already gained, and give chance for more. This necessity had not been overlooked; but had been provided for, as well as might be, in the notable argument of "squatter sovereignty," or otherwise called "sacred right of self-government," which latter phrase, tho expressive of the only rightful basis of any government, was so perverted in this attempted use of it as to amount to just this: That if any one man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object. That argument was incorporated into the Nebraska bill itself, in the language which follows: "It being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom; but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." Then opened the roar of loose declamation in favor of "squatter sovereignty," and "sacred right of self-government." "But," said opposition members, "let us amend the bill so as to expressly declare that the people of the territory may exclude slavery." "Not we," said the friends of the measure; and down they voted the amendment.

While the Nebraska bill was passing through Congress, a *law case* involving the question of a negro's freedom, by reason of his owner having voluntarily taken him first into a free State and then into a territory covered by the congressional prohibition, and held him as a slave for a long time in each, was passing through the United States Circuit Court for the District of Missouri; and both Nebraska bill and law suit were brought to a decision in the same month of May, 1854. The negro's name was "Dred Scott," which name now designates the decision finally made in

the case. Before the then next presidential election, the law case came to, and was argued in, the Supreme Court of the United States; but the decision of it was deferred until after the election. Still, before the election, Senator Trumbull, on the floor of the Senate, requested the leading advocate of the Nebraska bill to state *his opinion* whether the people of a territory can constitutionally exclude slavery from their limits; and the latter answers: "That is a question for the Supreme Court."

The election came. Mr. Buchanan was elected, and the endorsement, such as it was, secured. That was the second point gained. The endorsement, however, fell short of a clear popular majority by nearly four hundred thousand votes, and so, perhaps, was not overwhelmingly reliable and satisfactory. The outgoing President, in his last annual message, as impressively as possible echoed back upon the people the weight and authority of the endorsement. The Supreme Court met again; did not announce their decision, but ordered a reargument. The presidential inauguration came, and still no decision of the court; but the incoming President, in his inaugural address, fervently exhorted the people to abide by the forthcoming decision, whatever it might be. Then, in a few days, came the decision.

The reputed author of the Nebraska bill finds an early occasion to make a speech at this capital, endorsing the Dred Scott decision, and vehemently denouncing all opposition to it. The new President, too, seizes the early occasion of the Silliman letter to endorse and strongly construe that decision, and to express his astonishment that any different view had ever been entertained!

At length a squabble springs up between the President and the author of the Nebraska bill, on the mere question of fact, whether the Lecompton Constitution was or was not, in any just sense, made by the people of Kansas; and in that quarrel the latter declares that all he wants is a fair vote for the people, and that he cares not whether slavery be voted down or voted up. I do not understand his declaration that he cares not whether slavery be voted down or voted up, to be intended by him other than as

an apt definition of the policy he would impress upon the public mind—the principle for which he declares he has suffered so much, and is ready to suffer to the end. And well may he cling to that principle. If he has any parental feeling, well may he cling to it. That principle is the only shred left of his original Nebraska doctrine. Under the Dred Scott decision, “squatter sovereignty” squatted out of existence, tumbled down like temporary scaffolding—like the mold at the foundry served through one blast and fell back into loose sand—helped to carry an election, and then was kicked to the winds. His late joint struggle with the Republicans, against the Lecompton Constitution, involves nothing of the original Nebraska doctrine. That struggle was made on a point—the right of a people to make their own constitution—upon which he and the Republicans have never differed.

The several points of the Dred Scott decision, in connection with Senator Douglas’s “care not” policy, constitute the piece of machinery, in its present state of advancement. This was the third point gained. The working points of that machinery are:

First, that no negro slave, imported as such from Africa, and no descendant of such slave, can ever be a citizen of any State, in the sense of that term as used in the Constitution of the United States. This point is made in order to deprive the negro, in every possible event, of the benefit of that provision of the United States Constitution, which declares that “The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.”

Secondly, that, “subject to the Constitution of the United States,” neither Congress nor a territorial legislature can exclude slavery from any United States territory. This point is made in order that individual men may fill up the territories with slaves, without danger of losing them as property, and thus to enhance the chances of permanency to the institution through all the future.

Thirdly, that whether the holding a negro in actual slavery in a free State, makes him free, as against the

holder, the United States courts will not decide, but will leave to be decided by the courts of any slave State the negro may be forced into by the master. This point is made, not to be prest immediately; but, if acquiesced in for a while, and apparently endorsed by the people at an election, then to sustain the logical conclusion that what Dred Scott's master might lawfully do with Dred Scott, in the free State of Illinois, every other master may lawfully do with any other one, or one thousand slaves, in Illinois, or in any other free State.

Auxiliary to all this, and working hand in hand with it, the Nebraska doctrine, or what is left of it, is to educate and mold public opinion, at least Northern public opinion, not to care whether slavery is voted down or voted up. This shows exactly where we now are; and partially, also, whither we are tending.

It will throw additional light on the latter, to go back, and run the mind over the string of historical facts already stated. Several things will now appear less dark and mysterious than they did when they were transpiring. The people were to be left "perfectly free," "subject only to the Constitution." What the Constitution had to do with it, outsiders could not then see. Plainly enough now: it was an exactly fitted niche for the Dred Scott decision to afterward come in and declare the perfect freedom of the people to be just no freedom at all. Why was the amendment, expressly declaring the right of the people, voted down? Plainly enough now: the adoption of it would have spoiled the niche for the Dred Scott decision. Why was the court decision held up? Why even a Senator's individual opinion withheld, till after the Presidential election? Plainly enough now: the speaking out then would have damaged the perfectly free argument upon which the election was to be carried. Why the outgoing President's felicitation on the endorsement? Why the delay of a reargument? Why the incoming President's advance in favor of the decision? These things look like the cautious patting and petting of a spirited horse preparatory to mounting him, when it is dreaded that he may give the rider a fall. And

why the hasty after-endorsement of the decision by the President and others?

We can not absolutely know that all these exact adaptations are the result of preconcert. But when we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten out at different times and places and by different workmen—Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and James, for instance—and when we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house or a mill, all the tenons and mortises exactly fitting, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few—not omitting even scaffolding—or, if a single piece be lacking, we see the place in the frame exactly fitted and prepared yet to bring such piece in—in such a case, we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James all understood one another from the beginning, and all worked upon a common plan or draft drawn up before the first blow was struck.

It should not be overlooked that, by the Nebraska bill, the people of a *State* as well as territory, were to be left “perfectly free,” “subject only to the Constitution.” Why mention a State? They were legislating for territories, and not for or about States. Certainly, the people of a State are and ought to be subject to the Constitution of the United States; but why is mention of this lugged into this merely territorial law? Why are the people of a territory and the people of a State therein lumped together, and their relation to the Constitution therein treated as being precisely the same? While the opinion of the court, by Chief Justice Taney, in the Dred Scott case, and the separate opinions of all the concerning judges, expressly declare that the Constitution of the United States neither permits Congress nor a territorial legislature to exclude slavery from any United States territory, they all omit to declare whether or not the same Constitution permits a State, or the people of a State, to exclude it. Possibly, this is a mere omission; but who can be quite sure, if McLean or Curtis

had sought to get into the opinion a declaration of unlimited power in the people of a State to exclude slavery from their limits, just as Chase and Mace sought to get such declaration, in behalf of the people of a territory, into the Nebraska bill—I ask, who can be quite sure that it would not have been voted down in the one case as it had been in the other? The nearest approach to the point of declaring the power of a State over slavery, is made by Judge Nelson. He approaches it more than once, using the precise idea, and almost the language, too, of the Nebraska act. On one occasion his exact language is, “Except in cases where the power is restrained by the Constitution of the United States the law of the State is supreme over the subject of slavery within its jurisdiction.” In what cases the power of the State is so restrained by the United States Constitution, is left an open question, precisely as the same question, as to the restraint on the power of the territories, was left open in the Nebraska act. Put this and that together, and we have another nice little niche, which we may, ere long, see filled with another Supreme Court decision, declaring that the Constitution of the United States does not permit a *State* to exclude slavery from its limits. And this may especially be expected if the doctrine of “care not whether slavery be voted down or voted up” shall gain upon the public mind sufficiently to give promise that such a decision can be maintained when made.

Such a decision is all that slavery now lacks of being alike lawful in all the States. Welcome, or unwelcome, such decision is probably coming, and will soon be upon us, unless the power of the present political dynasty shall be met and overthrown. We shall lie down presently, dreaming that the people of Missouri are on the verge of making their State free, and we shall awake to the reality instead, that the Supreme Court has made Illinois a slave State. To meet and overthrow the power of that dynasty is the work now before all those who would prevent that consummation. That is what we have to do. How can we best do it?

There are those who denounce us openly to their own

friends, and yet whisper to us softly that Senator Douglas is the aptest instrument there is with which to effect that object. They wish us to *infer* all, from the fact that he now has a little quarrel with the present head of the dynasty; and that he has regularly voted with us on a single point, upon which he and we have never differed. They remind us that he is a great man, and that the largest of us are very small ones. Let this be granted. But "A living dog is better than a dead lion." Judge Douglas, if not a dead lion, for this work, is at least a caged and toothless one. How can he oppose the advances of slavery? He doesn't care anything about it. His avowed mission is impressing the "public heart" to *care nothing about it*. A leading Douglas Democratic newspaper thinks Douglas's superior talent will be needed to resist the revival of the African slave trade. Does Douglas believe an effort to revive that trade is approaching? He has not said so. Does he really think so? But if it is, how can he resist it? For years he has labored to prove it a sacred right of white men to take negro slaves into the new territories. Can he possibly show that it is less a sacred right to buy them where they can be bought cheapest? And unquestionably they can be bought cheaper in Africa than in Virginia. He has done all in his power to reduce the whole question of slavery to one of a mere right of property; and as such, how can he oppose the foreign slave trade—how can he refuse that trade in that "property" shall be "perfectly free"—unless he does it as a protection to the home production? And as the home producers will probably not ask the protection, he will be wholly without a ground of opposition.

Senator Douglas holds, we know, that a man may rightfully be wiser to-day than he was yesterday—that he may rightfully change when he finds himself wrong. But can we, for that reason, run ahead, and infer that he will make any particular change, of which he, himself, has given no intimation? Can we safely base our action upon any such vague inference? Now, as ever, I wish not to misrepresent Judge Douglas's position, question his motives, or do aught that can be personally offensive to him. Whenever, if ever,

he and we can come together on principle so that our cause may have assistance from his great ability, I hope to have interposed no adventitious obstacle. But clearly, he is not now with us—he does not pretend to be—he does not promise ever to be.

Our cause, then, must be intrusted to, and conducted by, its own undoubted friends—those whose hands are free, whose hearts are in the work—who care for the result. Two years ago the Republicans of the nation mustered over thirteen hundred thousand strong. We did this under the single impulse of resistance to a common danger, with every external circumstance against us. Of strange, discordant, and even hostile elements, we gathered from the four winds, and formed and fought the battle through, under the constant, hot fire of a disciplined, proud, and pampered enemy. Did we brave all then, to falter now?—now, when that same enemy is wavering, dissevered and belligerent? The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail—if we stand firm, we shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate, or mistakes delay it, but, sooner or later, the victory is sure to come.

IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT

BY WILLIAM H. SEWARD

The unmistakable outbreaks of zeal which occur all around me show that you are earnest men—and such a man am I. Let us, therefore, at least for a time, pass all secondary and collateral questions, whether of a personal or a general nature, and consider the main subject of the present canvass. The Democratic party, or, to speak more accurately, the party which wears that attractive name—is in possession of the federal government. The Republicans propose to dislodge that party, and dismiss it from its high trust.

The main subject, then, is whether the Democratic party deserves to retain the confidence of the American people.

In attempting to prove it unworthy, I think that I am not actuated by prejudices against that party, or by prepossessions in favor of its adversary; for I have learned by some experience, that virtue and patriotism, vice and selfishness, are found in all parties, and that they differ less in their motives than in the policies they pursue.

Our country is a theater, which exhibits, in full operation, two radically different political systems; the one resting on the basis of servile or slave labor, the other on voluntary labor of freemen. The laborers who are enslaved are all negroes, or persons more or less purely of African derivation. But this is only accidental. The principle of the system is, that labor in every society, by whomsoever performed, is necessarily unintellectual, grovelling and base; and that the laborer, equally for his own good and for the welfare of the State, ought to be enslaved. The white laboring man, whether native or foreigner, is not enslaved, only because he can not, as yet, be reduced to bondage.

You need not be told now that the slave system is the older of the two, and that once it was universal. The emancipation of our own ancestors, Caucasians and Europeans as they were, hardly dates beyond a period of five hundred years. The great melioration of human society which modern times exhibit is mainly due to the incomplete substitution of the system of voluntary labor for the one of servile labor, which has already taken place. This African slave system is one which, in its origin and in its growth, has been altogether foreign from the habits of the races which colonized these States, and established civilization here. It was introduced on this continent as an engine of conquest, and for the establishment of monarchical power, by the Portuguese and the Spaniards, and was rapidly extended by them all over South America, Central America, Louisiana and Mexico. Its legitimate fruits are seen in the poverty, imbecility, and anarchy which now pervade all Portuguese and Spanish America. The free-labor system is of German extraction, and it was established in our country by immigrants from Sweden, Holland, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland. We justly ascribe to its

influences the strength, wealth, greatness, intelligence, and freedom which the whole American people now enjoy. One of the chief elements of the value of human life is freedom in the pursuit of happiness. The slave system is not only intolerable, unjust, and inhuman toward the laborer, whom, only because he is a laborer, it loads down with chains and converts into merchandise, but is scarcely less severe upon the freeman, to whom, only because he is a laborer from necessity it denies facilities for employment, and whom it expels from the community because it can not enslave and convert into merchandise also. It is necessarily improvident and ruinous, because, as a general truth, communities prosper and flourish, or droop and decline, in just the degree that they practise the primary duties of justice and humanity. The free-labor system conforms to the divine law of equality, which is written in the hearts and consciences of man, and therefore is always and everywhere beneficent.

The slave system is one of constant danger, distrust, suspicions, and watchfulness. It debases those whose toil alone can produce wealth and resources for defense, to the lowest degree of which human nature is capable, to guard against mutiny and insurrection, and thus wastes energies which otherwise might be employed in national development and aggrandizement.

The free-labor system educates all alike, and by opening all the fields of industrial employment and all the departments of authority, to the unchecked and equal rivalry of all classes of men, at once secures universal contentment, and brings into the highest possible activity all the physical, moral, and social energies of the whole State. In States where the slave system prevails, the masters, directly or indirectly, secure all political power, and constitute a ruling aristocracy. In States where the free-labor system prevails, universal suffrage necessarily obtains, and the State inevitably becomes, sooner or later, a republic or democracy.

Russia yet maintains slavery, and is a despotism. Most of the other European States have abolished slavery, and adopted the system of free-labor. It was the antagonistic

political tendencies of the two systems which the first Napoleon was contemplating when he predicted that Europe would ultimately be either all Cossack or all republican. Never did human sagacity utter a more pregnant truth. The two systems are at once perceived to be incongruous. But they are more than incongruous—they are incompatible. They never have permanently existed together in one country, and they never can. It would be easy to demonstrate this impossibility; from the irreconcilable contrast between their great principles and characteristics. But the experience of mankind has conclusively established it. Slavery, as I have intimated, existed in every State in Europe. Free-labor has supplanted it everywhere except in Russia and Turkey. State necessities developed in modern times are now obliging even those two nations to encourage and employ free-labor; and already, despotic as they are, we find them engaged in abolishing slavery. In the United States, slavery came into collision with free-labor at the close of the last century, and fell before it in New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, but triumphed over it effectually, and excluded it for a period yet undetermined, from Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia. Indeed, so incompatible are the two systems, that every new State which is organized within our ever-extending domain makes its first political act a choice of the one and the exclusion of the other, even at the cost of civil war, if necessary. The Slave States, without law, at the last national election, successfully forbade, within their own limits, even the casting of votes for a candidate for President of the United States supposed to be favorable to the establishment of the free-labor system in new States.

Hitherto, the two systems have existed in different States, but side by side within the American Union. This has happened because the Union is a confederation of States. But in another aspect the United States constitutes only one nation. Increase of population, which is filling the States out to their very borders, together with a new and extended network which daily becomes more intimate, is rapidly bringing the States into a higher and more

perfect social unity or consolidation. Thus, these antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact, and collision results.

Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation. Either the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina and the sugar plantations of Louisiana will ultimately be tilled by free-labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts of legitimate merchandise alone, or else the rye-fields and wheat-fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men. It is the failure to apprehend this great truth, that induces so many unsuccessful attempts at final compromises between the slave and free States, and it is the existence of this great fact that renders all such pretended compromises, when made, vain and ephemeral. Startling as this saying may appear to you, fellow citizens, it is by no means an original or even a modern one. Our forefathers knew it to be true, and unanimously acted upon it when they framed the Constitution of the United States. They regarded the existence of the servile system in so many of the States with sorrow and shame, which they openly confess, and they looked upon the collision between them, which was then just revealing itself, and which we are now accustomed to deplore, with favor and hope. They knew that one or the other system must exclusively prevail.

Unlike too many of those who in modern time invoke their authority, they had a choice between the two. They preferred the system of free-labor, and they determined to organize the Government, and so direct its activity that that system should surely and certainly prevail. For this

purpose, and no other, they based the whole structure of the Government broadly on the principle that all men are created equal, and therefore free—little dreaming that, within the short period of one hundred years, their descendants would bear to be told by any orator, however popular, that the utterance of that principle was merely a rhetorical rhapsody; or by any judge, however venerated, that it was attended by mental reservation, which rendered it hypocritical and false. By the ordinance of 1787 they dedicated all of the national domain not yet polluted by slavery to free-labor immediately, thenceforth and forever; while by the new constitution and laws they invited foreign free-labor from all lands under the sun, and interdicted the importation of African slave labor, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances whatsoever. It is true that they necessarily and wisely modified this policy of freedom by leaving it to the several States, affected as they were by different circumstances, to abolish slavery in their own pleasure, instead of confiding that duty to Congress; and that they secured to the slave States, while yet retaining the system of slavery, a three-fifths representation of slaves in the federal government, until they should find themselves able to relinquish it with safety. But the very nature of these modifications fortifies my position, that the fathers knew that the two systems could not endure within the Union, and expected within a short period would disappear forever. Moreover, in order that these modifications might not altogether defeat their grand design of a republic maintaining universal equality, they provided that two-thirds of the States might amend the constitution.

It remains to say on this point only one word, to guard against misapprehension. If these States are to again become universally slave-holding, I do not pretend to say with what violations of the constitution that end shall be accomplished. On the other hand, while I do confidently believe and hope that my country will yet become a land of universal freedom, I do not expect that it will be made so otherwise than through the action of the several States

cooperating with the federal government, and all acting in strict conformity with their respective constitutions.

The strife and contentions concerning slavery, which gently disposed persons so habitually deprecate, are nothing more than the ripening of the conflict which the fathers themselves not only thus regarded with favor, but which they may be said to have instituted.

It is not to be denied, however, that thus far the course of that contest has not been according to their humane anticipations and wishes. In the field of federal politics, slavery, deriving unlooked-for advantages from commercial changes, and energies unforeseen from the facilities of combination between members of the slave-holding class and between that class and other property classes, early rallied, and has at length made a stand, not merely to retain its original defensive position, but to extend its sway throughout the whole Union. It is certain that the slave-holding class of American citizens indulge this high ambition, and that they derive encouragement for it from the rapid and effective political successes which they have already obtained. The plan of operation is this: By continued appliances of patronage and threats of disunion, they will keep a majority favorable to these designs in the senate, where each State has an equal representation. Through that majority they will defeat, as they best can, the admission of free States of the judiciary, they will, on the principle of the Dred Scott case, carry slavery into all the territories of the United States now existing and hereafter to be organized. By the action of the President and senate, using the treaty-making power, they will annex foreign slave-holding States. In a favorable conjuncture they will induce Congress to repeal the Act of 1808, which prohibits the foreign slave trade, and so they will import from Africa, at a cost of only twenty dollars a head, slaves enough to fill up the interior of the continent. Thus relatively increasing the number of slave States, they will allow no amendment to the Constitution prejudicial to their interest; and so, having permanently their power, they expect the federal judiciary to nullify all State laws which

shall interfere with internal or foreign commerce in slaves.

When the free States shall be sufficiently demoralized to tolerate these designs, they reasonably conclude that slavery will be accepted by those States themselves. I shall not stop to show how speedy or how complete would be the ruin which the accomplishment of these slave-holding schemes would bring upon the country. For one, I should not remain in the country to test the sad experiment. Having spent my manhood, tho not my whole life, in a free State, no aristocracy of any kind, much less an aristocracy of slave-holders, shall ever make the laws of the land in which I shall be content to live. Having seen the society around me universally engaged in agriculture, manufactures, and trade, which were innocent and beneficent, I shall never be a denizen of a State where men and women are reared as cattle, and bought and sold as merchandise. When that evil day shall come, and all further effort of resistance shall be impossible, then, if there shall be no better hope for redemption than I can now foresee, I shall say with Franklin, while looking abroad over the whole earth for a new and more congenial home: "Where liberty dwells, there is my country." You will tell me that these fears are extravagant and chimerical. I answer, they are so; but they are so only because the designs of the slave-holders must and can be defeated. But it is only the possibility of defeat that renders them so. They can not be defeated by inactivity. There is no escape from them compatible with non-resistance. How, then, and in what way, shall the necessary resistance be made? There is only one way. The Democratic party must be permanently dislodged from the Government. The reason is, that the Democratic party is inextricably committed to the designs of the slave-holders, which I have described. Let me be well understood. I do not charge that the Democratic candidates for public office now before the people are pledged to—much less that the Democratic masses who support them

really adopt—those atrocious and dangerous designs. Candidates may, and generally do, mean to act justly, wisely, and patriotically, when they shall be elected; but they become the ministers and servants, not the dictators, of the power which elects them. The policy which a party shall pursue at a future period is only gradually developed, depending on the occurrence of events never fully foreknown. The motives of men, whether acting as electors or in any other capacity, are generally pure. Nevertheless, it is not more true that “hell is paved with good intentions,” than it is that earth is covered with wrecks resulting from innocent and amiable motives.

The very constitution of the Democratic party commits it to execute all the designs of the slave-holders, whatever they may be. It is not a party of the whole Union, of all the free States in the North and in the Northwest, but it is a sectional and local party, having practically its seat within the slave States, and counting its constituency chiefly and almost exclusively there. Of all its representatives in Congress and in the electoral colleges, two-thirds uniformly come from these States. Its great element of strength lies in the vote of the slave-holders, augmented by the representation of three-fifths of the slaves. Deprive the Democratic party of this strength, and it would be a helpless and hopeless minority, incapable of continued organization. The Democratic party, being thus local and sectional, acquires new strength from the admission of every new slave State, and loses relatively by the admission of every new free State into the Union.

A party is, in one sense, a joint stock association, in which those who contribute most direct the action and management of the concern. The slave-holders contributing in an overwhelming proportion to the capital strength of the Democratic party, they necessarily dictate and prescribe its policy. The inevitable caucus system enables them to do so with a show of fairness and justice. If it were possible to conceive for a moment that the Democratic party should disobey the behests of the slave-holders we should then see a withdrawal of

slave-holders, which would leave the party to perish. The portion of the party which is found in the free States is a mere appendage, convenient to modify its sectional character, without impairing its sectional constitution, and is less effective in regulating its movements than the nebulous tail of the comet is in determining the appointed, tho apparently eccentric, course of the fiery sphere from which it emanates.

To expect the Democratic party to resist slavery and favor freedom is as unreasonable as to look for Protestant missionaries to the Catholic propaganda of Rome. The history of the Democratic party commits it to the policy of slavery. It has been the Democratic party, and no other agency, which has carried that policy up to its present alarming culmination. Without stopping to ascertain, critically, the origin of the present Democratic party, we may concede its claim to date from the era of good feeling which occurred under the administration of President Monroe. At that time, in this State, and about that time in many others of the free States, the Democratic party deliberately disfranchised the free colored or African citizen, and it has pertinaciously continued this disfranchisement ever since. This was an effective aid to slavery; for, while the slave-holder votes for his slaves against freedom, the freed slave in the free States is prohibited from voting against slavery.

In 1824 the democracy resisted the election of John Quincy Adams—himself before that time an acceptable Democrat—and in 1828 it expelled him from the presidency and put a slave-holder in his place, altho the office had been filled by slave-holders thirty-two out of forty years.

In 1836, Martin Van Buren—the first non-slave-holding citizen of a free State to whose election the Democratic party ever consented—signalized his inauguration into the presidency by a gratuitous announcement that under no circumstances would he ever approve a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. From 1838 to 1844 the subject of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia and in the national dockyards and arsenals, was

brought before Congress by repeated popular appeals. The Democratic party thereupon promptly denied the right of petition, and effectually suppress the freedom of speech in Congress, so far as the institution of slavery was concerned.

From 1840 to 1843 good and wise men counseled that Texas should remain outside the Union until she should consent to relinquish her self-instituted slavery; but the Democratic party precipitated her admission into the Union, not only without that condition, but even with a covenant that the State might be divided and reorganized so as to constitute four slave States instead of one.

In 1846, when the United States became involved in a war with Mexico, and it was apparent that the struggle would end in the dismemberment of that republic, which was a non-slaveholding power, the Democratic party rejected a declaration that slavery should not be established within the territory to be acquired. When, in 1850, governments were to be instituted in the territories of California and New Mexico, the fruits of that war, the Democratic party refused to admit New Mexico as a free State, and consented to admit California as a free State, only on condition, as it has since explained the transaction, of leaving all of New Mexico and Utah open to slavery, to which was also added the concession of perpetual slavery in the District of Columbia, and the passage of an unconstitutional, cruel, and humiliating law, for the recapture of fugitive slaves, with a further stipulation that the subject of slavery should never again be agitated in either chamber of Congress. When, in 1854, the slave-holders were contentedly reposing on these great advantages, then so recently won, the Democratic party unnecessarily, officiously, and with superserviceable liberality, awakened them from their slumber, to offer and force on their acceptance the abrogation of the law which declared that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude should ever exist within that part of the ancient territory of Louisiana which lay outside the State of Missouri, and north of the parallel of $36^{\circ} 30'$ of north latitude—a law which, with the exception of one other, was the

only statute of freedom then remaining in the federal code.

In 1856, when the people of Kansas had organized a new State within the region thus abandoned to slavery, and applied to be admitted as a free State into the Union, the Democratic party contemptuously rejected her petition, and drove them with menaces and intimidations from the halls of Congress, and armed the President with military power to enforce their submission to a slave code, established over them by fraud and usurpation. At every subsequent stage of a long contest which has since raged in Kansas, the Democratic party has lent its sympathies, its aid, and all the powers of the Government which it controlled, to enforce slavery upon that unwilling and injured people. And now, even at this day, while it mocks us with the assurance that Kansas is free, the Democratic party keeps the State excluded from her just and proper place in the Union, under the hope that she may be dragooned into the acceptance of slavery.

The Democratic party, finally, has procured from a supreme judiciary, fixt in its interest, a decree that slavery exists by force of the constitution in every territory of the United States, paramount to all legislative authority, either within the territory or residing in Congress.

Such is the Democratic party. It has no policy, State or federal, for finance, or trade, or manufacture, or commerce, or education, or internal improvements, or for the protection or even the security of civil religious liberty. It is positive and uncompromising, in the interest of slavery—negative, compromising, and vacillating, in regard to everything else. It boasts its love of equality, and wastes its strength, and even its life, in fortifying the only aristocracy known in the land. It professes fraternity, and, so often as slavery requires, allies itself with proscription. It magnifies itself for conquests in foreign lands, but it sends the national eagle forth always with chains. and not the olive branch, in his fangs.

This dark record shows you, fellow citizens, what I was unwilling to announce at an earlier stage of this argument, that of the whole nefarious schedule of slaveholding

designs which I have submitted to you, the Democratic party has left only one yet to be consummated—the abrogation of the law which forbids the African slave trade.

I know—few, I think, know better than I—the resources and energies of the Democratic party, which is identical with the slave power. I do ample justice to its traditional popularity. I know further—few, I think, know better than I—the difficulties and disadvantages of organizing a new political force, like the Republican party, and the obstacles it must encounter in laboring without prestige and without patronage. But, understanding all this, I know that the Democratic party must go down, and that the Republican party must rise into its place. The Democratic party derived its strength, originally, from its adoption of the principles of equal and exact justice to all men. So long as it practised this principle faithfully, it was invulnerable. It became vulnerable when it renounced the principle, and since that time has maintained itself, not by virtue of its own strength, or even of its traditional merits, but because there as yet had appeared in the political field no other party that had the conscience and the courage to take up, and avow, and practise the life-inspiring principle which the Democratic party had surrendered. At last, the Republican party has appeared. It avows now, as the Republican party of 1800 did, in one word, its faith and its works, “Equal and exact justice to all men.” Even when it first entered the field, only half organized, it struck a blow which only just failed to secure complete and triumphant victory. In this, its second campaign, it has already won advantages which render that triumph now both easy and certain.

The secret of its assured success lies in that very characteristic which, in the mouth of scoffers, constitutes its great and lasting imbecility and reproach. It lies in the fact that it is a party of one idea; but it is a noble one—an idea that fills and expands all generous souls, the idea of equality—the equality of all men before human tribunals and human laws, as they all are equal before the divine tribunal and divine laws.

I know, and you know, that a revolution has begun. I know, and all the world knows, that revolutions never go backward. Twenty senators and a hundred representatives proclaim boldly in Congress to-day sentiments and opinions and principles of freedom which hardly so many men, even in this free State, dared to utter in their own homes twenty years ago. While the Government of the United States, under the conduct of the Democratic party, has been all that time surrendering one plain and castle after another to slavery, the people of the United States have been no less steadily and perseveringly gathering together the forces with which to recover back again all the fields and all the castles which have been lost, and to confound and overthrow, by one decisive blow, the betrayers of the Constitution and freedom forever.

"WE, THE PEOPLE," OR "WE, THE STATES"

BY PATRICK HENRY

MR. CHAIRMAN:—The public mind, as well as my own, is extremely uneasy at the proposed change of government.

Give me leave to form one of the number of those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the reasons of this perilous and uneasy situation, and why we are brought hither to decide on this great national question. I consider myself as the servant of the people of this commonwealth, as a sentinel over their rights, liberty, and happiness. I represent their feelings when I say that they are exceedingly uneasy, being brought from that state of full security, which they enjoy, to the present delusive appearance of things. Before the meeting of the late Federal Convention at Philadelphia, a general peace and a universal tranquillity prevailed in this country, and the minds of our citizens were at perfect repose; but since that period they are exceedingly uneasy and disquieted. When I wished for an appointment to this convention, my mind was extremely

agitated for the situation of public affairs. I conceive the Republic to be in extreme danger. If our situation be thus uneasy, whence has arisen this fearful jeopardy? It arises from this fatal system; it arises from a proposal to change our government—a proposal that goes to the utter annihilation of the most solemn engagements of the States—a proposal of establishing nine States into a confederacy, to the eventual exclusion of four States. It goes to the annihilation of these solemn treaties we have formed with foreign nations. The present circumstances of France, the good offices rendered us by that kingdom, require our most faithful and most punctual adherence to our treaty with her. We are in alliance with the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Prussians: those treaties bound us as thirteen States, confederated together. Yet here is a proposal to sever that confederacy. Is it possible that we shall abandon all our treaties and national engagements? And for what? I expected to have heard the reasons of an event so unexpected to my mind, and many others. Was our civil polity, or public justice, endangered or sapped? Was the real existence of the country threatened, or was this preceded by a mournful progression of events? This proposal of altering our Federal government is of a most alarming nature; make the best of this new government—say it is composed of anything but inspiration—you ought to be extremely cautious, watchful, jealous of your liberty; for, instead of securing your rights, you may lose them forever. If a wrong step be now made, the republic may be lost forever. If this new government will not come up to the expectation of the people, and they should be disappointed, their liberty will be lost, and tyranny must and will arise. I repeat it again, and I beg, gentlemen, to consider, that a wrong step, made now, will plunge us into misery, and our republic will be lost. It will be necessary for this convention to have a faithful historical detail of the facts that preceded the session of the Federal Convention, and the reasons that actuated its members in proposing an entire alteration of government—and to demonstrate the dangers that awaited us. If they were of such awful

magnitude as to warrant a proposal so extremely perilous as this, I must assert that this convention has an absolute right to a thorough discovery of every circumstance relative to this great event. And here I would make this inquiry of those worthy characters who composed a part of the late Federal Convention. I am sure they were fully impressed with the necessity of forming a great consolidated government, instead of a confederation. That this is a consolidated government is demonstrably clear, and the danger of such a government is to my mind very striking. I have the highest veneration for those gentlemen; but, sir, give me leave to demand what right had they to say, "We, the People"? My political curiosity, exclusive of my anxious solicitude for the public welfare, leads me to ask who authorized them to speak the language of "We, the People," instead of "We, the States"? States are the characteristics and the soul of a confederation. If the States be not the agents of this compact, it must be one great consolidated national government of the people of all the States. I have the highest respect for those gentlemen who formed the convention; and were some of them not here, I would express some testimonial of esteem for them. America had, on a former occasion, put the utmost confidence in them—a confidence which was well placed; and I am sure, sir, I would give up anything to them; I would cheerfully confide in them as my representatives. But, sir, on this great occasion I would demand the cause of their conduct. Even from that illustrious man who saved us by his valor, I would have a reason for his conduct; that liberty which he has given us by his valor tells me to ask this reason, and sure I am, were he here, he would give us this information. The people gave them no power to use their name. That they exceed their power is perfectly clear. It is not mere curiosity that actuates me; I wish to hear the real, actual, existing danger, which should lead us to take those steps so dangerous in my conception. Disorders have arisen in other parts of America, but here, sir, no dangers, no insurrection or tumult, has happened; everything has been calm and tranquil.

But notwithstanding this, we are wandering on the great ocean of human affairs. I see no landmark to guide us. We are running we know not whither. Difference in opinion has gone to a degree of inflammatory resentment in different parts of the country, which has been occasioned by this perilous innovation. The Federal Confederation ought to have amended the old system; for this purpose they were solely delegated: the object of their mission extended to no other consideration. You must, therefore, forgive the solicitation of one worthy member to know what danger could have arisen under the present confederation, and what are the causes of this proposal to change our government.

MISCELLANEOUS SPEECHES



THE STRENUOUS LIFE*

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who preeminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself and his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in their eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? You men of Chicago have made this city great, you men of Illinois have done your share, and more than your share, in making America great, because you neither preach nor practise such a doctrine. You work, yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that tho they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters,

* Extract from speech before the Hamilton Club, Chicago, April 10, 1899.

From *The Strenuous Life. Essays and Addresses* by Theodore Roosevelt. The Century Co., 1900.

in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation. We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, tho of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer on the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

In the last analysis a healthy State can exist only when the men and women who make it up lead clean, vigorous, healthy lives; when the children are so trained that they shall endeavor, not to shirk difficulties, but to overcome them; not to seek ease, but to know how to wrest triumph from toil and risk. The man must be glad to do a man's work, to dare and endure and to labor; to keep himself, and to keep those dependent upon him. The woman must be the housewife, the helpmeet of the homemaker, the wise and fearless mother of many healthy children. In one of Daudet's powerful and melancholy books he speaks of "the fear of maternity, the haunting terror of the young wife of the present day." When such words can be truthfully

written of a nation, that nation is rotten to the heart's core. When men fear work or fear righteous war, when women fear motherhood, they tremble on the brink of doom; and well it is that they should vanish from the earth, where they are fit subjects for the scorn of all men and women who are themselves strong and brave and high-minded.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even tho checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat. If in 1861 the men who loved the Union had believed that peace was the end of all things, and war and strife the worst of all things, and had acted up to their belief, we would have saved hundreds of lives, we would have saved hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood and treasure we then lavished, we would have prevented the heartbreak of many women, the dissolution of many homes, and we would have spared the country those months of gloom and shame when it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat. We could have avoided all this suffering simply by shrinking from strife. And if we had thus avoided it, we would have shown that we were weaklings, and that we were unfit to stand among the great nations of the earth. Thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln, and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant! Let us, the children of the men who proved themselves equal to the mighty days, let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion, praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected; that the suffering and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced, and the years of strife endured; for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored, and the mighty American republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among nations. . . .

The army and navy are the sword and the shield which this nation must carry if she is to do her duty among the nations of the earth—if she is not to stand merely as the China of the western hemisphere. Our proper conduct toward the tropic islands we have wrested from Spain is merely the form which our duty has taken at the moment. Of course, we are bound to handle the affairs of our own household well. We must see that there is civic good sense in our home administration of city, State, and nation. We must strive for honesty in office, for honesty toward the creditors of the nation and of the individual; for the widest freedom of individual initiative where possible, and for the wisest control of individual initiative where it is hostile to the welfare of the many. But because we set our own household in order we are not thereby excused from playing our part in the great affairs of the world. A man's first duty is to his own home, but he is not thereby excused from doing his duty to the State; for if he fails in this second duty, it is under the penalty of ceasing to be a freeman. In the same way, while a nation's first duty is within its own borders, it is not thereby absolved from facing its duties in the world as a whole; and if it refuses to do so, it merely forfeits its right to struggle for a place among the peoples that shape the destiny of mankind.

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I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease, but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by, and will win for themselves the domination of the world. Let us, therefore, boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteous-

ness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified, for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

THE IDEAL LAWYER*

BY JOHN W. GRIGGS

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE YALE LAW SCHOOL:—I commend to you the cultivation of a spirit that will enable you to take a healthy, sound, and cheerful view of the struggles and movements of society, of law, and of government, believing that their tendency is toward improvement, not deterioration. I would wish you to realize and appreciate the humane direction in which recent reforms of jurisprudence have been progressing, and to see to it that, so far as you can aid, the spirit of mercifulness shall not be suffered to decline. The further maintenance of the high authority and repute of our Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence as the foundation of our progress and prosperity and the safeguard of our liberties is entrusted to the bar. The world will judge of the system according to the manner in which its ministers administer it. Beyond his immediate duty to his client, the lawyer has a larger and wider sphere of duty to the State in illustrating, supporting, and maintaining the priceless value of that system of law and justice which is the heritage of the American people. As the character of the members of that profession is sound, patriotic, and pure, so will legislation, the administration of public office and general public senti-

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ment continue upon lines of justice, safety, and conservatism.

So I urge you not to strive exclusively for the pecuniary rewards of your profession, but to look forward to a career of influence and usefulness that shall include your neighborhood, your State, your country, within its beneficent reach. For your example let me commend the ideal of the good lawyer—I do not say the great, but the good lawyer—an ideal that has been realized in the life of every substantial city and court, especially in the older neighborhoods; a man of kindly and benignant disposition, friendly alike with his well-to-do and his poorer fellow townsmen, acquainted with their habits and individual history, and with a pretty accurate notion of their opinions and prejudices as well as of their ways and means; genial and sociable, yet dignified and self-contained; of staid and comfortable appearance; in manner alert; in conversation always moderate and respectful; shrewd in his observations; wise, but with perennial humor and love of pleasantry; as a citizen always concerned and active in the interests of his town, his State, and his country; not an agitator, nor a perpetual fault-finder, nor giving out the intimation that he is better or wiser than others; but ready to confer, to adjust, to agree, to get the best possible, if not the utmost that is desirable; to him the people turn in local emergencies for guidance and counsel on their public affairs, even partizanship fearing not to trust to his honor and wisdom; so free from all cause of offense that there is no tongue to lay a word against his pure integrity—too dignified and respectful to tempt familiarity; too genial and generous to provoke envy or jealousy; revered by his brethren of the bar; helpful and kindly to the young; in manners suave and polite, with a fine courtliness of the old flavor—what Clarendon described in John Hampden as “a flowing courtesy toward all men”; successful, of course, in his practise, but caring less for its profits than for the forensic and intellectual delight which the study and practise of the law bring to him; he knows much of the old “learning in the law”—can tell you of fines, of double

vouchers and recoveries, of the "Rule in Shelly's case"—tho he keeps all these things in mind as collectors treasure their antiques and curios, more as objects of art and historical interest than of practical utility. His mind is grounded upon the broad and deep principles of jurisprudence rather than upon "wise saws and modern instances"; but over all is reflected the illumination of a strong common sense and a refined tactfulness. To his clients he is an object of confidence and real affection; the secure depository of family secrets, and the safe guide and counselor in trouble and difficulty; composing, not stirring up strife, but when in actual trial, strong, aggressive, confident; never quibbling or dissembling; respectful to witnesses, to jurors, and to judge, as well as to his adversary.

In the judgment and feeling of the community there is something of the venerable and illustrious attached to his name; not for his learning in the law, nor for his success as an advocate, nor for his usefulness to his fellow citizens as a counselor and guide, but for the benignant influence of his whole life and character; and when he dies to every mind there comes a suggestion of the epitaph that shall most fittingly preserve the estimate which the people have formed of him—"The just man and the counselor."

PEACE*

BY JOHN BRIGHT

[Delivered at Edinburgh, before the Conference of the Peace Society, October 13, 1853.]

It is a great advantage in this country, I think, that we have no want of ample criticism. Whatever we may have said yesterday and to-day will form the subject of criticism, not of the most friendly character, in very many

* From John Bright's Public Addresses. By kind permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

newspapers throughout the United Kingdom. I recollect when we met in Manchester, that papers disposed to be friendly, warned us as to the course we were taking, and that the time was ill-chosen for a peace meeting. It was said that the people were excited against France, and were alarmed at their almost total defenselessness, and that there was no use in endeavoring to place before them the facts which the peace men offered to their audience. The result showed that they were mistaken, for you will recollect that, while up to that meeting there was a constantly swelling tide of alarm and hostility with regard to France, from the day the conference was held there was a gradual receding of the tide, that the alarm and apprehension rapidly diminished, and that by the time the House of Commons met in February we were willing to receive from Lord John Russell and other statesmen the most positive assurances that France was not increasing her force, and that there was not the slightest reason to believe that the Government of France entertained anything but the most friendly feeling toward the Government of this country.

The right time to oppose the errors and prejudices of the people never comes to the eyes of those writers in the public press who pander to these prejudices. They say, we must not do so and so, we shall embarrass the Government. But rumor says the Government has been pretty well embarrassed already. They say that we shall complicate the question if we interfere; but it can not well be more complicated than it is; for hardly anybody but the peace men can tell how to unravel it. Next, they tell us that we shall impair the harmony of opinion which there appears to be in the country, from the fact of there having been three or four insignificant meetings, by which the Government is to be impelled to more active and energetic measures. Now, what is it that we really wish? We wish to protest against the maintenance of great armaments in time of peace; we wish to protest against the spirit which is not only willing but eager for war; and we wish to protest, with all the emphasis of which we are capable, against the mischievous policy pursued so long by this country, of interfering with the

internal affairs of other countries, and thereby leading to disputes, and often to disastrous wars.

I mentioned last night what it was we were annually spending on our armaments. Admiral Napier says that the Honorable Member for the West Riding, who can do everything, had persuaded a feeble government to reduce the armaments of this country to "nothing." What is "nothing" in the admiral's estimation? Fifteen millions a year! Was all that money thrown away? We have it in the estimates, we pay it out of the taxes—it is appropriated by Parliament, it sustains your dockyards, pays the wages of your men, and maintains your ships. Fifteen millions sterling paid in the very year when the admiral says that my honorable friend reduced the armaments of the country to nothing! But take the sums which we spent for the past year in warlike preparations—seventeen millions, and the interest on debt caused by war—twenty-eight millions sterling; and it amounts to 45,000,000.

What are our whole exports? Even this year, far the largest year of exports we have ever known, they may amount to 80,000,000. Well, then, plant some one at the mouth of every port and harbor in the United Kingdom, and let him take every alternate ship that leaves your rivers and your harbors with all its valuable cargo on board, and let him carry it off as for tribute, and it will not amount to the cost that you pay every year for a war, that fifty years ago was justified as much as it is attempted to justify this impending war, and for the preparations which you now make after a peace which has lasted for thirty-eight years.

Every twenty years—in a nation's life nothing, in a person's life something—every twenty years a thousand millions sterling out of the industry of the hard-working people of this United Kingdom, are extorted, appropriated, and expended to pay for that unnecessary and unjust war, and for the absurd and ruinous expenditure which you now incur. A thousand millions every twenty years! Apply a thousand millions, not every twenty years, but for one period of twenty years, to objects of good in this country,

and it would be rendered more like a paradise than anything that history records of man's condition, and would make so great a change in these islands, that a man having seen them as they are now, and seeing them as they might then be, would not recognize them as the same country, nor our population as the same people. But what do we expend all this for? Bear in mind that admirals, and generals, and statesmen defended that great war, and that your newspapers, with scarcely an exception, were in favor of it, and denounced and ostracized hundreds of good men who dared, as we dare now, to denounce the spirit which would again lead this country into war. We went to war that France should not choose its own government; the grand conclusion was that no Bonaparte should sit on the throne of France; yet France has all along been changing its government from that time to this, and we now find ourselves with a Bonaparte on the throne of France, and, for anything I know to the contrary, likely to remain there for a good while. So far, therefore, for the calculations of our forefathers, and for the results of that enormous expenditure which they have saddled upon us.

We object to these great armaments as provoking a war spirit. I should like to ask, what was the object of the Chobham exhibition? There were special trains at the disposal of members of Parliament, to go down to Chobham the one day, and to Spithead the other. What was the use of our pointing to the President of the French Republic two years ago, who is the emperor now, and saying that he was spending his time at playing at soldiers in his great camp at Satory, and in making great circuses for the amusement of his soldiers? We too, are getting into the way of playing at soldiers, and camps, and fleets, and the object of this is to raise up in the spirit of the people a feeling antagonistic to peace, and to render the people—the deluded, hard-working, toiling people—satisfied with the extortion of 17,000,000 annually, when, upon the very principles of the men who take it, it might be demonstrated that one-half of the money would be amply sufficient for the purpose to which it is devoted. What ob-

servation has been more common during the discussion upon Turkey than this—"Why are we to keep up these great fleets if we are not to use them? Why have we our Mediterranean fleet lying at Besika Bay, when it might be earning glory, and adding to the warlike renown of the country?" This is just what comes from the maintenance of great fleets and armies. There grows up an *esprit de corps*—there grows a passion for these things, a powerful opinion in their favor, that smothers the immorality of the whole thing, and leads the people to tolerate, under those excited feelings, that which, under feelings of greater temperance and moderation, they would know was hostile to their country, as it is opposed to everything which we recognize as the spirit of the Christian religion.

Then, we are against intervention. Now, this question of intervention is a most important one, for this reason, that it comes before us sometimes in a form so attractive that it invites us to embrace it, and asks us by all our love of freedom, by all our respect for men struggling for their rights, to interfere in the affairs of some other country. And we find now in this country that a great number of those who are calling out loudest for interference are those who, being very liberal in their politics, are bitterly hostile to the despotism and exclusiveness of the Russian Government. But I should like to ask this meeting what sort of intervention we are to have? There are three kinds—one for despotism, one for liberty; and you may have an intervention like that now proposed, from a vague sense of danger which can not be accurately described. What have our interventions been up to this time? I will come to that of which Admiral Napier spoke by and by. It is not long since we intervened in the case of Spain. The foreign enlistment laws were suspended; and English soldiers went to join the Spanish legion, and the Government of Spain was fixt in the present Queen of that country; and yet Spain has the most exclusive tariff against this country in the world, and a dead Englishman is there reckoned little better than a dead dog. Then take the case of Portugal. We interfered and Admiral Napier

was one of those employed in that interference, to place the Queen of Portugal on the throne, and yet she has violated every clause of the charter which she had sworn to the people; and in 1849, under the Government of Lord John Russell, and with Lord Palmerston in the foreign office, our fleet entered the Tagus and destroyed the Liberal party, by allowing the Queen to escape from their hands, when they would have driven her to give additional guarantees for liberty; and from that time to this she has still continued to violate every clause of the charter of the country. Now, let us come to Syria: What has Admiral Napier said about the Syrian war? He told us that the English fleet was scattered all about the Mediterranean, and that if the French fleet had come to Cherbourg, and had taken on board 50,000 men and landed them on our coasts, all sorts of things would have befallen us. But how happened it that Admiral Napier and his friends got us to quarrel with the French? Because we interfered in the Syrian question when we had no business to interfere whatever. The Egyptian Pasha, the vassal of the Sultan, became more powerful than the Sultan, and threatened to depose him and place himself as monarch upon the throne of Constantinople; and but for England, he would assuredly have done it. Why did we interfere? What advantage was it to us to have a feeble monarch in Constantinople, when you might have an energetic and powerful one in Mehemet Ali? We interfered, however, and quarreled with France, altho she neither declared war nor landed men upon our coast. France is not a country of savages and banditti. The Admiral's whole theory goes upon this, that there is a total want of public morality in France, and something which no nation in Europe would dare to do, or think of doing, which even Russia would scorn to do, would be done without any warning by the polished, civilized, and intelligent nation across the channel.

But if they are the friends of freedom who think we ought to go to war with Russia because Russia is a despotic country, what do you say to the interference with the Roman Republic three or four years ago? What do you say

to Lord John Russell's Government—Lord Palmerston with his own hand writing the dispatch, declaring that the Government of Her Majesty the Queen of England, entirely concurred with the Government of the French Republic in believing that it was desirable and necessary to reestablish the Pope upon his throne? The French army, with the full concurrence of the English Government, crossed over to Italy, invaded Rome, destroyed the republic, banished its leading men, and restored the Pope; and on that throne he sits still, maintained only by the army of France.

My honorable friend has referred to the time when Russia crossed through the very principalities we hear so much about, and entered Hungary. I myself heard Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons go out of his way needlessly, but intentionally, to express a sort of approbation of the intervention of Russia in the case of Hungary. I heard him say, in a most unnecessary parenthesis, that it was not contrary to international law, or to the law of Europe, for Russia to send an army into Hungary to assist Austria in putting down the Hungarian insurrection. I should like to know whether Hungary had not constitutional rights as sacred as ever any country had—as sacred, surely as the sovereign of Turkey can have upon his throne. If it were not contrary to international law and to the law of Europe for a Russian army to invade Hungary, to suppress there a struggle which called for, and obtained, too, the sympathy of every man in favor of freedom in every part of the world, I say, how can it be contrary to international law and the law of Europe for Russia to threaten the Sultan of Turkey, and to endeavor to annex Turkey to the Russian Empire?

I want our policy to be consistent. Do not let us interfere now, or concur in or encourage the interference of any body else, and then get up a hypocritical pretense on some other occasion that we are against interference. If you want war, let it be for something that has at least the features of grandeur and nobility about it, but not for the miserable, decrepit, moribund government which is now enthroned, but which can not long last, in the city of Con-

stantinople. But Admiral Napier is alarmed lest, if Russia was possesst of Turkey, she would, somehow or other, embrace all Europe—that we all should be in the embrace of the Bear and we know very well what that is. I believe that is all a vague and imaginary danger; and I am not for going to war for imaginary dangers. War is much too serious a matter. I recollect when France endeavored to lay hold on Algeria, it was said that the Mediterranean was about to become a French lake. I do not believe that France is a bit more powerful in possessing it. It requires 100,000 French soldiers to maintain Algeria; and if a balance sheet could be shown of what Algeria has cost France, and what France has gained from it, I believe you would have no difficulty whatever in discovering the reason why the French finances show a deficit, and why there is a rumor that another French loan is about to be created.

But they tell us that if Russia gets to Constantinople, Englishmen will not be able to get to India by the overland journey. Mehemet Ali, even when Admiral Napier was battering down the towns, did not interfere with the carriage of our mails through his territory. We bring our overland mails at present partly through Austria, and partly through France, and the mails from Canada pass through the United States; and tho I do not think there is the remotest possibility or probability of anything of the kind happening, yet I do not think that, in the event of war with these countries, we should have our mails stopt or our persons arrested in passing through these countries. At any rate, it would be a much more definite danger that would drive me to incur the ruin, guilt, and suffering of war.

But they tell us, further, that the Emperor of Russia would get India. That is a still more remote contingency. If I were asked as to the probabilities of it, I should say that, judging from our past and present policy in Asia, we are more likely to invade Russia from India, than Russia is to invade us in India. The policy we pursue in Asia is much more aggressive, aggrandizing, and warlike than any that Russia has pursued or threatened during our time. But

it is just possible that Russia may be more powerful by acquiring Turkey. I give the Admiral the benefit of that admission. But I should like to ask whether, even if that be true, it is a sufficient reason for our going to war, and entering on what, perhaps, may be a long, ruinous, and sanguinary struggle, with a powerful empire like Russia?

What is war? I believe that half the people that talk about war have not the slightest idea of what it is. In a short sentence, it may be summed up to be the combination and concentration of all the horrors, atrocities, crimes, and sufferings of which human nature on this globe is capable. But what is even a rumor of war? Is there any body here who has anything in the funds, or who is the owner of any railway stock, or any body who has a stock of raw material or manufactured goods? The funds have recently gone down 10 per cent. I do not say that the fall is all on account of this danger of war, but a great proportion of it undoubtedly is. A fall of 10 per cent. in the funds is nearly 80,000,000 sterling of value, and railway stock having gone down 20 per cent., makes a difference of 60,000,000 in the value of the railway property of this country. Add the two—140,000,000—and take the diminished prosperity and value of manufactures of all kinds during the last few months, and you will understate the actual loss to the country now if you put it down at 200,000,000 sterling. But that is merely a rumor of war. That is war a long way off—the small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand—what will it be if it comes nearer and becomes a fact? And surely, sane men ought to consider whether the case is a good one, the ground fair, the necessity clear, before they drag a nation of nearly 30,000,000 of people into a long and bloody struggle, for a decrepit and tottering empire, which all the nations in Europe can not long sustain. And, mind, war now would take a different aspect from what it did formerly. It is not only that you send out men who submit to be slaughtered, and that you pay a large amount of taxes—the amount of taxes would be but a feeble indication of what you would suffer. Our trade is now much more extensive than it was; our commerce is

more expanded, our undertakings are more vast, and war will find you all out at home by withering up the resources of the prosperity enjoyed by the middle and working classes of the country. You would find that war in 1853 would be infinitely more perilous and destructive to our country than it has ever yet been at any former period of our history. There is another question which comes home to my mind with a gravity and seriousness which I can scarcely hope to communicate to you. You who lived during the period from 1815 to 1822 may remember that this country was probably never in a more uneasy position. The sufferings of the working classes were beyond description, and the difficulties, and struggles, and bankruptcies of the middle classes were such as few persons have a just idea of. There was scarcely a year in which there was not an incipient insurrection in some parts of the country, arising from the sufferings which the working classes endured. You know very well that the government of the day employed spies to create plots, and to get ignorant men to combine to take unlawful oaths; and you know that in the town of Stirling, two men, who, but for this diabolical agency, might have lived good and honest citizens, paid the penalty of their lives for their connection with unlawful combinations of this kind.

Well, if you go into war now you will have more banners to decorate your cathedrals and churches, Englishmen will fight now as well as they ever did, and there is ample power to back them, if the country can be but sufficiently excited and deluded. You may raise up great generals. You may have another Wellington, and another Nelson, too; for this country can grow men capable for every enterprise. Then there may be titles, and pensions, and marble monuments to eternize the men who have thus become great; but what becomes of you and your country, and your children? For there is more than this in store. That seven years to which I have referred was a period dangerous to the existence of government in this country, for the whole substratum, the whole foundations of society were discontented, suffering intolerable evils, and

hostile in the bitterest degree to the institutions and the Government of the country.

Precisely the same things will come again. Rely on it, that injustice of any kind, be it bad laws, or be it a bloody, unjust, and unnecessary war, of necessity creates perils to every institution in the country. If the Corn law had continued, if it had been impossible, by peaceful agitation, to abolish it, the monarchy itself would not have survived the ruin and disaster that it must have wrought. And if you go into a war now, with a doubled population, with a vast commerce, with extended credit, and a wider diffusion of partial education among the people, let there ever come a time like the period between 1815 and 1822, when the whole basis of society is upheaving with a sense of intolerable suffering, I ask you, how many years' purchase would you give even for the venerable and mild monarchy under which you have the happiness to live? I confess when I think of the tremendous perils into which unthinking men—men who do not intend to fight themselves—are willing to drag or to hurry this country, I am amazed how they can trifle with interests so vast, and consequences so much beyond their calculation.

But, speaking here in Edinburgh to such an audience—probably for its numbers as intelligent and as influential as ever was assembled within the walls of any hall in this kingdom—I think I may put before you higher considerations even than those of property and the institutions of your country. I may remind you of duties more solemn, and of obligations more imperative. You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it even your boast—tho boasting is somewhat out of place in such questions—you make it your boast that you are a Protestant people, and that you draw your rule of doctrine and practise, as from a well pure and undefiled, from the living oracles of God, and from the direct revelation of the Omnipotent. You have even conceived the magnificent project of illuminating the whole earth, even to its remotest and darkest recesses, by the dissemination of the volume of the New Testament, in whose every page are written forever the words of

peace. Within the limits of this island alone, on every Sabbath, 20,000, yes, far more than 20,000 temples are thrown open, in which devout men and women assemble, that they may worship Him who is the "Prince of Peace."

Is this a reality? or is your Christianity a romance? is your profession a dream? No, I am sure that your Christianity is not a romance, and I am equally sure that your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you with confidence, and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that we shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely among the people; a sense of justice growing up in a soil which hitherto has been deemed unfruitful; and, which will be better than all—the churches of the United Kingdom—the churches of Britain awaking, as it were, from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy, but labor earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time—a blest time—a time which shall last forever—when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Calvary - a false accusation

FAREWELL ADDRESS*

BY HENRY CLAY

1. 5
From 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theater, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils, at home or abroad. Of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life it does not become me to speak. History, if she deign to notice me, and posterity, if the recollection of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, and the most impartial judges. When death has closed the scene, their sentence will be pro-

* Extract of address to the United States Senate in 1842.

nounced, and to that I commit myself. My public conduct is a fair subject for the criticism and judgment of my fellow men; but the motives by which I have been prompted are known only to the great Searcher of the human heart and to myself; and I trust I may be pardoned for repeating a declaration made some thirteen years ago, that, whatever errors—and doubtless there have been many—may be discovered in a review of my public service, I can with unshaken confidence appeal to that divine Arbiter for the truth of the declaration, that I have been influenced by no impure purpose, no personal motive; have sought no personal aggrandizement; but that in all my public acts I have had a single eye directed, and a warm and devoted heart dedicated, to what, in my best judgment, I believed the true interests, the honor, the union, and the happiness of my country required.

During that long period, however, I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure and detraction of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character; and tho not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it in general with composure, and without disturbance here [pointing to his breast], waiting, as I have done, in perfect and undoubting confidence for the ultimate triumph of justice and of truth, and the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be, and that whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, He to whom all hearts are open, and fully known, would, by the inscrutable dispensations of His providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

But I have not, meanwhile, been unsustained. Everywhere throughout the extent of this great continent, I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful, and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgments, I would now offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment, the feelings and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-

ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to *them* for all the kindness they have shown me, what shall I say, what can I say, at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been inspired by the State whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber?

I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky, now nearly forty-five years ago; I went as an orphan boy, who had not yet attained the age of majority; who had never recognized a father's smile, nor felt his warm caresses; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil when I was embraced with parental fondness, carest as tho I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munificence. From that period the highest honors of the State have been freely bestowed upon me; and when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion. I return with indescribable pleasure to linger a while longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that State; and when the last scene shall forever close upon me; I hope that my earthly remains will be laid under her green sod with those of her gallant and patriotic sons.

I go from this place under the hope that we shall, mutually, consign to perpetual oblivion whatever personal collisions may at any time unfortunately have occurred between us, and that our recollections shall dwell in future only on those conflicts of mind with mind, those intellectual struggles, those noble exhibitions of the powers of logic, argument, and eloquence, honorable to the Senate and to the nation, in which each has sought and contended for what he deemed the best mode of accomplishing one common object—the interest and the happiness of our beloved

country. To these thrilling and delightful scenes it will be my pleasure and my pride to look back in my retirement with unmeasured satisfaction.

3. In retiring, as I am about to do, forever, from the Senate, suffer me to express my heartfelt wishes that all the great and patriotic objects of the wise framers of our Constitution may be fulfilled; that the high destiny designed for it may be fully answered; and that its deliberations, now and hereafter, may eventuate in securing the prosperity of our beloved country, in maintaining its rights and honor abroad, and upholding its interests at home. — I retire, I know, at a period of infinite distress and embarrassment. I wish I could take my leave of you under more favorable auspices; but without meaning at this time to say whether on any or on whom reproaches for the sad condition of the country should fall, I appeal to the Senate and to the world to bear testimony to my earnest and continued exertions to avert it, and to the truth that no blame can justly attach to me. *Pause*

May the most precious blessings of heaven rest upon the whole Senate and each member of it, and may the labors of every one rebound to the benefit of the nation and the advancement of his own fame and renown. And when you shall retire to the bosom of your constituents, may you receive that most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards—their cordial greeting of, “Well done, good and faithful servant.”

And now, Mr. President and Senators, I bid you all—a long, a lasting, and a friendly farewell.

THE SPIRIT OF DEVOTION*

BY ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!

And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and brought it to David; nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord.

And he said, Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this; is not this the blood of men that went in jeopardy of their lives? Therefore he would not drink it.

Judged by material standards, this is a tale of folly from beginning to end. It was foolish for David to utter this wish; it was doubly foolish for his captains to risk their lives to compass it; it was trebly foolish for him to waste the gift which had been won at so much risk.

I do not mean that all who read the story would criticize it in this way. In an episode like this, we instinctively feel that there is something which makes such criticism inadequate and impertinent. But when we are dealing, not with some exceptional matter of ancient history, but with this everyday world of the twentieth century, and are valuing little deeds of heroism instead of great ones, we are prone to use material standards, and call them by the specious name of common sense. We are apt to judge work by its definite and measurable results; to make these results the motive of service and the criterion of success; and to condemn as misplaced sentiment anything which sacrifices or risks a tangible manifestation of loyalty or devotion. Amid much that is good in our twentieth-century spirit, this overvaluation of material enjoyment and of tangible success constitutes a grave danger. All the achievements of modern science and of modern democracy will be worth little if, in the long run, they teach

* From "Baccalaureate Addresses," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, copyright, 1907, by Arthur Twining Hadley.

people to regard knowledge for the sake of the return which it will bring, and to measure success in life by the concrete results with which men can credit themselves.

I am not going to make this material view of life the subject of argument or criticisms. I am going to call your attention to the fact that we do not really hold it; and that when we allow ourselves to be carried on with the current of popular judgment so as to pretend that we hold it, we are letting the best side of our own nature be supprest, and our best possibilities of personal growth and public service be stunted and withered.

I do not believe that there is a single man in this audience who values life primarily as a means of securing comfort. We value it as a field of action. We care for the doing of things. Signal achievement in itself appeals to our imagination and interest. We admire Nansen because he succeeded in getting so much nearer the North Pole than any body ever did before him; we do not admire him in the least for his weak efforts to justify his expedition on the basis of its scientific results. A man who tries to go to the North Pole is engaged in a glorious play, which justifies more risk and more expenditure of life than would be warranted for a few miserable entomological specimens, however remote from the place where they had been previously found. It is of far less material use to go to the North Pole than to raise a hundred thousand bushels of wheat; but every man of you, if you had the choice between going to the North Pole and raising a hundred thousand bushels of wheat, would take the former.

Turn back over the pages of history to the stories which have most moved men's hearts, and what are they? They are stories of action, deeds of daring, where the risk habitually outweighed the chance of practical results. Nay, the most inspiring of them all are often manifestations of hopeless bravery, where the likelihood of success was absolutely nothing. When we read of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus's regiment at Lützen, who after the loss of their king stood firm in the ranks until the line of dead was as straight and complete as had been the line of the living on dress

parade; when we hear of the *Cumberland* at Hampton Roads, waging the hopeless fight of wood against iron, and keeping the flag afloat at the mainmast head when the vessel and all who remained in her had sunk; when we remember the tale of the Alamo, in whose courtyard and hospital a handful of American frontiersmen fought against the army of Mexico, without hope of victory, but without thought of retreat or surrender, till they earned by the very completeness of their annihilation the glory of that monumental inscription: "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none"; then do we see how hollow is our pretense of valuing things by results when we are brought face to face with the really heroic struggles of life. It is the doing that makes the deed worthy of record, not the material outcome.

This is my first point: that we value life as a field of action. The second point that I want to make is that we value those lives highest which are marked by the habit of unselfish action. Doing makes the deed; unselfish doing makes the man. Even for those who are cast in heroic mold, and start with the habit and the power of accomplishing great things, there is something about selfishness which seems to deaden the power and deface the model. Napoleon had a character which gave the promise of heroism; but its climax is at the beginning, not at the end. To the student of the heroic in history, he shines brightest in his Italian campaign. From Rivoli to the pyramids, from the pyramids to Austerlitz, from Austerlitz to Moscow, and from Moscow to Waterloo, we find successive stages of a decadence poorly concealed even when widening material prosperity was most splendid. But with a man like Washington or Lincoln, who worked for others, and not for himself, you will find in each stage of his career a growth of mind and heart which made his followers love him more, and which makes history yield him a larger meed of admiration. The successes of Napoleon left him each year smaller. The failures of Washington or Lincoln left them larger.

In the verdict of history the question whether a man

possest this unselfishness counts for more than any peculiarities of his intellect or character, or than any arguments as to the rightfulness of the cause he advocated. Never were there two men more utterly and radically different in character, in intellect, and in position, than the great Civil War leaders, Grant and Lee. But as we are passing somewhat from the heat of passion and narrowness of vision engendered by war, we see that the dominant trait of each of these men was that he counted his cause for everything and himself for nothing. It was this trait which gave them their greatest power as commanders of their respective armies, and which distinguished them from many other generals, perhaps equally able, in securing them a common tribute of personal respect from the children of friend and foe. Nor is it in war alone that the power of unselfishness to make the man comes conspicuously to the front. In every line of life work, whether commercial or political, professional or charitable, we see and feel the distinction between the man who is looking out for himself and the man who forgets himself in looking out for others. We suspect the man of the former type, even when he is doing things which seem desirable. We honor the man of the latter type, even when we regard his methods as mistaken and his aims as chimerical.

But really unselfish action in peace or war does something more than make a man himself great. It helps others to be like him. Where the leader is tainted with selfishness, the followers will be selfish, too. Where the leader works for other men, each of those other men, according to the measure of his power, will be stimulated to go outside of himself and work for a common cause. The fact that Washington could bear his burdens so patiently in dealing with Congress and with commissioners, was a powerful influence in helping the soldiers of his army bear their totally different burdens of hunger and cold in the winter at Valley Forge. Unselfish leadership gives an inspiration which people sometimes catch with surprizing quickness, and habitually hold with yet more surprizing tenacity. There is in the human heart a capacity for hero-worship which

is the chief thing that makes political progress possible. People will not hazard their comfort for a new theory. They are suspicious of philosophic argument. But once let them see a man who is living for something better than that which they have seen before, and they will follow him to the ends of the earth.

The really great leader, we may say with all reverence, is the revelation of God to his followers. If he, with his wide vision and large powers, subordinates himself to an unselfish purpose—be it the alleviation of the sufferings of his fellow men, or the emancipation of a downtrodden race from its conquerors, or the development of a new social order—others are ready to accept his leadership and to regard his sayings and doings as revelations of the divine purpose. When David poured out upon the rocks the water which had been brought at so much peril, it was the token that he was working for the Lord, and not for himself. It was just because his soldiers' blood was destined by him for the Lord's service and not for his own, that they were ready to shed that blood in the fulfilment of his slightest wish. It was his devotion which made their devotion, and which enabled him and his soldiers together to establish the glorious kingdom of Judah. And when, centuries later, the Christ who might have made Himself king of the Jews and surrounded His disciples with all the pleasures of kingly authority, offered Himself as a sacrifice for his work, it was the pouring out of His blood which made possible among those disciples that new understanding religion which founded a kingdom that was not of this world, but was greater far than anything which the fishermen of Galilee or the populace of Jerusalem had ever conceived.

The revelation of God in the life of Jesus Christ meant more to the world in teaching the possibilities of religion than all the theology that was ever written. And in the measure that our life is like his, we have the same power to reveal God to others. None of us lives to himself. Every act of self-subordination, however small; every sacrifice of convenience and interest to the comfort of those about

us; every renunciation of personal ambition in order to promote ideals which shall remain when we have passed away—is, in ways often unseen, a lesson and a help to others to go and do likewise. Not in large things only, but in small things, is it true that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. We are sometimes tempted to wonder, in the midst of the fatigues and perplexities of trying to do right, what all this struggle may be worth. No man is free from these moments of doubt and weariness. Jesus himself, in the garden of Gethsemane, prayed that the cup might pass from him. But if through trial and weakness a man preserves his steadiness of purpose, content to leave to others the selfish gains and visible results of achievement, he will oftentimes find—perhaps as a ray of light at the moment, or perhaps not till years afterward—that some one who saw his perplexities and discouragements has been thereby led to a new conception of duty and a new ideal of life which he never could have learned by seeing him in prosperity. It is harder to keep a straight course in the night time than in the day time, and it shows less; but it means more.

Gentleman of the graduating class: You are ambitious, and justly ambitious, to be leaders of men. There are two ways in which you can prove your right to exercise that leadership: by good judgment, or by heroism.

The opportunities for the exercise of judgment are obvious to every man. The development of civil liberty and industrial organization has made them larger than they ever were before. It is a good thing that it should be so. It is a good thing that men should be free to seek happiness in their own way; and that you, if you can calculate more accurately where their political and industrial advantage lies, should be allowed to guide them. Just as long as your calculations are right, you may be certain that every selfish man will follow you with the same fidelity with which the gambler stakes his money on the success of him whom he believes to be the shrewdest card player. Success and fidelity of this kind are so conspicuous and so widely heralded that some people seem to think fidelity not worth considering.

But they are wrong. The world is more than a game of cards. History is more than a record of gambling operations. Fidelity is more than selfish belief in the accuracy of another man's predictions. To a community which has no higher ideals than these, destruction is approaching rapidly. If it were true, as some metaphysicians tell us, that all action is necessarily selfish, the only difference being that some people admit their selfishness, others try to conceal it from the rest of the world, and a few go so far as to conceal it from themselves—the whole social order would centuries ago have gone to pieces. If it were true, as a large section of the community seems to believe, that a man's success is measured by the money and the offices which he can command, or that the test of a good education is to be found in the fact that it fits a man to make money and to get offices, the American Republic would be fast approaching its end.

In the face of conditions like these, we need to insist more than ever before on the possibility—nay, on the absolute duty—of that devotion to ideals which underlies social order and social progress. You will have failed to learn the best lesson of your college life unless you have caught that spirit which teaches you to value money and offices and other symbols of success for the sake of the possibilities of service which they represent, and to despise the man who thinks of the money or offices rather than of the use he can make of them. It is this way of estimating success which makes a man a gentleman in his dealings with others, which makes him a patriot when his country calls for his services, which makes him a Christian in his conception of life and his ideals of daily living. These are the things which count in the long run. If you value the world simply for what you can get out of it, be assured that the world will in turn estimate your value to it by what it can get out of you. A man who sets his ambition in such a narrow frame may have followers in prosperity, but not in adversity. He can secure plenty of sycophants, but no friends. That man, on the other hand, who values the world for what he can put into it; who deals courteous-

ly with his associates, patriotically with his country, and who, under whatsoever creed or form, has that spirit of devotion to an ideal which is the essential thing in religion—that man makes himself part of a world which is bound together by higher motives than the hope of material success. If you pursue truth, people will be true to you, and you will help to make them truer to all their ideals. If you love others, others will love you, and you will help to teach them a wider charity in all their dealings with the world. If you take the honors and emoluments of your leadership, not as a privilege of your own, but as a trust to be consecrated to the Lord, even as David poured out upon the rocks the water that represented the life-blood of his followers, then may you be sure that each man who was devoted before will be doubly devoted thereafter, and will find, brought home to his heart, the true meaning of success in life, as no material prosperity or intellectual argument could bring it. “The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God.” Such has proved itself for nearly two thousand years. May it be our privilege still to preach this gospel of self-sacrificing action, and still to share in revealing the meaning of this gospel to the generations which are to come.

ELOQUENCE*

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

An Extract

Eloquence must be grounded on the plainest narrative. Afterward it may warm itself until it exhales symbols of every kind and color, speaks only through the most poetic forms; but, first and last, it must still be at bottom a biblical statement of fact. The orator is thereby an orator, that he keeps his feet ever on a fact. Thus only is he invincible. (No gifts, no graces, no power of wit or learning or illustration will make any amends for want of this. All audiences are just to this point.) Fame of voice or of rhetoric will carry people a few times to hear a speaker; but they soon begin to ask, "What is he driving at?" and if this man does not stand for anything, he will be deserted. (A good upholder of anything which they believe, a fact-speaker of any kind, they will long follow; but a pause in the speaker's own character is very properly a loss of attraction. The preacher enumerates his classes of men, and I do not find my place therein; I suspect, then, that no man does. Everything is my cousin; and while he speaks things, I feel that he is touching some of my relations, and I am uneasy; but while he deals in words, we are released from attention.) If you would lift me, you must be on higher ground. If you would liberate me, you must be free. (If you would correct my false view of facts—hold up to me the same facts in the true order of thought, and I can not go back from the new conviction.)

The power of Chatham, of Pericles, of Luther, rested on this strength of character, which, because it did not and could not fear any body, made nothing of their antagonists, and became sometimes exquisitely provoking and sometimes terrific to these.

* From "Society and Solitude," Riverside or Centenary Edition, and kind permission of the publishers, Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.

We are slenderly furnished with anecdotes of these men, nor can we help ourselves by those heavy books in which their discourses are reported. Some of them were writers, like Burke; but most of them were not, and no record at all adequate of their fame remains. Besides, what is best is lost—the fiery life of the moment. But the conditions for eloquence always exist. It is always dying out of famous places and appearing in corners. Wherever the polarities meet, wherever the fresh moral sentiment, the instinct of freedom and duty, come in direct opposition to fossil conservatism and the thirst of gain, the spark will pass. (The resistance to slavery in this country has been a fruitful nursery of orators. The natural connection by which it drew to itself a train of moral reforms, and the slight, yet sufficient, party organization if offered, reenforced the city with new blood from the woods and mountains.) Wild men, John Baptists, Hermit Peters, John Knoxes, utter the savage sentiment of nature in the heart of commercial capitals. They send us every year some piece of aboriginal strength, some tough oak-stick of a man who is not to be silenced or insulted or intimidated by a mob, because he is more mob than they—one who mobs the mob—some sturdy countryman, on whom neither money, nor politeness, nor hard words, nor eggs, nor blows, nor brickbats, make any impression. He is fit to meet the barroom wits and bullies; he is a wit and a bully himself, and something more: he is a graduate of the plow, and the stub-hoe, and the bushwhacker; knows all the secrets of swamp and snowbank, and has nothing to learn of labor or poverty, or the rough of farming. His hard head went through, in childhood, the drill of Calvinism, with text and mortification, so that he stands in the New England assembly a purer bit of New England than any, and flings his sarcasms right and left. He has not only the documents in his pocket to answer all cavils and to prove all his positions, but he has the eternal reason in his head. This man scornfully renounces your civil organizations—county, or city, or governor, or army—is his own navy and artillery, judge and jury, legislature and executive.) He

has learned his lessons in a bitter school. Yet, if the pupil be of a texture to bear it, the best university that can be recommended to a man of ideas is the gantlet of the mobs.

He who will train himself to mastery in this science of persuasion must lay the emphasis of education, not on popular arts, but on character and insight. Let him see that his speech is not different from action, that when he has spoken he has not done nothing, nor done wrong, but has cleared his own skirts, has engaged himself to wholesome exertion. Let him look on opposition as opportunity. He can not be defeated or put down. There is a principle of resurrection in him, an immortality of purpose. Men are averse and hostile, to give value to their suffrages. It is not the people that are in fault for not being convinced, but he that can not convince them. He should mold them, armed as he is with the reason and love which are also the core of their nature. He is not to neutralize their opposition, but he is to convert them into fiery apostles and publishers of the same wisdom.

The highest platform of eloquence is the moral sentiment. It is what is called affirmative truth, and has the property of invigorating the hearer; and it conveys a hint of our eternity, when he feels himself address on grounds which will remain when everything else is taken, and which have no trace of time or place or party. Everything hostile is stricken down in the presence of the sentiments; their majesty is felt by the most obdurate. It is observable that as soon as one acts for large masses, the moral element will and must be allowed for, will and must work; and the men least accustomed to appeal to these sentiments invariably recall them when they address nations. Napoleon, even, must accept and use it as he can.

It is only to these simple strokes that the highest power belongs—when a weak human hand touches, point by point, the eternal beams and rafters on which the whole structure of nature and society is laid. In this tossing sea of delusion we feel with our feet the adamant; in this dominion of chance we find a principle of permanence. For I do not accept that definition of Socrates, that the office of his

art is to make the great small and the small great; but I esteem this to be its perfection—when the orator sees through all masks to the eternal scale of truth, in such sort that he can hold up before the eyes of men the fact of to-day steadily to that standard, thereby making the great great, and the small small, which is the true way to astonish and to reform mankind.

All the chief orators of the world have been grave men, relying on this reality. One thought the philosophers of Demosthenes's own time found running through all his orations—this, namely, that “virtue secures its own success.” “To stand on one's own feet” Heeren finds the keynote to the discourses of Demosthenes, as of Chatham.

Eloquence, like every other art, rests on laws the most exact and determinate. It is the best speech of the best soul. (It may well stand as the exponent of all that is grand and immortal in the mind. If it does not so become an instrument, but aspires to be somewhat of itself, and to glitter for show, it is false and weak. In its right exercise, it is an elastic, unexhausted power—who has sounded, who has estimated it?—expanding with the expansion of our interests and affections.) Its great masters, (while they valued every help to its attainment, and thought no pains too great which contributed in any manner to further it—resembling the Arabian warrior of fame, who wore seventeen weapons in his belt, and in personal combat used them all occasionally—yet subordinated all means;) never permitted any talent—neither voice, rhythm, poetic power, anecdote, sarcasm—to appear for show; but were grave men, who preferred their integrity to their talent, and esteemed that object for which they toiled, (whether the prosperity of their country, or the laws, or a reformation, or liberty of speech or of the press, or letters, or morals,) as above the whole world, and themselves also.

ORATION AT HIS BROTHER'S GRAVE

BY ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL

MY FRIENDS:

I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rocks, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For, whether in mid-sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with loyal heart and with purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "For justice all places a temple, and all seasons, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the

only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry loud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath: "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

And now to have been chosen, from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech can not contain our love. There was, there is, no greater, stronger, manlier man.

THE GOSPEL OF RELAXATION

BY HERBERT SPENCER

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:

Along with your kindness there comes to me a great unkindness from Fate; for now, that above all times in my life I need the full command of what powers of speech I possess, disturbed health so threatens to interfere with them, that I fear I shall often inadequately express myself. Any failure in my response you must please ascribe, in part at least, to a greatly disordered nervous system. Regarding you as representing Americans at large, I feel that the occasion is one on which arrears of thanks are due. I ought to begin with the time, some two and twenty years ago, when my highly valued friend, Professor Youmans,

making efforts to diffuse my books here, interested on their behalf Messrs. Appleton, who have treated me so honorably and so handsomely; and I ought to detail from that time onward the various marks and acts of sympathy by which I have been encouraged in a struggle which was for many years disheartening.

But intimating thus briefly my general indebtedness to my numerous friends, most of them unknown to this side of the Atlantic, I must name more especially the many attentions and proffered hospitalities met with during my late tour as well as, lastly and chiefly, this marked expression of the sympathies and good wishes which many of you have traveled so far to give at great cost of that time which is so precious to an American. I believe I may truly say that the better health which you have so cordially wished me will be in a measure furthered by the wish; since all pleasurable emotion is conducive to health, and as you will fully believe, the remembrance of this evening will ever continue to be a source of pleasurable emotion exceeded by few if any of my remembrances.

And now that I have thanked you sincerely, tho too briefly, I am going to find fault with you. Already in some remarks drawn from me respecting American affairs and American character, I have passed criticisms which have been accepted far more good-naturedly than I could reasonably have expected; and it seems strange that I should now again propose to transgress. However, the fault I have to comment upon is one which most will scarcely regard as a fault. It seems to me that in one respect Americans have diverged too widely from savages. I do not mean to say they are in general unduly civilized. Throughout large parts of the population, even in long-settled regions there is no excess of those virtues needed for the maintenance of social harmony. Especially out in the West, men's dealings do not yet betray too much of the "sweetness and light" which we are told distinguish the cultured man from the barbarian; nevertheless there is a sense in which my assertion is true.

You know that the primitive man lacks power of appli-

cation. Spurred by hunger, by danger or revenge, he can exert himself energetically for a time, but this energy is spasmodic. Monotonous daily toil is impossible to him. It is otherwise with the more developed man. The stern discipline of social life has gradually increased the aptitude for persistent industry; until among us, and still more among you, work has become with many a passion. This contrast of nature is another aspect. The savage thinks only of present satisfactions, and leaves future satisfactions uncared for. Contrariwise the American, eagerly pursuing a future good, almost ignores what good the passing day offers him; and when the future good is gained, he neglects that while striving for some still remoter good.

What I have seen and heard during my stay among you has forced on me the belief that this slow change from habitual inertness to persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must begin a counterchange—a reaction. Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-haired men; and inquiries have brought out the fact that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to the stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork or had been permanently incapacitated or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all the observant persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life—the physique is being undermined. That subtle thinker and poet for whom you have lately had to mourn—Emerson—says in his “Essay on the Gentleman,” that the first requisite is that he shall be a good animal. The requisite is a general one—it extends to man, the father, the citizen. We hear a great deal about the “vile body”; and many are encouraged by the phrase to transgress the laws of health. But Nature quietly suppresses those who treat thus disrespectfully one of her highest

products and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish.

Beyond these immediate mischiefs, there are remoter mischiefs. Exclusive devotion to work has the result that amusements cease to please; and when relaxation becomes imperative, life becomes dreary from lack of its sole interest—the interest in business. The remark current in England, that when the American travels, his aim is to do the greatest amount of sightseeing in the shortest time, I find current here also; it is recognized that the satisfaction of getting on devours nearly all other satisfactions. When recently at Niagara, which gave us a whole week's pleasure, I learned from the landlord of the hotel that most Americans come one day and go away the next. Old Froissart, who said of the English of his day that "they take their pleasures sadly after their fashion," would doubtless, if he lived now, say of the Americans that "they take their pleasures hurriedly after their fashion." In large measure with us, and still more with you, there is not that abandonment to the moment which is requisite for full enjoyment; and this abandonment is prevented by the ever-present sense of multitudinous responsibilities. So that beyond the serious physical mischief caused by overwork, there is the further mischief that it destroys what value there would otherwise be in the leisure part of life. Nor do the evils end here. There is the injury to posterity. Damaged constitutions reappear in their children and entail on them far more of ill than great fortunes yield them of good. When life has been duly rationalized by science, it will be seen that among a man's duties the care of the body is imperative not only out of regard for personal welfare, but also out of regard for descendants. His constitution will be considered as an entailed estate which he ought to pass on uninjured, if not improved, to those who follow; and it will be held that millions bequeathed by him will not compensate for feeble health and decreased ability to enjoy life.

Once more, there is the injury to fellow citizens taking the shape of undue regard of competitors. I hear that a

great trader among you deliberately endeavored to crush out every one whose business competed with his own; and manifestly the man who, making himself a slave to accumulation, absorbs an inordinate share of the trade or profession he is engaged in, makes life harder for all others engaged in it and excludes from it many who might otherwise gain competencies. Thus, besides the egoistic motive, there are two altruistic motives which should deter from this excess in work.

The truth is, there needs to be a revised ideal of life. Look back through the past, or look abroad through the present, and we find that the ideal of life is variable and depends on social conditions. Every one knows that to be a successful warrior was the highest aim among all ancient people of note, as it is still among the barbarous peoples. When we remember that in the Norseman's heaven, the time was to be passed in daily battles with magical healing of wounds, we see how deeply rooted may become the conception that fighting is man's proper business and that industry is fit only for slaves and people of low degree. That is to say, when the chronic struggles of races necessitate perpetual wars there is evolved an ideal of life adapted to the requirements. We have changed all that in modern civilized societies, especially in England and still more in America. With the decline of militant and the growth of industrial activity the occupations once disgraceful have become honorable. The duty to work has taken the place of the duty to fight; and in the one case as in the other, the ideal of life has become so well established that scarcely anybody dreams of questioning it. Practical business has been substituted for war as the purpose of existence.

Is this modern ideal to survive throughout the future? I think not. While all other things undergo continuous change, it is impossible that ideals should remain fixt. The ancient ideal was appropriate to the ages of conquest by man over man and spread to the strongest races. The modern ideal is appropriate to ages in which conquest of the earth and subjection of the powers of Nature to human

use is the predominant need. But hereafter, when both these ends have in the main been achieved, the ideal formed will probably differ considerably from the present one. May we not foresee the nature of the difference? I think we may.

Some twenty years ago, a good friend of mine and a good friend of yours, too, tho you never saw him, John Stuart Mill, delivered at St. Andrew's an inaugural address on the occasion of his appointment to the Lord Rectorship. It contained much to be admired, as did all he wrote; there ran through it, however, the tacit assumption that life is for learning and working. I felt at that time that I should have liked to take up the opposite thesis. I should have liked to contend that life is not for learning nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life. The primary use of knowledge is for such guidance of conduct under all circumstances as shall make living complete—all other uses of knowledge are secondary. It scarcely needs saying that the primary use of work is that of supplying the materials and aids to living completely; and that any other uses of work are secondary. But in men's conceptions the secondary has in great measure usurped the place of the primary.

The apostle of culture, as culture is commonly conceived, Mr. Matthew Arnold, makes little or no reference to the fact that the first use of knowledge is the right ordering of all actions; and Mr. Carlyle, who is a good exponent of current ideas about work, insists on its virtues for quite other reasons than that it achieves sustentation. We may trace everywhere in human affairs a tendency to transform the means into the end. All see that the miser does this when making the accumulation of money his sole satisfaction; he forgets that money is of value only to purchase satisfactions. But it is less commonly seen that the like is true of the work by which the money is accumulated—that industry, too, bodily or mental, is but a means, and that it is as irrational to pursue it to the exclusion of that complete living it subserves as it is for the miser to accumulate money and make no use of it. Hereafter when

this age of active material progress has yielded mankind its benefits, there will, I think, come a better adjustment of labor and enjoyment. Among reasons for thinking this there is the reason that the processes of evolution throughout the world at large bring an increasing surplus of energies that are not absorbed in fulfilling material needs and point to a still larger surplus for humanity of the future. And there are other reasons which I must pass over. In brief, I may say that we have had somewhat too much of the "gospel of work." It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation.

This is a very unconventional after-dinner speech. Especially it will be thought strange that in returning thanks I should deliver something very much like a homily. But I have thought I could not better convey my thanks than by the expression of a sympathy which issues in a fear. If, as I gather, this intemperance in work affects more especially the Anglo-American part of the population, if there results an undermining of the physique not only in adults, but also in the young, who, as I learn from your daily journals, are also being injured by overwork—if the ultimate consequence should be a dwindling away of those among you who are the inheritors of free institutions and best adapted to them, then there will come a further difficulty in the working out of that great future which lies before the American nation. To my anxiety on this account you must please ascribe the unusual character of my remarks.

And now I must bid you farewell. When I sail by the *Germanic* on Saturday, I shall bear with me pleasant remembrances of my intercourse with many Americans, joined with regrets that my state of health has prevented me from seeing a larger number.

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